THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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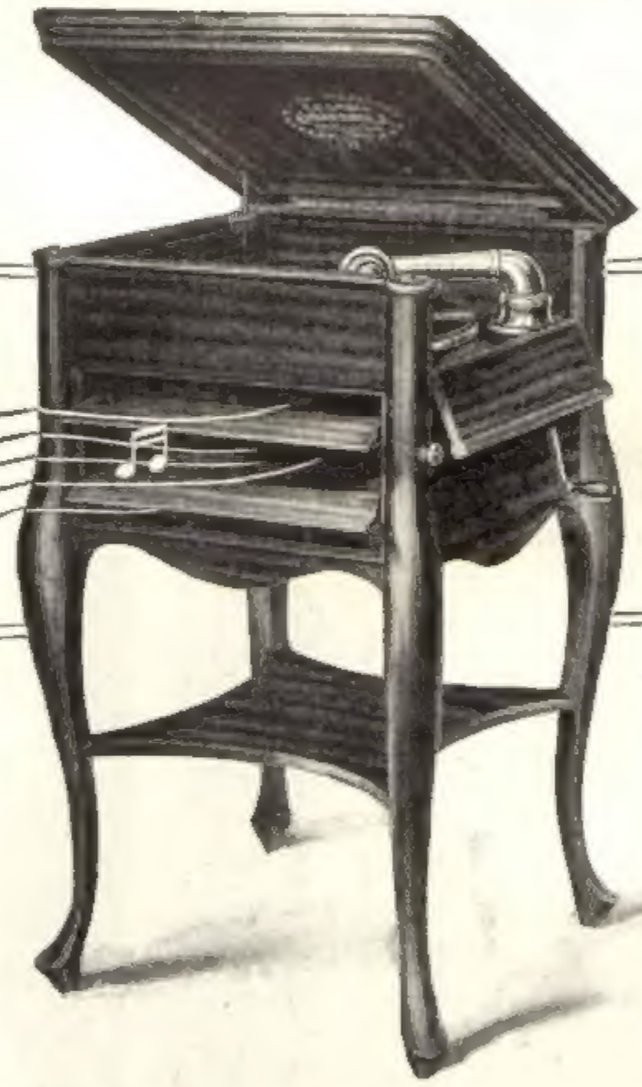

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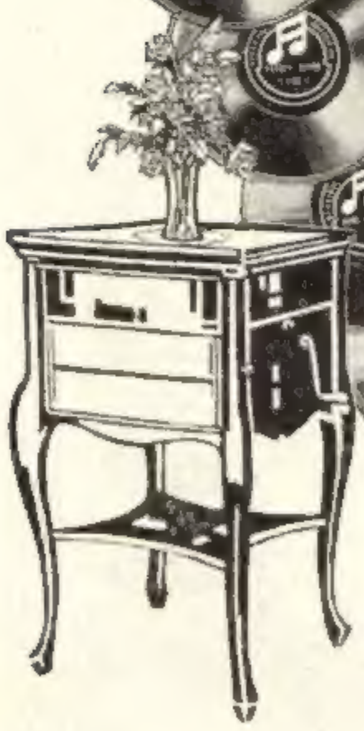

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Silver Nut Cake

½ cupful Crisco
1 cupful sugar
4 egg whites
½ cupful milk
½ teaspoonful vanilla
2 cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 cupful pecans or English walnuts (cut small)

Cream Crisco and sugar. Sift dry ingredients and add to the above mixture, alternating with the milk; add the nuts. Beat the egg whites stiff and fold in at the last. Bake in a moderate oven.

In all Crisco recipes, use *level* cupfuls, *level* tablespoonfuls, etc.

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SINGING TO FORTUNE

By PIERRE V. R. KEY

PHOTO. BY MATZENE, CHICAGO

Darch

THE open space between piano and music case presenting a straight lane, Matilda heaved her Tosca score at the professor's shaggy head. Signor Tomasso Gonti, unprepared for any such move, had little time to act. He was threatened by impending consequences.

Propelled by Miss Loring's not unmuscular arm, the volume containing the melodies of Puccini's tragic opera whizzed swiftly through space. As it hurdled the music rack, just above the piano keyboard, the pages of the score opened gracefully and, after the manner of an army's right and left wings descending upon the enemy, plumped fairly into the surprised features of "Italy's greatest singing teacher."

"You deceitful wretch!" shrilled Matilda. "I'm through with you!"

Whereupon the disturber of the hallowed peace within Signor Gonti's art-inspiring studio collapsed, openly boo-hooing, into a chair.

Fat, overdressed Gonti rubbed his tingling face and stood speechless. For the first time during his six years of New York residence in Carnegie Hall, open—not to say violent—rebellion had broken out in the ranks of his pupils!

True, he had been occasionally forced to answer embarrassing questions by dissatisfied members of his flock; but for the most part he was implicitly believed in by his too trustful American followers, who seemed perfectly willing to permit Gonti to do their thinking for them.

"He's got us hipped!" remarked big Stoval the day he quit studying to go back home; "and the rest of you'll find it out for yourselves sometime."

Until this particular morning Signor Gonti had allayed Matilda Loring's growing suspicions that he was not supplying quite the instruction her soprano voice required. Glibtongued and suave, he had promised and predicted—then predicted and promised some more.

Results of the desired nature having failed to show in either the vocal instrument or singing of Miss Loring after she had parted with five hundred dollars of her mother's none too plentiful funds, the aspiring Southerner may be pardoned for having risen in righteous wrath.

"I've wasted a whole year!" she wailed. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Ordinarily Tomasso Gonti would have proffered reassurances. In his purring, foreign way, momentary doubt might have been choked into submission and new hope rekindled in a discouraged mind; but here was a situation more serious than had ever before cropped up.

Exhausted feminine patience, now turned into angry remonstrance, had already displayed signals of danger. Hysterics threatened; and, as they were new and therefore puzzling to the singing teacher, he quaked for what they might bring. Moreover Matilda was a power among Gonti's other pupils. What if she should spread revolt after this present conflict reached its end? Something must be done quickly.

"The nerves, Miss Loring," began the troubled Gonti—"the nerves, they are unstring this morning. It is not so?"

Matilda uncovered her pretty face with her hands and gazed at the fidgeting Italian. Contempt unspeakable shone in her eyes.

"Yes—it is not so! And you know it!"

Gonti's fat body shook as Miss Loring snapped out her words. He was busy guessing what would next come in his direction, and this uncertainty rather than any discretion prompted him to silence.

Matilda, still white, rose slowly. "I apologize for my discourtesy!" said the young woman. "I forgot myself."

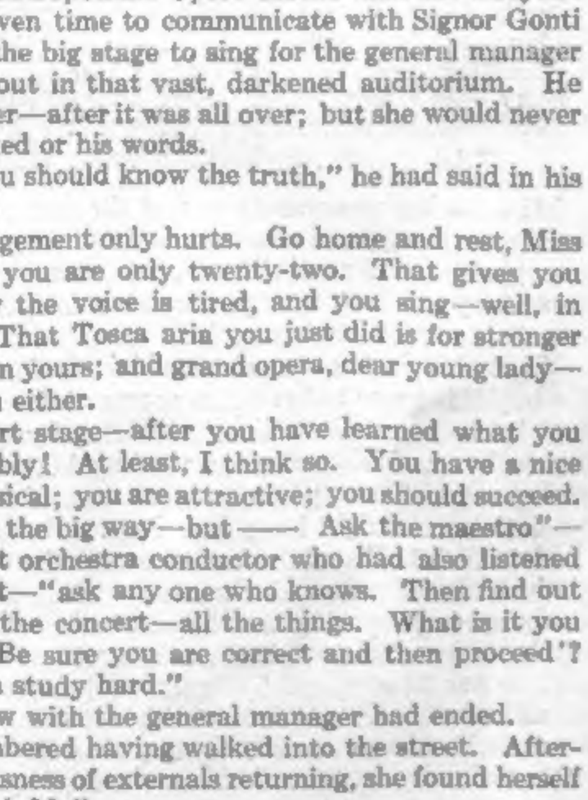
Gonti, misinterpreting, loosed a wide smile. The next instant it was effaced.

"Before I leave here," Matilda continued, "there is something more to be said. When I came to you I could sing. My voice was fresh; it was musically true. Now, after a season of instruction in this studio, what is there left?" Miss Loring paused, interrupted by the chiming of a clock on the mantel. "A mere shred—that is what is left. Not satisfied with robbing me of money, you have stolen vocal capital, which is my principal asset, and months of my valuable time."

The professor started as if to speak. Directly he concluded he had better not.

"Do you realize what you are doing in this studio? I do. You are posing for the thing you are not; you are ignorant of your assumed calling. A dramatic soprano—that is what you said my voice was the first time I sang to you. A dramatic soprano that should be heard in grand opera—wasn't it?" Gonti looked wildly about him. "Well," resumed Matilda in her icy, even tones, "I know now that it isn't a dramatic soprano. And I can never sing in grand opera because—of—other—things—I should have, which—I—haven't ——"

Miss Loring's voice quavered off into nothingness and her trim figure swayed. The day before she had obtained quite unexpectedly the audition at the famed Metropolitan Opera House that her buoyant hope had so long coveted. There wasn't even time to communicate with Signor Gonti for his final instructions before going upon the big stage to sing for the general manager who sat invisible out in that vast, darkened auditorium. He had been kind to her—after it was all over; but she would never forget how he looked or his words.



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Leonora Sparks

"It is better you should know the truth," he had said in his slow, halting way.

"False encouragement only hurts. Go home and rest, Miss Loring. You say you are only twenty-two. That gives you much time. Now the voice is tired, and you sing—well, in the wrong way. That Tosca aria you just did is for stronger soprano voices than yours; and grand opera, dear young lady—that is not for you either.

"On the concert stage—after you have learned what you must learn—possibly! At least, I think so. You have a nice voice; you are musical; you are attractive; you should succeed. Never, perhaps, in the big way—but —— Ask the maestro"—indicating the first orchestra conductor who had also listened to Matilda's effort—"ask any one who knows. Then find out what is needed in the concert—all the things. What is it you Americans say—'Be sure you are correct and then proceed'? Find out and then study hard."

So the interview with the general manager had ended.

Matilda remembered having walked into the street. Afterward, her consciousness of externals returning, she found herself on the Central Park Mall.

A venturesome squirrel, perching on the bench near Matilda, impudently demanded food.

"At least," she thought to herself, "he mentioned concerts!" Her ambition had dropped a peg. However, it was not a sign of weakness. Rather was it a glimmer of intelligence responding to expert suggestion.

A night of tormenting sleeplessness had carried Miss Loring into the dreaded realities of another day. It had virtually begun at Professor Gonti's studio. Now there was a new leaf to be turned.

Had Matilda been a man and not one of the highstrung Lorings of Virginia, she might have extracted from the cowed voice-wrecker a part of the ill-gotten tuition fees she had

Titta Ruffo

PHOTO. BY MISHKIN STUDIO, N. Y.

Vera Curtis

Gagliardi

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Stella de Mette

paid him. Perhaps it was just as well she was not a man. Lessons such as this singing aspirant was learning sometimes cannot be bought without paying the full price.

Matilda drew her aristocratic self to a commanding height. Gonti, squirming under her steady gaze, fingered his finely spun watch-chain, which curved across the figured front of an immaculate waistcoat. But there was no final verbal outburst. The girl flashed upon the Italian one last eloquent glance, then walked out where there was less contaminating air.

II

IF THIS were fiction instead of fact Matilda Loring would have surmounted imposed obstacles and at length leaped lightly upon the pinnacle of musical fame. Inasmuch as the foregoing happenings actually occurred in the city of New York not so many years ago, there are many persons who might rise to protest if they chanced to be altered in the telling.

Miss Loring tried to succeed, but she did not have the essentials a concert career demanded. It took three years more and several times the original investment of five hundred dollars to prove that.

When Matilda Loring boarded a train bound homeward that young woman's debit account resembled the following:

THE PROFESSIONAL SINGING AMBITION

TO MISS MATILDA LORING, WARM SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, DR.

To waste of four years' valuable time	?????
To four years' singing tuition	$1500
To miscellaneous expenses that would not have been created at home	1000
To sheet music and so forth	250
Total	$2750 plus

Miss Loring was merely one of the many who lose in the struggle to court musical distinction by the professional route. She may never really know why she lost, though she has a fair idea—now that experience has spoken.

What this young woman should have done at the beginning was to have taken some of the steps that led to her ultimate conclusion that by sticking to her ambition she was wasting both time and money. Then, possibly, some sort of semi-musical career might have been hers.

More than half a million young men and women in the United States and Canada are today either studying or preparing to study some branch of music with a view to using it as a means of complete or partial support. The great majority reach an affirmative decision without first finding out from authoritative sources whether they have the natural ability, money and other essentials required for such work; without finding out reasonably certain methods that should be employed to acquire the sought-for musical skill, and what chances are open to them after the student period is finished.

If a young man or woman has all the qualifications justifying the selection of music as a profession, by all means let it be striven for; but if it develops, upon exhaustive investigation, that one or more than one imperative quality is lacking in the musical candidate, would it not be better to turn to something more promising? Suppose, too, the field that it is the intention to invade calls for a degree of accomplishment beyond the apparent ultimate reach of the young person, or happens to show a limited demand for that kind of musical product? Would it not be better to know these things at the outset than to find out the truth—the bitter truth!—after two or three or four or five years of study with its overwhelming losses?

At all events, intelligently approaching the question of a musical career can do no harm, whether it relate to the voice, the playing of any instrument or embarking upon the seas of teaching musical theory in its several branches, or composing. Primarily it must help to a quicker reaching of the desired goal.

There are no set rules that can be pointed to as deciding the issue beyond any doubt. To take up the matter of a singing profession—to which we are now pledged—it is evident that the hazard element is quite as conspicuous a factor as in any other calling of today.

Though undoubtedly not so necessary to our existence as those elementals, food, clothing and shelter, the demand of this country for singers and singing instructors has grown to such size that it can be placed in the list of staples.

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Rita Fornia

We experienced so-called "hard times" in 1907; yet society insisted upon and paid for its grand opera. Musical communities in all portions of the North American continent where culture is to be found likewise patronized the many concerts to which the citizens have now become accustomed, and few churches disturbed the singers that composed the choirs, whose singing may be said to form an important part of most religious services. Even the instructors of vocalists did not find a material falling off in their earning capacities.

Accurate statistics as to the extent of the singing industry in the United States and Canada are impossible to obtain without the expenditure of more time and money than have yet been available for such purpose; but information at hand shows that there are, at the lowest conservative estimate, twenty-five thousand teachers instructing two hundred and fifty thousand vocalists. There is also evidence to warrant the assertion that one-fourth of this number expect to blossom into the ranks of full-fledged professionals, with almost as large a percentage entertaining hopes of earning a little money from singing "on the side."

Of course there is not room for any such array of professional talent on this side of the Atlantic, even with the growing demand for it. The American student colony abroad pays for singing lessons, in a season of from thirty to thirty-five weeks every twelvemonth, approximately seven million dollars; and this naturally represents what the teachers receive. Americans engaged in public singing of all sorts in the United States earn five million dollars more, not taking into consideration what is paid our singers for their operatic and concert services in Europe.

Never were the opportunities for competent professional singers so many or so large as they are today—most particularly for American men and women. There are three singing positions in 1912–13 where there was one ten years ago; and, though the applicants have more than increased in proportion, the available engagement goes oftener to the best-equipped vocalist rather than to the one of inferior ability who may happen to wield some influence. And when the superiority of one singer over several others is manifest, "pull" is as weak as water.

Grand opera, until a very few years ago, was considered an unusual goal for our native singers to reach. A few vocalists, five or six seasons since, obtained comparatively unremunerative posts in the opera houses of Europe; but the management of the Metropolitan Opera House—at that time the only first-class organization in the United States—would consider no newcomers born and reared in this country who had not won distinction on the other side.

There was a reason for such an inimical attitude to Americans; and it emanated from the snobbishness of New York society folk, who decreed that unless an artist at the Metropolitan was foreign-born he was not to be openly approved. Even at the present writing this feeling has not wholly disappeared among those people whose money and august presence furnish the sinews of war making grand opera in New York possible.

In Philadelphia and Chicago—where the Philadelphia-Chicago Grand Opera Company supplies most of the operatic food—the antagonism is less pronounced. Some day—and it is not so

far off either—the United States, as a whole, will recognize operatic worth regardless of whoever displays it; but the American artist may still be said to have two fights to wage—one for his art; the other of his nationality.

Olive Fremstad, Geraldine Farrar, Louise Homer, Marie Rappold, Alma Glück, Riccardo Martin, Putnam Griswold, and one or two others—of the Metropolitan—and Mary Garden, and possibly half a dozen principals belonging to the Philadelphia-Chicago and the Boston Opera Companies, receive outward recognition from some of America's fashionables. But some in this relatively small list have yet to win the desired polite handclapping from most of those autocratic persons who sit majestically in opera-house boxes and preserve demeanors deemed eminently proper.

In spite of the obstacles deposited in the paths of our grand-opera singers, these workers have recently come fast and strong, in their own land as well as abroad. Today a menace to the foreign artists, in a decade they will be on numerically even terms with European competitors, if not actually ahead in the race. Just now we find twenty Americans on the roster of principals at the Metropolitan, with eight appearing in first rôles; twenty-one with the Philadelphia-Chicago Company, of whom eleven sing leading parts; and eight of a total of fourteen in the Boston organization sustaining important impersonations. Distributed among a score of opera houses in Europe are more than two hundred singers whose homes are in this country—some of them already famous and headed for the more profitable posts to be had with any one of the United States' operatic Big Three.

A few of the foreign cities where they are singing are: London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Bayreuth, Munich, Darmstadt, Mayence, Cologne, Prague, Brussels, The Hague, Liège, Nantes, Lisbon, Milan, Rome and Florence.

Such evidence as all this tells its own story. And forever does it contradict the long-held popular belief that our young people lack the temperament and other essentials necessary to win in a field that calls for much in the way of varied talents and adaptability. The most recent developments touching opportunities offered American singers with limited operatic and concert experiences further prove that the forward movement of our vocal aspirants is to win its battle.

A bit of this proof is indicated in the number of young Americans engaged for the current season by each of the three leading organizations in the United States. For example, at the Metropolitan are Vera Curtis and Louise Cox, sopranos; Lila Robeson and Stella De Mette, mezzo-sopranos; and Paul Althouse, tenor. The lowest paid of these will earn not less than twenty-three hundred dollars for twenty-three weeks' work, which is about what most of the youthful new American members of the Metropolitan's two allies receive.

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Anna Case

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Frances Alda

All of the foregoing being true, it is right that our singers possessing the qualifications should study for grand opera. It is just as right to encourage those whose equipment and resources fit them for concert and oratorio, song recital, comic opera and church choirs to bend to their tasks, and to give them a helping hand. Furthermore it is right for those who have the teaching instinct, the type of mind essential and love for this form of musical work to prepare for teaching careers.

These facts are sufficient to demonstrate the possibilities of singing and teaching as professions available for our young people. But what requires rigid scrutiny is the return that may be reasonably counted on from the particular territory in which the work is to be done, by whoever passes the test warranting the adoption of either of these lines of endeavor.

As a first-class carpenter might encounter difficulties if he attempted to run a national bank, so does the man or woman intended to be a singer of small songs fall heavily under the load imposed by grand opera. Finding the musical niches into which they will properly fit, and staying in them, are the tasks that all vocally aspiring Americans should set themselves to accomplish.

And when our young singers go about these tasks deliberately, and employ the care and intelligence which most successful singers use, our percentage of triumphs in the realm of vocal achievement will be materially larger and uniformly higher.

The young man or woman who wishes to become a public singer or to teach singing should not try to take time by the forelock. The waiting game is not only better but surer. Moreover it costs considerably less money in the long run.

An exhaustive study, coupled with constant scrutiny of the development of American singers and their opportunities for winning in the profession during the past fifteen years—which represents the period of broadest professional progress of our vocalists and instructors—discloses five causes that, singly or combined, "kill" the chances of the average youth of either sex who would climb to the top in the particular branch selected. These five causes are:

1. Deciding to begin study for the profession before securing the honest opinions of several unprejudiced experts competent to pass on the extent and fitness of the candidate's abilities for the special line of professional singing or teaching it is desired to follow.

2. Failing to obtain data showing the competition that will be encountered in whatever part of the United States or Canada the person is to go when the studies are completed; and securing an analysis of the probable percentage of financial success that may ensue.

3. Lack of money required for all expenses attached to the student period, and that coming after, before paying engagements or a church position of value can be reasonably hoped for.

4. Difficulty of recognizing the competent teacher of voice until after a portion of the earlier and crucial stages of study are well advanced.

5. Amazing indifference to the importance of intelligent, consistent labors; to the acquiring of an all-round knowledge of music, and of the business end of the singing profession.

It must not be assumed that Marcella Sembrich, or Ernestine Schumann-Heink, or Alessandro Bonci, or Pol Plançon clutched success and large financial rewards because they happened to possess exceptional voices and superior talents. They had their discouragements when they were young; but they were justified in fitting themselves to sing in opera.

Madame Schumann-Heink, for example, was told by the supposed expert whose advice was first courted that her tone sounded like the bleat of a calf. But this now distinguished contralto did not accept one opinion as conclusive. She secured others, as she undoubtedly

(Continued on Page 29)

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Lucia Fornaroli, Première Danseuse

PHOTO. BY ERNST SCHNEIDER, BERLIN
Helen Stanley

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Lucrezia Bori

MISS MURPHY'S MILLION

A Suffragette Story—By Henry M. Hyde

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"Hiram, Let Me Take You Home in My Car"

A DOZEN times a day for ten years—in response to the buzzer—Hiram Hall had entered the private office of Joseph Stagg, president of the great concern of J. & G. Stagg, Incorporated, ready to take dictation or to discuss the details of some new deal. Each time he blushed and stammered as he entered the presence of the great man. Give Hiram a bunch of reports and other papers covering a projected purchase or consolidation, and no man in the office—not Stagg himself—was his superior in planning the necessary negotiations and arranging even the most complicated financing. But when it came to dealing directly with a man, Hiram's round, smooth-shaved little face grew red, his tongue thick, his wits went wandering. He was awkward, self-conscious, almost apologetic and entirely helpless.

Reared by a couple of maiden aunts in a small town, Hiram Hall had left them only to take his first position in the Stagg offices. "Sometimes I really wish dear Hiram had a little more self-assertion!" one of the old ladies had said; and Hiram, at thirty-two, past his first youth and drawing one hundred and fifty dollars a month for services worth many times that amount, still suffered from the same lack.

The regiment of clerks in the Stagg offices, forced to respect Hiram's ability, laughed at and took advantage of his shyness. "He hasn't the spirit of a mouse!" was the general verdict.

Inwardly, to be sure, and in the hours not devoted to his work, Hiram Hall was quite a different character. His taste in literature ran to books like Treasure Island, and to swashbuckling and gory romances. Mentally he was always taking part in desperate and dangerous undertakings. If he read of an express messenger who had fought a terrible battle with train robbers Hiram became instantly the hero of the tale. Crawling along the top of the swiftly moving car he leaned far over the side and shot two of the bandits through the head. Then as the third man, terrified, leaped off into the dark, Hiram threw himself after the fugitive and, though one leg was broken in the jump, succeeded in tripping the flying robber and holding him a prisoner until the coming of help. Hiram usually enjoyed these heroic encounters on the way down to the office in the morning and woke up from them, to blush at himself, just as the conductor called: "La Salle Street!"

Also, though Hiram had never spoken a word of love to a girl in his life and was as clean-minded an old bachelor as ever lived, he rarely passed a fresh and blooming young person on the street without plunging, in imagination, into a whole series of gallant and amorous adventures.

On a certain Monday evening, when the house of Stagg had just completed a consolidation of half a dozen electric plants in an adjoining state, Hiram Hall was delayed after the closing hour in winding up certain business connected with the merger. As he was about to step into the elevator Joseph Stagg stopped him. Now Mr. Stagg, having added half a million to his assets during the day, was in a complacent mood. He nodded kindly to his faithful slave. Hiram, ridiculously embarrassed, stammered:

"Good evening!"

The Stagg hand was laid on his shrinking shoulder.

"Hiram, let me take you home in my car."

Still stammering, Hall stepped into the waiting limousine, within the luxurious embrace of which Mr. Stagg became still further condescending.

"I think, Hall, we've both earned a little celebration. Come and dine with me at my club."

Overcome with confusion at the thought, Hiram bleated an excuse:

"I'm sorry, sir, but I have another engagement."

"Well, where can I set you down?"

Half a block ahead the blazing front of a restaurant blistered the side of Randolph Street. It served in place of a better inspiration.

"I've to meet a man at Meyer's restaurant."

As the shining car swung grandly up to the curb in that glare of light and the liveried chauffeur threw open the door, it happened that Miss Diana Murphy was standing in the front window looking out. Miss Murphy needed no other credentials than those Nature had given her to prove her descent from the Irish kings. Her eyes were as clearly blue as summer skies after rain; her cheeks were freshly pink, and her jet-black hair—a bit crinkly about the ends—was parted in the center of a low, wide forehead. Her slim, round figure was buttoned tightly into a professional uniform of blue linen—just the shade of her eyes—set off by a trim white collar and cuffs. On her face was an expression of that proud self-respect which comes from a sure knowledge of how to pick one's own straight way through a somewhat wicked world.

Professionally Miss Murphy was the head waitress of Meyer's Oyster and Seafood Emporium—a position as high as her business opportunities seemed to offer. Personally she was a young woman of twenty-three, with a very clear idea of her own value and a desire to get the best she could out of life. She, too, had seen visions and had been the heroine of many delightful though quite imaginary romances. Also she had reached the age when she was watching quite anxiously for a chance to make some of her dreams come true.

When the big Stagg automobile drew up to the curb in front of the window, the door to the handsome garage which stood in a far corner of Miss Murphy's sub-conscious mind also opened and out rolled her own private limousine. As Hiram stepped to the sidewalk and stopped an instant as if to speak to the chauffeur, the idea came that perhaps—perhaps!—it would be ungallant to set down in black and white just what the idea was.

Hiram Hall came hurrying into the restaurant and Miss Murphy met him at the door.

"Dinner, sir?"

Hiram gave one glance at the divinity and nodded, speechless. Never could he have summoned courage to enter willingly a restaurant where the attendants were tall young goddesses in blue linen. Diana seated him at a small table in a side alcove and Hiram hid his nose and his embarrassment in the menu card.

Miss Murphy waited for an awesome moment.

"Our soft-shelled crabs are particularly nice this evening," she said.

Hiram looked up full into those wide blue eyes, blushed, blinked and blurted:

"Thank you. I'll take a dozen, please."

Diana smiled, and when she smiled she was adorable.

"You business men are so absent-minded. I said soft-shelled crabs!"

Hiram straightened his back and frowned importantly.

"Yes, of course. Send me a couple."

Diana, disappearing, had already decided that he was a nice little man and not at all stuck up by the possession of a seven-thousand-dollar car. Hiram, playing the part of a big business man, tapped on the table with his fingers, stared out the window, and drew his face into lines heavy with a deep sense of responsibility. Presently he looked toward the door, caught those blue eyes and looked down again, palsied with embarrassment. Heavens! He could hear her approaching—and she was between him and the door! After all, he was glad there was no escape. This was the nearest to a real adventure Hiram Hall had ever experienced.

Diana offered the evening paper. It was carefully folded to the report of the stock market.

"You see I know what you are interested in," she said.

"Thank you," said Hiram in a thin little voice. "I haven't looked over the market yet."

For ten minutes he kept his gaze idly fixed on the tall columns of figures, while from the tail of his eye he watched the divinity in blue linen usher newcomers to their seats. There was one big man, with a black mustache, who smiled at her so openly that Hiram mentally murdered him on the spot. The food came and was picked at; and presently, in response to a glance that was not intentional, Diana brought his check. His fingers trembled so as he took a bill from his pocketbook that a card dropped from it unnoticed—save by Miss Murphy—and lay on the tablecloth.

"I'm not sure," she said, "but I think your car is waiting."

Hiram looked up, hesitated, gasped and took the plunge.

"No," he said; "I told the boy not to come back."

After he had gone Miss Murphy picked up the card, read it with shining eyes and thrust it into her bosom. It bore the steel-engraved name of J. &. G. Stagg in the center—the great firm of Stagg, recently denounced by the President of the United States as the head and front of the greatest and most powerful of trusts. In the lower right-hand corner was the name Hiram Hall.

Next morning Hiram came into the office half an hour ahead of time and sat down at his desk. When, ten minutes later, one of the other clerks, slipping up behind him, slapped him suddenly on the back and cried "Boo!" Hiram whirled angrily, told the astounded youth to go to the devil and threatened to break his head if he attempted any further familiarity. It was as if a pet white rabbit had suddenly bitten off the hand that stroked it. The clerks already in their places looked at each other with

"I'll Pay You One Hundred Dollars Down and the Rest in Sixty Days"

staring eyes. All day long Hiram was snappy and dictatorial instead of mild and apologetic. During the noon hour the whole office force was discussing the startling change. "The old guy must be sick!" was the general and charitable opinion.

Nor was the "calling down" of careless subordinates and the sending back of a whole sheaf of letters to be rewritten the worst of it. At five o'clock—half an hour before quitting time—Hiram got up, put on his street coat and hat and left the office—a thing unheard of! He stopped just an instant at the door of Joseph Stagg's private office to remark casually:

"I'm going out on a little private matter, Mr. Stagg, and I shan't be back tonight."

Stagg, breathless at such effrontery, merely nodded. Later he reflected that it was always dangerous to show an employee any personal attention.

Hiram went straight to Meyer's Emporium, his shoulders thrown back and his step brisk. There was no vision in blue linen looking out of the window. That made it easier to plunge in and find a seat at the little table in the side alcove. It was early and the flashing lights were not yet turned on. Hiram had brought his own paper; he promptly turned to the report of Board of Trade transactions. A business man must have varied interests! He heard steps approaching over the tiled floor. He knew it was Diana. Presently he looked up, heroically, full into the blue eyes of Miss Diana Murphy. It was like a draught of champagne!

"Good evening, Mr. Hall!" She knew his name, then. His eyes almost popped from his head.

"Good evening!" he stammered.

She handed him the menu card. Still staring at her face Hiram let one hand drop on to the table. It touched something firm, warm, electric.

"Don't, Mr. Hall! Some one will be sure to see!"

Her face was freshly pink. She was biting her lip. Hiram felt cold, delicious shivers running down his spine. He glanced down. Her hand still rested on the white cloth, pink and white, with dainty, curving fingers. Miss Diana Murphy took excellent care of her hands. Hiram took another draught at her eyes, swallowed his Adam's apple and deliberately put a big paw entirely over the tempting trophy.

"Why, Mr. Hall! A man of your position, too, to take advantage of me in this way!"

She did not withdraw her hand.

"I can't help it," said Hiram heroically. "I wish you'd let me come out and call on you."

Miss Murphy smiled.

"You don't even know my name!"

"But I want to."

"How do I know but you are a married man?"

Perspiration came out in beads on his forehead at the thought.

"Married!" There was convincing horror in his tone.

"Well," said Diana finally, "mother and I have a little flat out near Clairmont and Sixty-third Street; and if you really want you can come out next Friday night."

The next Monday morning Hiram appeared at the office wearing a red-and-black fancy waistcoat, a batwing tie to match, and a jaunty Alpine hat. Nelson, his colleague at the next desk, greeted him jovially.

"Well, Hi, we seem to be all lit up this morning!"

"My name is Hall!" snapped Hiram. "And if you don't like my clothes please keep your mouth shut."

Whereupon Nelson, flushing hotly, collapsed limply into his desk chair. What had happened to the good old boy?

On Friday evening Miss Murphy received him at the flat and presented him to her mother, who promptly retired and left them to occupy the parlor alone.

"You know, Mr. Hall," she said presently, "I'm planning to go on the stage this winter."

"Oh, no!" pleaded Hiram.

Diana shrugged her pretty shoulders and Hiram reflected that, after all, a white chiffon waist, cut a bit low at the neck, was prettier than a blue linen uniform.

"I don't like the work I'm doing now. It isn't pleasant and there's only a bare living in it."

With an effort worthy of a Carnegie medal, Hiram stammered: "Why-y don't you get married, then?"

"Oh, I've had chances of course," Miss Murphy admitted. "But this three-room-flat thing never did appeal to me. No—I made up my mind long ago. I shall either go on the stage or marry a millionaire." Her blue eyes were keen as well as beautiful, and she noted the look of mingled gloom and agony that settled down over Hiram's face—though she may not have interpreted it correctly. "You are one of the big men down at Stagg's, aren't you?" she changed the subject to ask.

"Well-l ——" Hiram began modestly.

"Oh, you needn't try to fool me!" she interrupted. "The first evening I saw you, you dropped one of your cards and I picked it up."

She drew the bit of pasteboard from her bosom. Blessed card! Hiram reached out an eager hand.

"Give it to me!"

"No!"—with a laughing shake of her head—"I'm going to keep it to remember you by. But you are a big man down there—aren't you?"

"Why, Mr. Hall! A Man of Your Position, to Take Advantage of Me in This Way!"

Hiram felt his chest swelling. "Well, I suppose I am rather an important factor in the Stagg organization!"—and am paid one hundred and fifty dollars a month for it, he reflected bitterly.

"I knew you were an important man the minute I saw you!" Miss Murphy declared. "It's really not hard to tell when a man amounts to something in the business world." Hiram felt himself growing taller; his lower jaw set in a hard line. "It must be wonderful to have so much power!" she went on. "The papers say you cleared nearly a million dollars' profit when you put all those electric companies together."

"If we get rid of our promoter's stock at par it will be nearer a million and a half."

Miss Murphy clapped her hands.

"Just think of it! It seems so easy to make money when one knows how."

"It is easy," Hiram boasted; and for the moment he really believed it. By the time he got up to go he was, in everything but the fact, really a millionaire. "You must let me come down and take you out in the car some evening," he said grandly.

"Thank you; mother and I shall be very glad of a ride," Diana answered.

When he appeared the next week with a smart, hired touring car he had reached such a point of half-unconscious mendacity that he explained casually he thought the open car would be pleasanter for a ride through the park than the limousine.

Meantime at the office of J. & G. Stagg the unaccountable change in the manner and disposition of Hiram Hall continued to be a matter of discussion and complaint. He ordered men about, found fault, quarreled at the slightest provocation, broke the office rules and behaved generally like an utterly selfish and inconsiderate taskmaster. Most remarkable of all, he got away with it. The sauciest page came silently running at the wave of his finger; the girls in the typewriting department—though they called him a "horrid old thing!"—turned out their letters more neatly than ever—all the activities of the office took on an aspect of higher efficiency. Even the brothers Stagg noticed the change. Always competent, the snap and dash of the new Hiram were something to wonder at.

On a Friday evening during the next month, when Hiram was calling at the Murphy flat, it was somehow suggested that he and Diana should visit together a great amusement park near by. There were some six thousand people inside the high white walls, which made it as lonesome and inconspicuous a place as the shyest man could choose for his love-making. The two waited to shoot the chutes until they could get a car to themselves. As the flat bottom of the clumsy craft struck the water at the end of the slide with a tremendous crash, Diana quite instinctively threw her arms about the neck of her protector. Before the attendant succeeded in catching the prow of Cleopatra's barge with his hook, Hiram had proposed to Diana. On the way home she was deeply serious.

"I can't answer you now," she said. "Mother and I are going up to a little farm near La Pointe, Wisconsin, tomorrow for ten days' vacation. When I get back I'll tell you."

"Yes, my dear; and then, as soon as I can arrange my business affairs, we'll be married and take a long trip together—what do you say to Europe?" Hiram almost shuddered at the sound of his own happy voice.

She gave him both her hands in goodby. As she looked up, the moon spilled its wine into her blue eyes—and the drunken, desperate Hiram stole his first kiss. He walked home that night on his toes, fairly daring the whole Amalgamated Association of Highwaymen to test his irresistible strength.

Toward the close of the next fateful week a page came one afternoon to summon Hiram Hall to the office of Joseph Stagg. Though six months before he would have gone stammering and abashed, there was now almost a hint of swagger in his bearing. The great man beamed complaisantly.

"Sit down, Mr. Hall. You've been with us ten years, I believe. You've always been faithful and competent. Lately I've noticed a great improvement in your work, and it gives me pleasure ——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Stagg," Hiram interrupted. "I'm glad you appreciate my work. That makes it easier for me to say what I have to say. I feel I am entitled to five thousand dollars a year salary from now on!" A look of outraged generosity came into the Stagg face. He had intended to bestow a raise of ten dollars a week. "Furthermore," went on the astounding fellow, "I should like to be assured that within two years I shall be taken into the firm."

Mr. Stagg looked carefully about for a bomb. Plainly there was some foundation for the office gossip that Hall had gone crazy.

"I'm sure you don't realize what you are asking," the great one said finally. "Of course it cannot be granted or even considered. But I don't want to be harsh. Think it over, Mr. Hall, and come in to see me again."

"I've been thinking it over for ten years," Hiram answered. "My mind is made up."

He got up and left the office. On Saturday morning the cashier gave him a letter of dismissal. Inclosed in it was a check for five hundred dollars. The Staggs did disagreeable things as handsomely as possible.

For a week Hiram had missed the daily draughts of courage and inspiration he took with his dinner at Meyer's

Seafood Emporium. The old flock of doubts, the timidity, the lack of self-confidence began to settle down on him. For an instant he got a view of his real situation. Then a page laid a bundle of mail on his desk. Near the top was a picture post-card signed "Diana." "Will see you on Tuesday!" it said. Hiram straightened his shoulders, got up and left the office. At the bank on the second floor he opened a checking account, drew one hundred dollars in cash and took the train for La Pointe, Wisconsin. He was going to ask her to give him a year to make good in.

The little railroad station stood half a mile from the town. Hiram strode past a straggling line of factories and machine shops to a livery stable. It was six miles to the farm, and Diana and her mother had gone to bed when he reached it. In the morning he was up so early that not even the farmhands were about. Then Diana appeared.

"Hiram!" she cried. "You've come for your answer!"

She kissed him. To Hiram the day was a long mixture of dream and nightmare. In the evening, the full moon obscured by scattered clouds, they walked down to the river and sat together on a grassy bank where they could hear the ripple of the water.

"Once you told me," said Hiram, "that you would marry only a millionaire. Did you mean it?"

"Of course not!" She giggled adorably. "I only meant a man who could take care of me and support me—well—handsomely. That's why I've picked out you." They were silent for a moment. "Why do you ask, Hiram? Has anything happened? Have you lost your money?"

"No," he answered truthfully. "I have not."

"What if you had? A man of your experience and your ability can make money anywhere. I'd take a chance with you, Hiram dear, even if you were broke!"

The shameless moon broke through the clouds just then to observe Hiram with his arm about Diana's waist, her beautiful head resting confidingly on his shoulder.

"You great, big, terrible man!" she whispered. "If I didn't love you I should be afraid of you. Business makes men so hard and cruel!" The relentless Hiram found no vocal expression for his overpowering personality. "But why do we talk about money and such things?" the girl went on. "Just look at the moonlight on the water!"

Hiram looked. Before them the river narrowed and ran swiftly between steep stone walls. Downstream on the bank the ruins of an old mill lay full in the silver light, and he could hear the ripple and splash of the water as it plunged over and between the broken ramparts of an ancient masonry dam. Into Hiram's eyes came the quick inspiration of an idea. He sprang to his feet and walked down to the mill site.

"Diana," he said presently, "I'm going to show you right here how easy it is to make money!"

He was up next morning at six o'clock and found the old farmer feeding his stock at the barn.

"When I get married I want to build a little summer house up here somewhere in the woods," Hiram volunteered, waking a sympathetic grin.

"Well, this is a sightly country," replied the farmer.

"It is. And yesterday I saw a spot I liked very much. Let's walk down and look at it." The old dam was in the center of a forty-acre tract, twenty acres being fenced on each side of the stream. "What will you take for this now?" Hiram asked after the picturesque scenery had been admired.

"Four thousand dollars."

"Well, you see, I'm not married yet. I'll tell you what—I'll pay you one hundred dollars down and agree to pay the rest in sixty days or lose the hundred." Before breakfast he had a sixty-day option on the property in his pocket.

"I must go to La Pointe this morning," he told Diana. "We'll drive in together, and I'll put you and your mother on the train. I've got to stay and close up my little deal."

"I think it is just terrible the way you trust men take advantage of people in the little towns!" Diana shook her finger at him.

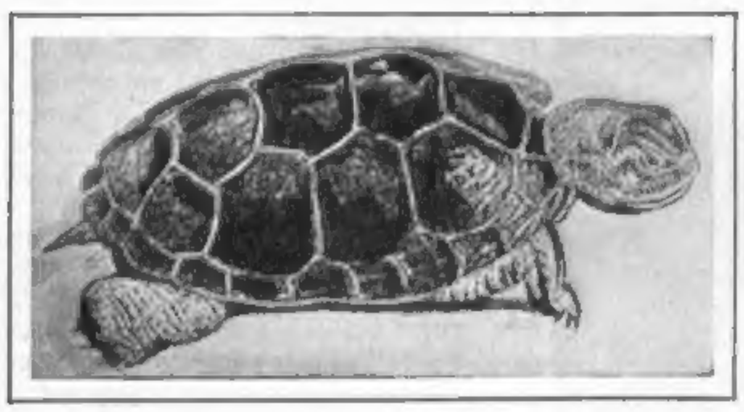
"Not at all. We take no advantage. I'll just explain the thing to ——"

Diana put one hand lightly over his lips.

"No—a woman never could understand such complicated business. Give me a kiss, sir! I wish there was some way I could help." There was, Hiram condescended. At eight-thirty o'clock on the next Thursday evening she must call him up on the long-distance from Chicago. He would be at the Gibson House, in La Pointe. He told her just what to say. She must write him a letter that same

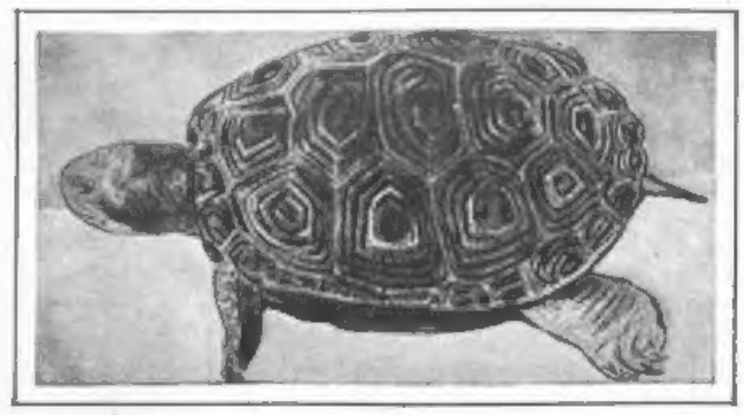
(Continued on Page 45)

BRER TAR'PIN—By Lynn R. Meekins



Carolina Terrapin

Our Most Aristocratic Reptile



Florida Terrapin

HE SAYS he's Moses from the Neck farm and wants to see you personal and particular." The grinning office boy strove to deliver the message faithfully.

"Moses!" exclaimed the merchant. "Show him in"; and turning to me he added: "I want you to know Moses."

Moses entered very gently and very deferentially—an oldtime negro, his hair white, his form bent, ancient and humble. Except for his store clothes, he looked like a stage darky in a warplay or one of Frost's pictures. The greetings, quaint and cordial, took up little time and then the merchant said:

"I received the letter Mr. Henry wrote for you. Now, Moses, how in the world can you buy that place? You know we could not raise enough on it to pay interest, and I got the county commissioners to pass the taxes because it wasn't producing anything; and I let you and Aunt Kiah live there for nothing because you belong to the family, so to speak. Where did you get any money? Did you find a pirate's chest, or what was it?"

"Tar'pin," replied the old fellow, smiling.

Once the farm on the Neck was worth while; but the erosion on the whole eastern side of the Chesapeake Bay in the past fifty years has been constant, and much of what was formerly good land is now either under water or is marsh. This particular farm has become mostly marsh, and this marsh is an ideal rendezvous of the diamondback terrapins; and season after season Moses has been finding them and getting from four to eight dollars each for them. This money he and his wife, Kiah, saved—and today they own the place.

Later I saw Moses at work on his marsh. At the distance he suggested Millet's man in The Angelus, only he was moving about. He would stop, listen and look intently; then down into the soft mud would go his podge pole. In this manner the prized diamondbacks are caught. When his podge-pole point hits the hard back he becomes the picture of sudden energy, and there is a fine flying of earth until the terrapin is brought to the surface. Sometimes he may prod the earth for days without result—and then good luck will shine and he may get several. One golden day he found eight and they added fifty dollars to the sum that was being saved to buy the farm.

I asked Moses whether he ever ate terrapin. The question shocked him. "Lord, boss!" he exclaimed. "It 'ud be like eatin' money."

That is just about what our most aristocratic reptile has become. It is delicious—but it is like eating money.

This city merchant and I were boys in the same county, and in our day such a thing as buying or selling terrapins was unthought of—they were as moneyless as the wild strawberries or the fox-grapes. In the records of the state are contracts which stipulate that the laborers should be fed on terrapins and wild ducks only so many days a week—they wanted pork. The Chesapeake and its rivers were alive with fowl and terrapins, and they were the cheapest food.

Every night fleets of sidewheel steamboats like great white birds would fly up and across the bay and land at Light Street as dawn was breaking; and on the precious occasions when we boys were allowed to take the trip we found near the wharf a corner store where the wealth of game and seafood overflowed its dank interior and lined the streets with terrapins, sea turtles, ducks, geese, deer, bears and every kind of fish—a display which, to the boy hunter and boy fisherman, meant far more than any mere zoölogical garden. This was also historic ground. Very near-by the first telegraphic message ever sent was received, and by the corner marched the Seventh Massachusetts when it was attacked by the mob on the seventeenth of April, 1861.

In that store I got to know the man who first made a business of selling diamondback terrapins. He believed the terrapin to have miraculous merits. The doctors had told him he could not live long. He scandalized them by going on a terrapin diet and stretching out his years beyond the Biblical span. He had so much faith in terrapin that he put it into a medicine, now probably forgotten. He gave me a bottle and I took a dose. One was quite enough! It was too sickly sweet; but possibly it got in its work, for that was thirty years ago and the life-insurance agents still come round. The logic back of his medicine was irrefragable. He had nailed up a terrapin in a box and kept it there without food or water for months; when he took it out it had gained in weight. Can't you see? Can't any one see that such vital and enduring powers condensed into a tonic for absorption into the system ought to make the human being live forever? So far it hasn't; but the trouble is that the theory has never been fairly tried. Persons of large means who eat terrapin ruin the experiment by eating all sorts of other things; and even the vital qualities of the terrapin cannot save those slow suicides who dine out and sample everything placed before them.

It was some time after the Civil War that this dealer began to sell terrapins as a business. Before that time they were bought by the quantity and dumped into cellars. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, used to get terrapins by the cartload and he made his table famous. Sporting and social senators from Virginia, the Carolinas and Maryland kept terrapin supplies on hand. The individual terrapin became an article of commerce at the price of fifty cents, or five dollars for a dozen; and for this sum delivery was made. For many years terrapins were carried round and shown to possible customers, just as the hucksters show their products today.

Now this man who began the sale of diamondbacks at fifty cents each lived to see them bring five dollars each. He has not been dead long—and in the present winter I met a man who had just paid one hundred and fourteen dollars for a dozen diamondbacks for a dinner that was to be given by a Pittsburgh millionaire. Practically, therefore, in less than half a century our most aristocratic reptile has ascended from fifty cents to almost ten dollars—and he is still crawling up.

Years ago there came to us a young man from a brilliant Irish family. He was beautifully poor, but he had charm and talents and the nimblest wit imaginable, so he was promptly introduced to all the good places, including the ducking clubs and where the best cooking was to be found. He was William Laffan; and thirty-five years ago he had in the old Scribner's Magazine an article on canvasbacks and diamondbacks illustrated with drawings made by himself. Few knew that Laffan could do this sort of thing, but he did; and the main reason he did it was because he needed the money.

In that far-off day he found diamondbacks bringing from two dollars and a half to three dollars each for the best, and he reported that there had recently been given, in London and Paris, dinners at which every article of food upon the table came from America. Afterward Mr. Laffan went to New York, became the personal friend of Charles A. Dana and J. Pierpont Morgan, bought the New York Sun and died a millionaire—which goes to show what may happen to a young man after he gets an article printed in a real magazine.

Laffan and Charles A. Dana used to slip down to visit William T. Walters, the art collector, and these epicures would eat duck and terrapin and drink priceless wines from dishes and glasses each worth a small fortune. Only a few months ago Mr. Morgan rode four hundred miles in his private car to enjoy a dinner in which terrapin was the star. Not long before his death I met Mr. Laffan and congratulated him on looking as fit as ever; but he shook his head and said he knew age was coming on, because he could not enjoy terrapin and Madeira as in the old days. Not all love the terrapin as did Laffan. For instance, there is the

story of the grand duke who visited us and who was introduced to a live terrapin the morning after the banquet. "Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Do you tell me I ate that beast?"

The virtues of the terrapin are like the virtues of a good woman—admired, but not published. If you seek terrapin literature you will have much of your labor for naught. Go to the new Encyclopedia Britannica and this is all you will find: "*Malacoclemmys terrapin*, the much-prized 'diamondback.'" You will, of course, get some general facts from the books; that your terrapin belongs to the Chelonia—toothless reptiles, with well-developed limbs; that of the three names, tortoise, turtle and terrapin, the first comes from *tortis*, meaning twisted and probably referring to the bent limbs, that turtle is a corruption of the same word, and that the origin of the name terrapin is unknown.

Scientists tell us that diamondback terrapins occur along the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts of the United States from Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts, to Texas. They name five species and they say the Chesapeake and Carolina terrapins are so much alike that they cannot be easily distinguished, either in appearance or flavor. All this gives diamondback terrapins a wide range of geography and of price. It lets in anything at all, and you can buy the dish from a quarter of a dollar to five dollars. But do not be deceived. You probably will be, but don't if you can help it. I talked with a man who buys seven thousand dollars' worth of terrapins every year. He is the best practical terrapin man of my acquaintance. He has a contract with those who know diamondbacks, and his contract calls for the forfeiture of any lot in which there is a single Carolina terrapin. In ten years there have been three Carolinas in his hatches of Chesapeakes, but these were accidental.

Now why should not the Carolina diamondback be so good as the Chesapeake? Here is the explanation of the real terrapin man:

"The Carolinas live in the region of strong tides and active waters. They are consequently on the move. This gives them more muscle and that means white meat. The Chesapeake terrapins lead a sluggish life. They grow larger and fatter and have better meat and more eggs. The resultant quality is superior to anything on earth or in the waters under the earth. The diamondback of the Chesapeake is the superlative note of all gastronomy."

A Sly and Greedy Reptile

THE Chesapeake diamondbacks bring from seventy to one hundred and fifteen dollars a dozen. The Carolina diamondbacks sell for much less. So you see this is not a matter of prejudice, but a plain market condition. Let us go a little farther in justice to all diamondbacks. A terrapin cook can take a North Carolina or even a Gulf slider and make it into a terrapin dish that will fool nine out of ten people who know good food. I have eaten terrapin from New Orleans to New York and from San Francisco to Baltimore, and every kind was different. In Baltimore or Washington you can get "terrapin" all the way from the freelunch counter to three dollars a plate—and the man who sells it at three dollars a plate makes practically no profit.

Why? When you buy genuine diamondbacks the terrapin you eat is over seven years old. For fifty years there has been a steady diminution of the available supply. Every year you read of some new terrapin farm and of a fresh effort to rear the terrapin in captivity. The net results of all these enterprises have been nil.

There are terrapin laws limiting the seasons, but there is no evidence that they were ever enforced. Here is the reason as given in an official report: "This problem of enforcement of the terrapin law is peculiarly difficult, as a terrapin worth over a dollar to the fisherman and twice as much to the shipper may be carried in the pocket, and several hundred dollars' worth of terrapins would hardly cover the bottom of a hogshead." Further, you cannot depend on your terrapin. A speculator in one of the settlements along the Chesapeake last year conceived the plan of buying up terrapins and keeping them in a pen for the high market. He found he could get bargains from ne'er-do-wells who caught a few and did not care to wait for returns from the city; so he accumulated a full pen. In his policy of economy he bought a cheap cargo of fish and gave his prizes a feast. He did not know that terrapins are gormandizers, but the next morning he found them all dead—forty dozen of them. In another instance a man had gathered over a hundred terrapins in a pond and one night they disappeared as though the earth had swallowed them.

Oh, the terrapin is a sly reptile! Here is an actual instance: A terrapin found in a marsh was allowed to crawl away. Within an hour his path was traced. This path wound through grass and through water and finally terminated in a depression just large enough to accommodate a crab that rested on its surface; but, digging down, the searchers found the terrapin three inches in the soft mud underneath the crab.

Then, too, terrapin catching is a real speculation. Sometimes you see him crawling about and, if you are quick with your net or your prong, you may get him. At high tide he may swim over the marshes for food and again you have a chance that comes very near to being sport. Usually, however, he buries himself in the mud or hides himself under drift, and it is then that the skill of the regular terrapin hunter comes into play. But often the capture is either an accident or a by-product. Sometimes he comes up in the big dredges let down to catch oysters. Sometimes he appears in the deepening of creeks and rivers. Sometimes he is a prize in harbor improvements. Last year hunters went after him in special dredges and found good results in their search. For this they contrived a double arrangement of iron pipes and nets, one for the drag on the bottom and the other for catching all that would attempt to escape by quick swimming, thus dragging over the bottoms an area of trapping several square yards in extent. The results of this scheme were profitable.

Terrapins like certain kinds of snails, small crabs and a few worms. With these they take a little grass—probably as a salad. They even eat cabbage. The following gives an estimate of how the terrapin grows: "A good rate is an inch or more each year for each of the first two years, slightly less during the third year and about half an inch for each of the next two years. The average rate may be less or, probably, more. A market size, five inches—'half-counts'—may be attained in five years, but this is probably not the rule. Probably few six-inch terrapins are less than seven years of age, and many may be still older when this length is reached."

Rings show this growth, and thus you have the picture of the old clubman examining his terrapin before it is cooked to see whether it is the right sort and whether it has the desired number of rings.

There is a hotel in our fair land that never puts a cold-storage meat or vegetable on its table. Hotels usually have turkey all the year round, but in this one you get turkey only after it ripens in October. So when you are called upon to pay three dollars a plate for terrapin you get the diamondback. One customer wanted the terrapin served with a brown gravy.

"It cannot be done," was the reply.

"Who's paying for this dinner?" he asked.

"You are; and if you want the terrapin omitted anything you ask for will be substituted and the proper allowance made; but this hotel will not serve terrapin with gravy of any kind."

"I do not see why "

"Possibly not. Your guests from the North and West would eat the terrapin with gravy and probably pronounce it excellent, but they would not actually know whether they were eating diamondback at a hundred dollars a dozen or sliders at a fourth of the cost. Yet there would be present the few who would know and, if we fed them sliders or put gravy even on the best of terrapin, they would tell you and tell us and tell everybody else that this hotel did not know how to serve terrapin."

After this dinner—which was one of the best ever given in America—the rich man who paid for it declared: "It was the first time I ever ate the real article."

Here, then, we come to the point of cooking the terrapin. There is only one way and that is to do it as simply as possible, to get it done to the right second, to serve it hot and promptly, and to save it from sauces, spices or too much sherry. Every foreign element that goes into a dish of terrapin is so much sacrilege. Very often it is so much fraud used to conceal the fact that the terrapin is of a cheaper grade.

There are terrapin recipes more jealously guarded than family secrets. One of the best is famous for the exception that proved the rule. When the Engineers' Club gave Andrew Carnegie that historic dinner in New York it just about touched the highest point in American banquet giving—and to do this it sent its own messengers to get the best from the original sources. For this one great occasion the terrapin recipe of which I speak was loaned—but it was the only time. After all, the best terrapin cook grows—recipes cannot make him.

Turtles in Masquerade

RECENTLY I sat next to Uncle Joe Cannon at a banquet. When the terrapin came on he told me of the new trade the people of his section were enjoying. They were shipping "yellow bellies" from the Illinois River and other Western streams to Eastern cities. You have noticed them asleep on half-submerged logs in rivers and creeks and have seen them drop off at the approach of danger; doubtless you of the West have hunted them many a time. Well, now they have new value.

A graceless cook can take one of these freshwater turtles, put in a few condiments and pigeon eggs, cover with sauce and produce something that figures on the menu as diamondback terrapin. It is done every day, even in the markets of the real article.

Most valuable of terrapins are the females seven inches and over. They have the eggs and they are not so tough as the males. The seven-inch size is the "count" terrapin. The female count is a cow and the male count a bull; and the smaller sizes are little bulls and heifers.

This amiable and nutritious reptile has all sorts of tricks and does amazing things, but some of the charges are not altogether sustained. Frequently it has been stated that the reason terrapins cannot be cultivated in captivity is because the females eat their young. Against this is the following, as the result of observations extending over several years:

"The adults do not seem to be disposed to devour their young; but they pay no attention to them and would undoubtedly trample them to death or keep them from obtaining food if all were put into the same pen."

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A Dinner of Diamondbacks and Canvasbacks

The Girl Who Wouldn't Wait

By HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

EMMY was five when I began to notice her. Her folks and my folks lived on the edge of Silver City, the best part of Nevada. She was at our house for supper one night when dad informed mother he'd told some Utes traveling without a tepee that they could sleep in one of the sheds.

"There's a sick squaw and a baby, Martha," he said; and mother commenced to pile some grub together for them. I was oiling a gun and not interested in Utes. After a bit I heard a racket behind the house—dad's voice warning some one not to be a plumb fool, a squaw wailing and mother yelling: "Emmy! You bring that baby back or you'll regret it!" But they couldn't find Emmy, who had stolen the sleeping papoose and hit out for home. She was staggering along the trail when I caught her and she panted:

"Go 'way! I'm goin' to keep him to play wif!"

"No, you ain't!" said I, and got the papoose by a leg. We pulled at him until he howled.

"He's only a Ute and I want him!" screamed Emmy. When I lifted both of 'em she scratched me furiously and she didn't come over to supper for a week. Then I had to coax her and let her drive my goat, Whiskers, and he got to thinking more of her than of me, but I didn't mind. She was the busiest little rascal and she did everything with all her might, playing or working. If I made a chicken house for mother Emmy bustled along with a hammer about her size, driving nails, prattling and interrupting me by hitting her fat fingers and requiring sympathy. She had big gray eyes, round red cheeks, and brown hair singed on top from the hot Nevada sun, for she was always losing her little sombrero—freckles, too, mostly on a nose that was satisfactory to every one but Emmy.

Her mother was small and dainty, and you could pretty nearly tell that Emmy would be like her. My folks were fond of Emmy, for my sisters were all married and gone east to Nebraska. Until I was fifteen and Emmy eight, she was my sweetheart. Then I went off with Uncle John Davis to Idaho, and helped him dig and blast prospect holes in the Big Creek District at fifty dollars a hole and not much profit for us, for the rock was hard. I helped dad on our new house part of that winter and in March it was time for me to act grown-up and earn wages. If you've any sons you'd like hardened into usefulness start 'em out with a railroad survey outfit. As a rodman I was a general drudge until they subdued me into a fairly efficient instrument man. This was in Southern Utah and Nevada, in the sort of country where every time the tape rustled we thought it was a rattler. I learned to keep still and wait for orders, to pack my bedroll and instruments on my back and to cheer at the sight of fresh fruit. Gradually I got into construction work, but the big Nevada gold camps were opening up and I wavered toward mining and met dad in a Virginia and Truckee engine cab one morning, when he showed me that, if in his younger days he'd had technical training instead of just his natural shrewdness, he might have been a high-paid mining engineer at forty-three, instead of only timber boss in the old Gold Bug. Of course he was getting money from some Gold Bug stock and climbing up all the time when we put in that two-hour talk. For a few days I figured on the money I had saved, hurried up to Silver City to borrow some more from him, kissed mother and Emmy—twelve then, not quite so freckled, and giving profound reflection to the color of her hair ribbons—and started for Nevada University, where I entered the engineering course. The first vacation I got a job timbering in a Tonopah gold mine; the next I trammed at Bingham, Utah—that was copper—and I squeezed through college without owing dad any more.

After I was graduated there was neither time nor cash to go back to Northern Nevada; so I didn't see the folks or Emmy, because I grabbed a job in the assay office of a mine in Ely. Metallurgy was not my end of mining, but I knew I needed experience in the testing of ores. The next year one of my profs got me a job in Peru. They needed an assistant engineer at the Cerro de Guayra, and young engineers needing experience get these jobs.

In San Francisco, the day before sailing, I saw two ladies turn and stare before one called:

"Johnny! Johnny Howard!" It was Emmy and her mother—Emmy quite freckleless, dressed in tan tailor-made clothes, a perky black hat, her cheeks pink instead of red, her gray eyes seeming bigger. Her hair was fixed up in a braid round her head instead of flying in tails behind her; and she blushed when I made to kiss her and stopped at her mother's frown. I felt rather warm myself.

Mr. Talmage, Emmy's father, was general manager for the greatest copper plant in Chile and they were going to join him. I had them to dinner and took them to the pier in an automobile next morning. They were going by a German freight direct to Valparaiso, while I was booked via Panama to Callao. Emmy cried on my coat. There was a little powder left there, too, when the ship steamed toward the Gate through a fog. Emmy! My Emmy!—but was she? She might be engaged for all I'd taken the trouble to ascertain, and a high-spirited girl of her sort had hardly waited for a fellow so self-engrossed he couldn't write. I hadn't even thought of her except as part of home, for she was just a kid, you know. A few small heart flutters were part of my university course—our Western colleges are coeducational—and there was one at Ely that I'd almost—and then I'd bowed out on unexpectedly discovering who had given Yvonne her other ring.

Believe me, beside Emmy they all looked like false alarms! I saw why I'd been working, doping out my future so carefully. For Emmy! Peru was some hike from Chile, but it didn't seem far about then and I felt as if I'd be running down there for week-ends. I sat for my photograph before I left and ordered some sent home and one to Emmy. I'm a lean, long, high-cheekboned, blackhaired, heavy-eyebrowed guy about as plump as a match, and I felt foolish while I was at it.

I wasn't stuck on Peru or the Cerro de Guayra properties, though the group certainly make some copper mine, for I don't like native labor. Because of the altitude we had to take it easy or die early. I grew chummy with an Englishman named Darrow and we'd sit in the staff house nights, talking South America and the Rand; Nevada, where he'd never been, and Chile.

"The nitrate country's rotten, but at the Sirena, in Pachuca, I'm told it's rather decent," said Darrow—"up high and all that, everything modern, and they're shipping a tremendous amount of ore. I've a friend there—Eyre-Pole. He's superintendent and he's writing me to come; but I want to return to Southern Rhodesia. The pay's so bally much higher than down here."

"Does he ever mention Mr. Talmage, the American general manager?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Eyre-Pole's been to the Talmage house. There's a daughter, I think—just come out."

"Eyre-Pole married?"

"Not he; swears he'll find an American. He's quite mad over the idea."

For myself I drew Eyre-Pole as a leggy man in puttees and London riding breeches, possibly addicted to the monocle. The hyphen indicated family. Probably he had an income and worked only because he liked to—and he was on the spot! I could see my finish sticking out like a sad dream. I had a two-year contract and it was half fulfilled when Darrow informed me he was leaving in a month for South Africa.

"You said you'd like to try the Sirena and here's an offer, old boy," he said. "Eyre-Pole requires another man as night-shift boss. There are two or three of those. I know you're tied up here, but Wickes is a good chap. See whether you can't arrange it if you'd really like to go. No harm in trying it on."

Wickes released me and he called me a sixty-horse-power yap for breaking away when he had something better in view for me the first of the year—examining engineer under his direction. I knew I ought to stay.

"What is it—a skirt?" he asked.

"Not on your life!" I said hardily.

Emmy had written that she hardly knew Eyre-Pole. He was just a friend of her father. He was going to be my boss, but I didn't care so long as I lit at the Sirena. I rode on four coastwise boats—each smaller, slower, pitchier and dirtier than the one before—to reach Santiago, and I climbed some of the Andes and got the dust of the windy pampas out of my eyes. I could scatter quite a bit of Spanish now, though you can't learn it under four years if you want to think in it. I could swear intelligently, but I was more imperfect in other lines. There was a railroad to the Sirena, with a grade that would tame a Denver and Rio Grande locomotive, and finally I got out at Mile 121, which was the end of the railroad.

I saw Eyre-Pole the first afternoon, and he was a gay, black-eyed Irishman, full of wit and kindness, and he didn't wear a monocle. He took me round, himself, except underground, introduced me to the staff, told me where to send my washing, hoped I'd like it at the Sirena, and said to tell the houseboy if there weren't enough blankets.

I had to like him, though I feared for Emmy.

Her father—the Old Man they called him—took me away for dinner; and seeing his cheery face and shaking his warm hand brought Silver City before me, and the time Emmy stole the papoose and I kissed her—all scratched by her relentless nails as I was.

I knew this much—my own dad had plenty of money from his stock now; but Mr. Talmage, who had bought six times as much of the same stock, was rich. If a man with a hundred dollars a month, and thirty-five dollars out for board, came after his Emmy he'd about say: "Chase yourself!" Certainly I'd eventually draw a whole lot more; but with Eyre-Pole round ——

I kissed Emmy at nine-five, Nevada time, that night. The Old Man was hunting a blueprint of the month's underground work and Mrs. Talmage had gone to talk to the Chinese cook.

"I love you, Emmy," I said in her dear little pink ear. We stood in a corner away from the lights.

"I love you, Johnny," said she cheerfully.

She was just the same!

"Oh, Emmy, Emmy!—will you stick to me?"

"Haven't I?" she answered; and the Old Man came in with his blueprint.

I couldn't be calling at the general manager's every night; but I went whenever I dared and met Eyre-Pole there jollying Mrs. Talmage, turning the music for Emmy, and I didn't notice that he had any business to discuss with the general manager. They did that in the office anyway. Emmy was very friendly to him. She told me once that his father was an Irish peer.

"Well, my father was a powder monkey at the Comstock! You can tell him that!" I snarled.

"Why, Johnny!" said Emmy. She was quite huffy for a while. But Eyre-Pole got six or seven hundred a month. It would make any one sore.

We kept an army of twenty-five gendarmes and needed them when the men powwowed and declared they wouldn't

work. We had to get out a high tonnage daily, our system being to drop the ore down raises from the stopes to the chutes in two long tunnels, whence it was hauled to the concentrator by electricity. The Spanish fiestas—feast days—were eternally interfering and often, after a worrisome night keeping the sullen Chileans working, I was called to the mine as soon as midday dinner was over to aid the day bosses. At Cerro de Guayra, up eleven thousand feet, the same work would have killed me off. The Sirena was only seven thousand feet and it wasn't so hard, except that twice I couldn't see Emmy when her mother sent a real dinner invitation. And I had to watch out for the staff-house crowd. There wasn't much to gab about and I had no right to act in a manner that would make the general manager's daughter a topic for chatter.

I commenced to feel rather down. A mining man is used to no Sundays, with Fourth of July and Christmas the only holidays, and he's busy then fretting over whether his men will show up next morning; but we were all overworked at the Sirena. Nobody's fault, but if you're in a responsible position you can't put a limit on the time you give. What's winter in the States is summer in Chile, and with May, the start of my second winter at the mine, I was continually weary. I'd never said to Emmy what I yearned to say and I'd never kissed her since the night of my arrival. It wasn't square—not after a conversation with the Old Man in which he said:

"It may not be Eyre-Pole, John, but it could be the best man alive. The girl's worth it. She'll have a nice piece of money of her own. She hasn't mentioned Herbert to you—has she? I know she tattled all her business to you back home, when she was small. She seems to like him; but whoever it is he'll have to be the real stuff—I tell you that, by George!—and have made some sort of a mark!"

"Sure," I agreed. Why didn't he stick a knife into me and be done with it?

Emmy, big-eyed and worried, stared at me solemnly during my next calls.

"What's the matter?" I inquired of Mrs. Talmage. "What have I done?"

"That's what I'd like to know," said she. "Have you and Emmy quarreled?"

"Do you want her to marry Eyre-Pole?" I demanded.

She reflected before she said:

"Herbert's a dear fellow, but Emmy's heart will guide her, Johnny; and unless the man was not a good man I should not interfere."

"Her father would?"

"That's for the man to find out, Johnny."

In June I fell sick. It began with what I thought was only a powder headache, from inhaling gas where they had recently blasted, and it turned into a fever. The company doctors put me in a hospital and when I was better there was Emmy by my bed.

I'm a Lean, Long, High-Cheekboned Guy

"Emmy—sweetheart!" I whispered. I saw her dear eyes fill and she leaned down close to me.

"You're just worked to death," she sobbed, "my poor, poor boy! But you won't be any more. I've asked Herbert to change you and he will—he'll do anything for me, dear, though he refused up and down at first. You're to be day foreman."

It wasn't a help to my fever for us to argue after I asked her fiercely whether she thought I'd take my rise from Eyre-Pole—though that's how I naturally would have taken it as he was my employer. But I wasn't reasoning then; I was aflame with impotent jealousy. I told her that I would have had two hundred dollars and expenses in Peru if I had worked out my contract, and I'd come to the Sirena for one hundred dollars; that nothing was any use, for her father's choice was a wealthy suitor for her and I had my pile to make.

"And do I care for money?" she stormed. "Wasn't papa your father's chucktender when your father first got to be a miner? We're all from Nevada and I guess a few old hundreds a month won't stop us if you love me and I love you!"

"Yes, it will," I said; "but if you'll give me a couple of years I'll show your Old Man. I can have a place as superintendent of a gold prospect where development work's just starting, and if I make it a producer we'll be fixed. It's through my dad and I was going to cable 'No,' but now I'll go."

"Gold? In Chile?" she queried excitedly.

"No; Alaska. It's all Nevada capital and they seem to feel I can put it over, though I haven't the experience that older men would have."

"And if they haven't a mine there you'll be! Listen to me, Johnny, dear; this is a secret: They had to let Ridgeway out—he can't handle the men—and Herbert intended to have his brother William up from the other property for foreman, but when I begged for you he gave in. Papa says Mr. Henry and George Wilton are ahead of you; but it's all right, because Herbert settles that. Foreman pays three hundred dollars and from there the next jump is superintendent of one of the company's smaller mines in the States. Of course this would be too big for such a young man yet."

All I could do was groan. What did Eyre-Pole and her father think I was, sending a woman to urge my promotion?

"That settles it. I'll go to Alaska and when I see how things are I'll send for you. I wouldn't have the time to come after you."

"You'd better take me while you can get me," she said ominously. "After all I've done you mean to refuse this job as foreman—do you?"

The doctor came in as I was answering. He sent Emmy home and shot a hypo into me.

"We won't have lady visitors until you get down to normal," he said when I woke.

"I've got to see Mr. Eyre-Pole!" I fretted.

"Not yet."

I was up as soon as he would permit, searching for the manager.

"You're not fit to be about," said Eyre-Pole gravely. "You're wabbly. Are you so anxious to relieve Ridgeway?"

Half an hour afterward he said:

"But I didn't say 'Yes' just because she asked me. I don't run this mine in quite that fashion. You could get by, I believe, though you've scarcely won it, as you yourself say. But in another eighteen months—eh? And I've a hundred-and-fifty-dollar job for you meanwhile, if you really mean to refuse."

He sure was a good chap. There was the Old Man still to interview.

"You're too young for the position; and I personally found no excuse for yanking you over the heads of two older men, but that's Eyre-Pole's lookout, not mine. I doubt whether you could hold the job down and I think the altitude's too high for you. The doctor says so."

"I'm obliged to the doctor," I said nastily. "My intention is to catch the next Royal mail boat from Valparaiso, or as soon as Mr. Eyre-Pole gets a man in my place as shifter. I'll get to San Francisco with about six bits, and that's plenty."

He looked kindly at me, but I gave him a cold stare in return.

"You know your own business," said he. "Need anything from me? You'd be a sucker not to take it if you did, John."

I walked up to the Talmage house that evening. Mrs. Talmage left me alone with Emmy.

"My father informs me that you decline the position Mr. Eyre-Pole offered," said Emmy haughtily. "Isn't it good enough?"

"A man does better in this game if he doesn't owe his advancement to others, but only to his ability, little girl," I replied. "Can't you, or won't you, see it that way?"

"You drag my pride in the dust and then you leave me!" she said. The pink of her cheeks had flown and her hands pawed each other as she spoke. Her look of despair finished me and I strode forward, crushing her against my heart, murmuring words of comfort.

Believe Me, Beside Emmy They All Looked Like False Alarms!

"You won't go? Promise!" breathed the poor child.

"I can't stay, darling!"

"You mean you won't!"

"I must go, to make our future."

"Then let me go with you!"

"Emmy, your clothes cost two-thirds of what my pay will be; you've had servants since you were seven. No; wait, dear—I know your mother cooked and washed and lived in a tent, but that's a long while ago; and you never did. The best we could expect, with the greatest luck, would be a three or four room house and the companies don't build 'em for luxury—and there's nothing to live in where I'm heading for!"

"You could build something—if you wanted to," she said.

"Yes, eventually; but the first year will be hard. After that ——"

"I've been a fool long enough," she said savagely, "and I give you your choice: Stay here and be sensible or go North if you're bound to, but either you'll take me now or never!"

"Won't you wait a year?"

"No," said Emmy; "not another day. I've been humbled enough."

I had a wild thought to gamble, and bid her pack and come. Then before me like tired ghosts ranked the wives I had seen toiling in camps—women brought from carefree homes in cities where conveniences unknown to the wilds were accounted ordinary necessities; and I saw them lugging water, carrying in a bale of wash, battling with woodstoves—pretty clothes impossible, life boiled down to dishwashing three times a day, feeding, dressing, cleaning a baby or babies in between, good looks departing, physical weariness often chasing love away. Of course women bred to doing their own work got on well enough. They merely lacked and complained, without either lack or complaint seriously affecting the life of husband or wife. But Talmage, while still a four-dollar-a-day miner, had hired Pon Sing, the China boy, and work of the usual domestic sort was scarcely known to Emmy. They had three Chinese now and a maid for Mrs. Talmage and Emmy.

"Oh, I can stand a little cooking and skimping; I'm no doll!" said Emmy, watching me; and suddenly she was all witchery and soft caresses, her arms tight round my neck, her soft cheek against mine.

"Just one year, darling—and we'll be—together," I told her brokenly. She flung away from me, her gray eyes aglitter.

"Then it's goodby for good and all! And I'm going to marry Eyre-Pole!"

"Emmy, for God's sake ——"

"Don't you dare speak to me or look at me before you leave this mine!" she screamed.

The door slammed in my face.

"John, I never saw her in such a state," said her mother, whom I sought. "She's writing to Herbert and I'm afraid—I'm sorry, dear!"

"You think she's done with me?" I faltered.

She nodded.

I tried to see Emmy, but Pon Sing, who liked me, looked sad and said it was no use. I sent her one letter, which she ignored. They fixed up a farewell dinner for me at the messhouse, and Eyre-Pole was there and wished me luck. I started for the Coast.

The promoter of the Heyward-Alaska Mining Company was to meet me in Seattle on a specified date and go with me to the property, which was in the Iditarod District. I didn't get to Seattle, however, because I left the ship at San Francisco, shaking and mentally queer from daily bouts with whisky, which for the first time in my career I had turned to in the hope of dulling woe and wakening ambition. I had a week in the Sisters' Hospital and I went at it again as soon as I got out.

Five weeks afterward I stewed the alcohol out of myself in a Turkish bath and reluctantly prepared to get busy. I wired dad, collect, and was informed that another man had been sent North. I sent a limping tale back—of sickness and so on; and when it was gone I snatched a pencil and wrote him the truth—also that I wouldn't be seen or heard of until I had caught on and recovered self-respect.

By night I had a job loading cement into a freighter bound for Seattle. It whitened up the only suit I had—my

trunk and my box of expensive professional books were irretrievably lost so I bought a suit of jumpers and thus achieved a bundle. By eating and sleeping on the waterfront I soon had fare to Seattle, where I saw a call before a First Avenue employment bureau for men wanted in Juneau. Odd jobs secured me steerage fare to Southeastern Alaska and I was hired as a stopeboss in the Treadwell Mine at Juneau.

"Been drunk?" said a new acquaintance when he heard extracts of my story. "Are—ain't you?—or you'd never go stopebossin' there. Even the muckers think they're better'n them."

Somebody was injured or dead pretty often underground. I got so every time we shot a big hole I expected to 'phone for the doctor. I slept in a bunkhouse with dirty Montenegrins, Austrians and Greeks, who spoke their own tongues. In late October, tired of the foul air in the bunkhouse and the working conditions, I quit and caught the Northwestern on her final northern trip of the year by the inside passage. I bought a ticket to Cordova, but Stuart, the first mate, tipped me that they were short of men at the copper camp on Blaine Island, a port where we should stop. Several days afterward we steamed past the islands of Prince William Sound in a heavy rain, and at four of a gloomy afternoon my friend Stuart ordered the Blaine freight ready for a port landing. The pilot—they need two on each vessel in the sound—called from the bridge:

"There's your island dead ahead! It either rains or snows there all the time."

Sharp snow-clothed peaks, lesser hills below and open flats I saw as the ship came abreast of Blaine. There was a great bare space on one high hill.

"That's where they're working," said the pilot. "They get twelve to eighteen feet of snow here. Ain't it a dreary-looking hole? I should think they'd go crazy. Not even a saloon! Just the company store, the powder house and the bunkhouse. One woman on the island—one, and a Siwash, that is. No game but ptarmigans and ducks. Can't go shooting; can't get off the dock in summer without getting into a wet tundra up to your knees. I hate this northern run."

A long snowshed ran over the flat and up the hill. That was for hauling ore in winter, I assumed. A tent marked the line of habitations at one end of the camp. Between the tent and the dock were a few shacks, then red-painted company buildings, their electric lights cheery in the darkening twilight. Men in yellow slickers and sou'westers were running down the dock. I got my bedroll from below.

"That's your sternline!" yelled Stuart.

"There ain't enough water for us at low tide," mourned the pilot. "We'll be in the mud next. Always are here!"

Cries from the dock; more from the ship. The captain lustily ordered:

"Vast heavin'!"

"Vast heavin'!" the shout went aft.

"Are you going to take ore?"

A tall dark man of apparent authority addressed the captain, who replied that he couldn't; he had to get back to Seattle for inspection—was running on two boilers as it was.

"That don't empty my bins," said the man on the dock.

It was desolate—that little line of buildings against the wintry hills; but I was interested and I liked it. I hustled down the plank, bedroll on my shoulder.

"The foreman out here?" I asked of a fellow lining up men to unload the freight now coming ashore in slings.

He pointed to the tall man, to whom I said:

"Anything doing in the way of a job?"

It's better to find out what you can get before explaining your qualifications. I was a white man and a foreman prefers that kind to the foreign class.

"Miner?" he said as his sharp eye looked me over. "I can give you a machine in a few days if you'll take a job muckin' first."

Bending your back over a shovel on a nine-hour shift is no fun, but it pays three dollars and a half a day and I had a hunch that Blaine was the place for me.

"Take this man up to number three bunkhouse, Curly, and tell Mac to find him a place. The storekeeper'll give you a meal ticket. Report to me at the pit at seven-thirty tomorrow morning," said the foreman—and I had a job!

It was a small, carefully run mine. Evans, the foreman, spoke to me several times next day. He told me the best wearing grade of rubber hip boots—for I was working in leather shoepacks and, as it was raining, I was cold and wet—and of a mixture of linseed and seal oils that would rewaterproof a slicker. Mine was worn and leaky. He said abruptly: "Didn't you go to Nevada?"

I knew Blaine was the right place when I learned that he was in his senior year when I entered the university. He recollected my face. I shoveled gayly after he told me: "Look me up when you come off shift tonight."

Very soon I entered the assay office as assistant and thus became once more a staff man, with a room and sheets and the privileges of a bathroom. It felt mighty pleasant to put my feet on the edge of the big stove in the sitting room nights and hear something besides bunkhouse humor and kicks at the grub. Evans lived at the staff house. A foreman of a fair-sized mine is usually a man of long practical experience. He may be a college man who can write E. M. after his name, but more often is not. Evans was both and his sound advice helped me often. He had been in Blaine a year and when Lorimer, the superintendent, was sent to a larger property of the same company, camp talk was that Evans would be the big boss. That was liable to mean an upward push for most of the staff. If you're any use at all you don't stay over a year or eighteen months at one mining job, unless it's a good one; and if a company doesn't move a man he'll generally move himself. While I was meditating on this fact Evans informed me that Neil, the night-shift boss, was going outside to be married.

"He'd have to stick until I got a man, but as you're here you win it," said Evans. "No chance of you wanting to go out this winter—is there? I don't see you doing much writing before the mail boat comes."

"No marrying in mine," said I. "You're not engaged, are you?"

"No; I'm already snared. Didn't you know I was married? But my wife's delicate and I can't build a house I consider fit for her here—lumber and wages are too high—and she couldn't have any society or anything she's used to; so she's in California."

"Didn't she want to come?"

"Well, she thought so," he answered slowly; "but it's a poor life for a refined woman. We tried it once 'inside.'"

I thought of Emmy and sighed:

"Got your problem too?" he asked.

"Not any more," I said.

We didn't mention such matters again. In the cold clear winter nights—and there were some—between snows I would tramp through the snowshed and up the trail to the mine, lantern in one hand, lunchbucket in the other. Back and forth I went until four, up the hill where we were tunneling into three likely prospects, down stopes and raises, slopping through the foot of water on the main level and later sleeping like a hunting dog.

Often as I walked, my lantern creating shadows on the snow, I lived the years all over. Above in clear weather the Northern Lights were far-flung luminous ribbons in the spangled cobalt sky. On other nights snow shut out everything and then I fancied things that would never come true: Emmy in a little house—any house at all—the place lighted and warm and Emmy hurrying supper against my coming. I forgot it was at four of the freezing mornings that I got in; but that scene, with the table set for supper and the evening ahead of us, was pleasanter than to think realities. I thought of writing—of cabling. Should I address Mrs. Eyre-Pole? No! She must have been considering both of us to have his name so ready to her tongue; and I had asked her nothing impossible—only to wait a year. I had been right and Evans' remarks made me more certain of it. Of course you can say his wife's place was with him, but they had two babies and he couldn't afford a servant at Alaskan prices of fifty to eighty dollars a month. The staff men gossiped about it being a rough deal and the woman caring more for her own comfort than for Evans', but I gave them a fight on it. He was right.

The mail schedule brought a passenger boat from Seattle every eight days—on paper. They were from two to five days late in heavy weather, for the pilots couldn't see through the snow, and the wrecks that strew the course of this worst coast of the North Pacific are warrant enough to lay by for clearing skies or daylight. Freight boats called once a month in winter, for the pit was under eighteen feet of snow and we worked only underground, greatly reducing our production.

Everything was white but the black beach. The sharp hills were rounded, and on snowshoes or without when the crust was good we could just scoot over the land. There were no amusements; and it was so cold nights that you'd be frostbitten trying to write a letter on the table at one end of the big sitting room. We'd huddle up to the stove. I kept a prospecting pick in my room to break the ice in the water-pitcher and we were thawing out the bathroom pipes every couple of days. The staff house stood on piles on the beach and the water surged under it at high tide. Driftlogs pounded against the piles so often that, when an unimportant earthquake shook us, some one would grab the pikepole and rush out to hurry the supposed log away. The other fellows began to get nervous and peevish when a mail boat was overdue; but I neither wrote nor received letters until, the following June, Mount Katmai, near Cook Inlet, to the westward of Blaine, blew off its top and within a radius of a thousand miles the white volcanic ash sifted down. It killed all vegetation on our island and dead seafowl and fish washed ashore with the tides. The papers outside had wild stories of the death and desolation round Katmai on Kadiak and the friends of our staff men began cabling to Valdez, whence the mail boats brought the messages to Blaine. I thought of my old dad. He might believe me somewhere North and keeping up the pace I'd started in San Francisco; so I wrote, explaining where I was.

He answered. There was one line: "Do you hear from little Emma? Your ma would like to know."

Then Evans was made superintendent and he put me in the place he had vacated.

"If you should marry I can fix up a nice house, John," he joked.

"No chance," I sneered.

"Oh, some good-looker will happen by on a boat and you'll make a hurry-up match," said he.

Hendrie, the head bookkeeper, had gone out and returned with a wife. Perkins went and sent us wedding cards. Taylor was mooning round, writing letters requiring six cents postage and asking what it cost to keep house. Evans felt cheerful, for Mrs. Evans wrote that she had a cook who would come cheaply, and what sort of a house could he build? June came and that was spring.

With the growth of the camp families of miners and laborers arrived. We built them two-room houses and some lived in tents. Construction work went on swiftly. We were using two hundred men. Children began to riot up and down the docks. Nearly every day one managed almost to drown himself fooling with the boats along the beach. They were little foreigners mostly, except the two young McNultys. They were Irish and they bossed the Austrians, Italians, and the small Aleuts whose fathers sold halibut and salmon to the cookhouse. One night notices requested the voters of Blaine to select a school board, for the Government had allowed one thousand dollars for a schoolhouse. There would be a term from July to February.

A teacher from outside came. The boat whistled at ten-thirty and, as I was still up, I hustled out to help take lines. The day shifts in the bunkhouses jumped out of bed and scrambled forth; the staff men came hustling out. Everybody had to see the new teacher, who would be the only unwedded woman in camp. The sun had just gone down

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CONTEMPLATING A CRISIS

When the Unionists Put on a Show at the House of Commons

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

DRAWING BY HERBERT JOHNSON

"Busty Pulls the Strings"

IT MUST be apparent even to the most prejudiced observer that one must not believe one's eyes—especially if those eyes be American eyes—nor must one trust one's judgment—particularly if that judgment has an American bias—when one is sitting in a front seat in the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons and a Crisis emerges from the opposition side of the chamber and stalks across to crush the majority in its long, snaky tentacles; rolls like the car of Juggernaut over a treasonous, traitorous and tyrannical majority, and nips that reckless coalition of political adventurers and gamblers in the ruinous bud.

Nay! To believe one's eyes and to trust one's ears in such a terrific contingency would be to eliminate the melodrama from a situation that set the stodgy politicians of Great Britain into frenzies of apprehension and, as an earnest journalist exclaimed, "plunged the House of Commons to the depths of degradation," and to leave only the farce of the situation apparent. During that week which began in the House of Commons by the defeat of the government on a financial section of the bill providing for Home Rule in Ireland, proceeded rapidly to hysterics, and wound up with a period of calm reflection wherein it became apparent that no British institution, much less the House of Commons, had been wrecked and ruined, or degraded or disgraced—during that week I heard much of what was happening and saw much more.

As a result of my observations, I came to the undoubtedly American but seemingly rational conclusion that, because a lot of politicians affect to take their politics with dense seriousness, that does not mean necessarily that either the politics or the politicians are serious, but does mean that politicians are politicians the world over, with a tendency on the part of the British kind to exaggerated expression, a depth of partisan bitterness unknown to us, a magnified sense of their own importance and the importance of their momentary positions, and no scruples about methods by which they hope to attain ends.

Stripped of all the flubdub that surrounded the event that precipitated what the English speakers and journalists continuously referred to as a crisis in the affairs of the majority—or Liberal party—now in control of the government, this is what happened: The Liberal party has proposed a Home Rule Bill. The Liberal party is in control of the House of Commons and is, thereby, the government, for the ministry is necessarily Liberal for that reason, just as a cabinet in the United States is of the same complexion—or nominally so at least—as the party that has the government through the presidency.

When the Government Surrenders

WHEN the government party proposes a measure in the House of Commons, that measure becomes naturally a government measure, and by it the government must stand or fall. If the measure is defeated, or a vital section of it is defeated, then the ministry is expected to resign and go to the people for indorsement. That is a precedent—a moral obligation—not a law. The whole House of Commons goes before the Country and a general election for another is held. If the majority party gets its vote of confidence from the people and is given a majority at this general election it proceeds as before. If the opposition party gets the majority the government changes and the party that was defeated in the House becomes the minority or opposition party. Positions are reversed exactly as is the case when a Republican House of Representatives is succeeded by a Democratic House.

The Liberal party being in power, with the ministry made up of Liberals, has a program of legislation. One feature of it is the Home Rule Bill. Under a closure system, which resembles somewhat our own system of rules limiting debate in the House of Representatives, the Liberals allowed thirty-five days of debate for the Home Rule Bill, taking it up section by section as we take up a great measure in our Congress, with a certain number of hours set aside for debate on each section. The financial sections of the Home Rule Bill were slated for debate on a certain Monday in November. The House met at 2.45 o'clock as usual on that Monday afternoon. After the question hour the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Banbury, of the opposition, proposed an amendment to a financial section which, if adopted, would make that section inoperative, and would in effect destroy the bill. He talked but a few moments. The amendment came to a vote and the majority was defeated by twenty-two votes on the division. It is exactly the same condition, barring precedent and procedure, that would arise in the House of Representatives or the Senate if a Democratic amendment had been tacked on a Republican bill, with the Republicans in the majority nominally but in the minority at the time of the vote, because of the absence of members or combinations against the section; or if a Republican amendment had been tacked on a Democratic bill by the same methods.

This caused the crisis. In our Congress I have seen a majority party defeated on sections of important majority bills a dozen times in a week, with no hysterics, no rows, no tottering of the nation to its fall; but with a simple determination on the part of the majority to gather in its forces, get them all there, and then proceed to do what it originally had in mind. In England the case is entirely different. Once that Banbury amendment was adopted by twenty-two votes, although the Liberals have a majority of nearly a hundred and the total vote showed about two hundred members absent or not voting, the Unionists arose and began to demand that the ministry should forthwith resign, that there should be a referendum to the country on the subject, shouting that the whole government had collapsed, and yelling "Traitor!" at Premier Asquith because he did not immediately throw away the fruits of his victory of two years before when the people gave his party that majority of nearly a hundred.

Put into American language and compared with American procedure, that is what happened! When that amendment of Banbury's was adopted the crisis that had been lurking behind Bonar Law and Austen Chamberlain and Balfour and the others on the opposition benches stalked out in the open and displayed its grisly and horrid front. It was a crisis surely enough—a Crisis, to be more exact; for the British journalists always used the capital C in writing of it—and right then and there, to hear the opposition tell of it, the British nation began to rock on its foundations, the House of Commons lost its dignity, the Asquith government showed its utter depravity by not resigning, and there was the dickens to pay and nothing to pay with.

The Empire Totters

PREFACING what is to follow with the statement that the whole thing was so palpably political that it made an unbiased observer laugh instead of shout "Traitor!" with the Unionists or "Snap vote!" with the Liberals; made an onlooker howl with delight to see the hysterics of the opposition and the discomfiture of the majority; made an American observer shout with glee when he remembered the supercilious comments in English papers and by English statesmen concerning American politics and American politicians and their rough work and partisanship that differs so materially from the calm and dignified conduct of English affairs, let me tell you what occurred from the beginning. Let me describe the events of that horrendous week, when all England trembled on the brink of a precipice, when institutions crumbled, when precedents, reaching so far back into the past that the text of them in the original order book is in Chaucerian English, were trampled under impious feet, when British public affairs—to hear one side portray the situation—descended to the lowest depths of shame and infamy, when scenes that beggared description—although they were described by the mile—were enacted in this former home of enlightened political discussion; again saying, so there may be no mistake about it, that it was all as artificial as a china egg and as political as a Tammany Hall caucus.

The debate had reached its sixteenth day. Coincidentally, and curiously enough, there was an important bye election at Taunton on that day. Although the Irish Home Rule Bill is a government measure and strongly supported by the government, or majority, there is nothing fanatical about that support none the less. It is a policy, not a principle. The bill is a direct outcome of a bargain by the government, or Liberals, with the Irish party, numbering some forty odd votes and quite necessary to the government. The Irish were promised, in return for their support, that the government would propose and pass a Home Rule Bill, and the government proposed the bill and prepared to pass it. There are lots of Liberals who are not keen for Home Rule in Ireland, and of course the Unionists oppose it because it is a government measure, as well as for other reasons more or less related to the Tory foundations of that party.

Parliament met at 2.45 o'clock in the afternoon during the discussion of this measure. The bill came up in committee at three o'clock. Liberals had been informed by their whips that divisions were certain during the day and that the proceedings on the report stage of any financial resolution would be reached at 7.30 o'clock. They were also requested by a two-line whip, or by two lines drawn under the request, to be there "not later than four o'clock." Week-ending is a religion with Englishmen. Plenty of the Liberals had taken their week-ends, had gone to their country places and to Brighton.

Make no mistake about the English politician. He is a crafty person, though heavy. The Unionists knew this situation, they knew the exact status of the Liberal majority, they had the Taunton election in mind, and they, furthermore, kept their week-ending members in London and bade them week-end at their clubs and forego the pleasures of a breath of country air. They were in force. It is claimed they had a large number of their members herded close by, ready for an emergency, to appear suddenly at the call for division. The Unionists deny this, but they appeared at the right time nevertheless. Sir Frederick Banbury proposed his amendment as soon as the bill came up for discussion in committee. Ordinarily, I am told, Sir Frederick Banbury is verbose to the point of garrulousness. On that day he restrained himself and talked for ten minutes, or such a matter.

Then there was a chance for the Liberals to talk. None availed himself of it. The chamber looked as if there were enough Liberals present to carry a vote against the amendment. There were Liberals, too, who could have talked for ten hours, if necessary, but it didn't seem necessary. The crafty Unionists knew that the Liberals, in the mass, were bored to extinction over the long discussion of the Home Rule Bill and had no desire to talk unless forced to. The Unionists knew, too, that the majority of about a hundred had lulled the Liberals into a comatose condition of security, and so the Unionists had their men ready. They had accurately picked out the afternoon when the Liberals would be napping, and, surely enough, the Liberals were napping—a good many of them sound asleep.

The division bells rang. The Unionists who had been waiting outside came trooping in from their clubs and elsewhere. When the vote was announced the Liberals had been defeated by twenty-two. Then the crisis appeared. The Unionists, frantic with joy over the success of their plans, began to shout: "Resign! Resign! Resign!" at the discomfited ministers, who sat on the front bench on the majority side and wondered what had happened to them. In fifteen minutes there were enough Liberals on hand to swamp the Unionists, but that was too late. The politics had been played skillfully. It was a good trick—as is any trick that works. The majority had been outmaneuvered, outguessed, and was beaten.

The Unionists had done their work well. They had picked out an important proposition in the bill—a financial section—and the elimination of that would mean the emasculation of the bill, even if it were passed and became a law. It was good tactics, good politics, but that is all it was. The tickers carried the news to the city. The afternoon papers came out with hurried extras. The contents bills carried by the newsboys flared with big headlines: "Government Beaten!" The House of Commons buzzed with excitement and the Unionist members kept up a chant of "Resign! Resign! Resign!" while Premier Asquith smiled rather wanly and held discussions with his lieutenants, endeavoring to find out what had struck him. It was all over in a few minutes. Obviously Asquith had to spar for time, and he moved an adjournment, and of course had the votes there to support him. The Liberals were all on hand when they weren't particularly needed.

A Nation Excited by a Simple Trick

NOW that is all there was to the crisis, which, according to the Unionist papers—which form most of the London press—and the Unionist leaders and the great Tory population, made it imperative that the ministry should resign, that the Parliament should be dissolved, that a general election should be held, and that the people should be given a chance to say whether they had lost or retained confidence in the government. The majority had been beaten by politicians playing politics shrewdly and with exceeding craft, but there was nothing else to it. To be sure, the government was, in a sense, humiliated, but the Unionists persisted that the Liberals were degraded, and that the snap vote showed that the people as a whole had lost faith in them and they must resign and go to the country. If there ever was a case of making a political mountain out of a political molehill that was it.

But not according to the English view. Oh, great hevings, no! On the following morning the great newspapers thundered at the hapless Liberals, earnestly consulting for a chance to get out of their predicament and maintain their hold on the government. The cabinet was in session for hours. The Unionists had jubilation meetings. The cafés and hotels were alive with Englishmen who gravely discussed the momentous events of the afternoon. So far as I could discover, everything British was threatened, from cabbages to kings, the cabbages being the more important, as any inspection of an English bill-of-fare will convince the most skeptical.

On the next afternoon the Prime Minister, looking rather pale and much concerned, announced that he intended on the third afternoon, which was Wednesday, to move to rescind the amendment of Sir Frederick Banbury. The cabinet had tried to find a way out. The newspapers—mostly Tory—were frothing at their editorial mouths. The country was on the verge. It was not quite clear what it was on the verge of, but it was distinctly on the verge. The Liberal papers made a brave show to support their party, but they couldn't do much at it. It is hard to excuse stupidity and mismanagement, of which the Liberal leaders were palpably guilty. The idea of a party with nearly a hundred majority, if not quite, being beaten on a party measure in a country where being beaten is taken so seriously didn't come in for any enthusiastic commendation by the Liberal press. But they did the best they could.

On Wednesday the sacrosanct Times—the Thunderer—thundered, in discussing Asquith's proposition to rescind the Banbury amendment: "No doubt those who sit on the Treasury bench can eat their own words. That sort of diet is familiar to them." "On Monday," said the Telegraph, "Mr. Asquith lost prestige. Today he flings after it the tatters of his reputation." "The Premier," said the Post, "thought that as long as he could gag the House of Commons he could ignore the feeling of the country. But . . . he will soon be forced to stand before the bar of public opinion." Isn't that lovely! Reminds us of what they used to say about Uncle Joe Cannon.

Scandalous Behavior in the House

AND so it went. There was absolutely no doubt that the stability of the House of Commons was questioned, nor was there any doubt, on the part of the majority, that it could do what it liked so long as it had the votes or could get them, and that is what the majority proposed to do. Came Wednesday afternoon, and after the preliminaries, with every inch in the House crowded, the lobby packed, the peers standing in their gallery and the excitement intense, Asquith made his proposition. It was that the Banbury amendment be rescinded, regardless of any standing order of the House, and that the discussion and consideration of the bill should go on as if there had never been a Monday afternoon with its defeat of the government. Mr. Asquith, having no other course, calmly requested the House to sponge that Monday off the slate. He was making that Monday a *dies non*.

Asquith spoke to his resolution for almost an hour. He was frequently interrupted by Liberal cheers and as frequently by Unionist jeers. As the Premier progressed it was apparent that the members, as well as the galleries, were becoming superheated and that something was likely to happen. There were a good many cries of "Adjourn!" and "Go on!" and the Liberals yelled "Order! Order-r-r!" and "Hear! Hear!" while the Unionists put worlds of British sarcasm into frequent exclamatory "Oh-h-s!" and "Ah-h-h-s!" Bonar Law, the opposition leader, followed, and he said some pretty mean things about the majority. There were times when he used fighting language, from my understanding of the American conception of fighting language, but Asquith sat quietly and endeavored to smile, although he was not making much of a success at it, so far as I could see.

Bonar Law, at the end of his long speech, moved an adjournment. There was a division, and the government had a majority against adjournment of 109, out of a total vote of 545. The Liberals cheered for five minutes when this result was announced.

The Speaker read the first part of the Asquith resolution, and a member named Harcourt was recognized. Evidently Harcourt was not wanted, for there were deafening cries of "No! No!" and "Sit down!" Finally the ambitious Harcourt did sit down, and Banbury, who fathered the amendment that made all the trouble, talked briefly. Along came Captain Craig, of the North of Ireland, who threatened civil war in Ireland if the Home Rule Bill passed, and the Right Honorable Pollock came into the discussion. Just here it began to get good. The dignified House of Commons had lost all its dignity by that time, and more than anything else that I could remember it resembled two opposing factions of a party trying to hold nominating conventions in the same hall. The Right Honorable Pollock wasn't along very far when an opposition member yelled, "He is a traitor!"

The bewigged Speaker arose. "Order! Order!" he shouted, pounding on his chair. "If I knew who the honorable member was who used those words ——"

"I was one member," said Sir William Bull, rising.

"So was I," said another member sitting near Bull.

The opposition cheered wildly. By this time there was little semblance of order in the House. The galleries were excited, the members were gesticulating and shouting. There were constant cries of "Order!" and "Adjourn! Adjourn!" It all sounded like the combined ballyhoo of Coney Island condensed into one big room.

The Speaker gravely rebuked the inflammatory Bull. Captain Craig came galloping in, and the opposition cheered vigorously, while the Liberals chanted "Order! Order! Order!" W. Bull let go another "Traitor!"

"I say it!" he screamed, his face purple and his voice cracked with rage. "I say it—traitor!"

"If the honorable gentleman persists in ignoring my authority," said the Speaker, now very grave, "I must request him to leave the House for the remainder of the day."

"I do!" screamed Bull. "I will!" and he stalked out, while the Liberals hissed and the opposition cheered him with rattling volleys of cheers.

The debate continued scrappily, amid a great din of cheers, jeering laughter and shouts of "Order!" and "Adjourn!" No one could hear what was being said until an excitable person named Hewins, a Unionist, rushed across to where Asquith was sitting stolidly and appealed to him "to prevent this disgrace and infamy from being put upon the House of Commons."

Up to this time the Unionist members had been doing most of the talking and all the chanting of the great chorus of "Adjourn! Adjourn! Adjourn!" and the Liberals had contented themselves with a long-continued chorus of "Order! Order! Order!" There was a great volume of noise. Members pushed back and forth on the floor and shook their fists at one another. There were excited requests that various members should be put out, and considerable other polite English badinage of similar character. The scene certainly upheld the traditions of the House of Commons as the greatest deliberative legislative body in the world.

The Speaker Discovers Disorder

THEN Sir Rufus Isaacs, the attorney-general, tried to present the majority side of the contention from the ministerial bench. Sir Rufus Isaacs got no farther than his first two words. Fifty or seventy-five members, who apparently had been organized for the purpose, and worked with as much unison and enthusiasm as a cheering section at a college football game in the United States, began to shout: "Adjourn! Adjourn! Adjourn!" keeping up a sort of rhythmic swing, and drowning the voice of the honorable attorney-general entirely. The Speaker tried twice to stop the din, but he couldn't.

The big swinging chant of "Adjourn! Adjourn! Adjourn!" was punctuated with cries of "Civil War!" "The House is absolutely finished!" "Withdraw the bill!" and the continued growling "Order! Order-r-r!" of the Liberals. Isaacs stood there for about a quarter of an hour. The opposition continued chanting and the majority continued growling its demand for order. The din was deafening. Then the Speaker rose and said it was his opinion that grave disorder had arisen, an opinion that coincided exactly with the facts, and adjourned the sitting for an hour.

The members crowded out in the lobby and gathered in swaying, shouting groups. The noise there was as great as it had been in the hall of the House. Likewise, a great many of them took a considerable amount of whisky and soda, and everybody was excited, almost everybody was ugly, and all were wondering what would happen when the House went in at half-past eight.

Sir Rufus Isaacs tried it again after the recess. He stepped forward to the brassbound dispatch box that stands on the table in front of the ministerial bench, held up both hands and shouted: "Mr. Speaker!" That ended Sir Rufus Isaacs. The Scotch and soda had increased the lung-power of the opposition, and instantly they began their chorus of "Adjourn! Adjourn! Adjourn!" Isaacs gave it up in a few minutes and several others tried to

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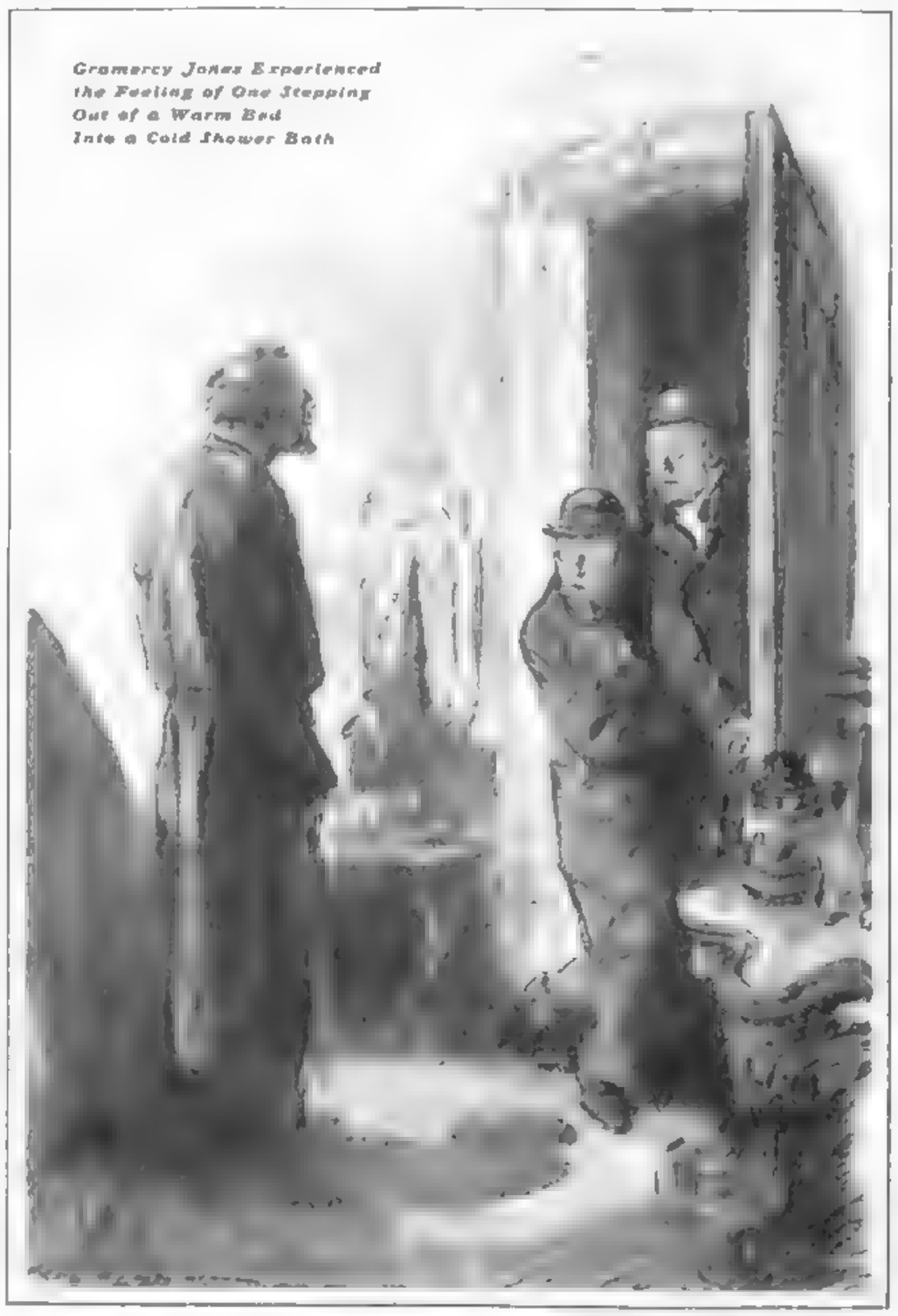
THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

Adventure of the Chained-Up Lady—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



Gramercy Jones Experienced the Feeling of One Stepping Out of a Warm Bed Into a Cold Shower Bath

WHEN a young person who has but lately chipped the Harvard shell comes into an estate of five millions, more or less, upon a condition imposed by an obstinate and eccentric father that for the space of five years he does not set foot outside the boundaries of the city of Greater New York; and when this new-pipped fledgling of the Cambridge nest sets forth, with deliberation and premeditation, to have a series of thrilling adventures upon the island of Manhattan and within her sister boroughs; and when, to that end, he hires for his guide, and if need be his guardian, an efficient ex-headquarters detective — when in rapid sequence these things befall, and on their heels come sundry adventures, it makes a story such as is bound sooner or later to find its way into the public prints of the period.

Despite the best efforts of former Sergeant Max Furst, and of Dana Grist, assistant city editor of one of the afternoon papers, and of the family solicitor, Judge Alonzo Pike—these three being the sole sharers of the legatee's secret—there came a morning when the tale of Jason Jones' queer will and its attendant results saw type—saw serried columns of blackfaced type—and thereafter for a space of time the spry young men of the daily press made young Gramercy Jones' life a burden to him.

Now, then, notoriety threatened the very breath of life of his well-laid plans, whereas in anonymity alone lay a guaranty of their success; since how could you expect a young man of wealth, however ably chaperoned and financed, to delve undisturbed at the roots of hidden things when his personal aspect was as well known to the casual reader as that of the newest Broadway matinée idol or the latest and most popular wife murderer? Therefore Gramercy Jones and these his friends were much put to it.

So by stealth, while some persevering reporters took turns playing tunes on his door-knocker and others sought vainly at the areaway to bribe his servants, and enterprising staff photographers with cameras hid under their coats hung about his stoop, Gramercy Jones quitted his house in Gramercy Park and fled to quieter lodgings elsewhere. In one regard he was deeply fortunate. By hook or crook the papers learned the gist if not the text of the last will and testament of the erratic philanthropist capitalist, and they printed that; they followed the son's course through college, a staid and plodding-enough recital—and they printed that, too, suitably garnished and sauced with those pleasing curlicues of fancy by which a skilled reporter makes a sprightly tale out of a dull one; they printed pictures of Jason Jones, deceased, and pictures of the Jason Jones home, fronting Gramercy Park, and of the Jason Jones type of cheap hotels; and likewise pictures of Gramercy Jones' lawyer and his butler and his chauffeur and his manservant and his maidservant—but they printed no pictures of the young man himself. Or at least they printed none that might be deemed trustworthy.

It is true the city editor of the Evening Star, being rendered desperate by the failure of his legmen to find an existent photograph and of his camera squad to click a coveted snapshot, called in one of his staff artists—a youth with an imaginative pencil and a fertile fancy—and set him to making a pen-and-ink portrait of a vaguely described young man of, say, twenty-four, which portrait the Evening Star boldly published as the only exclusive, authentic, true, correct and copyrighted likeness of the suddenly famous heir. But, because this picture looked like so many rich men's sons and so utterly unlike the round-faced and spectacled person whom it was fondly presumed to represent, unforeseen contingencies resulted from the Evening Star's stroke of enterprise. It enabled divers rakish youths to pose in public places as Gramercy Jones until they were rounded up and exposed for brassy counterfeits. And it enabled the real and genuine Gramercy Jones, safe in the cloistered calm of his new hiding-place, to plan for himself fresh campaigns of adventure in the city that Judge Pike had aptly called the place where things happen.

For the nine days that he continued to be a front-page asset and for weeks thereafter Gramercy Jones' mail was heavier than it had been in his whole life before. To him, by a roundabout route, came letters in sheafs and shoals and enveloped avalanches. It would seem that everybody in New York had read about Jason Jones' will and the terms under which the son inherited, and then that everybody had sat right down and written to the son. To those who hold that life in a metropolis makes people cold and unresponsive to the needs of a fellow-being, there would have been an illuminating surprise in the number of purely disinterested and absolutely unselfish persons who, out of the fullness of the heart, were moved to address Gramercy Jones, each with a separate plan whereby much happiness and good might accrue to that young man.

It was in an apartment on one of Brooklyn's quiet by-streets that this mass of mail, carefully readdressed and reforwarded, descended upon its intended recipient. For expert advice he had turned to Max Furst on the day of the first printing of the story. Upon this occasion they had been sitting together inside the drawing room. Outside, one early bird of a reporter was keeping a determined finger pressed firmly against the door button; and another, posing himself precariously on the iron palings, was trying vainly to peer in at the curtained window—and, with a sensation somewhat closely akin to panic, Gramercy Jones had asked Mr. Furst what they had better do now.

"A cinch!" had answered Mr. Furst. "We wait until dark and then we lam out the back way and hide somewheres."

"You forget, don't you, that I can't leave Greater New York?" he had said in his turn; "that if I do I forfeit my fortune, and that one of your duties is to see that on no account do I leave New York?"

"No, I don't forget that," Mr. Furst had replied. Then Mr. Furst had coined an unconscious epigram. "Boss, when you're hiding out from New York, New York is the safest place there is to hide out in. The big mistake an amachure crook makes when he turns a trick here is hiking out for some small town, where the people take notice of a stranger; and he gets nailed by some wise Johnny Raw of a rube policeman. The professional knows better. He holes up right here in town and generally he's safer than he would be anywhere else on the map. Take it the way it was here last summer, when they bumped off Rosey the Gambler up there in front of the Cosmopole. For weeks, all over this country, they was looking for Ike the Dropper for plugging Rosey—and finding him, too, every day—only it always turned out to be the wrong guy. And all the time Ike was right here—he'd just moved from the upper East Side to the lower West Side.

"And there was the Fan Mathewson murder case—you remember that, I guess?—here about eight or nine years back. There was a big reward out for Fan Mathewson's brother-in-law, Bert Roach—he would be the state's main witness if they could just find him. I was down at 300 Mulberry, at the old Central Office then, and I worked on that case myself for a solid year nearly—me and my side partner, Heiney Blum. The district attorney had us going over North America with finetooth combs for Bert Roach. Why, once't they sent me and Blum clear to El Paso, Texas, after a suspect that looked as much like Bert as Tom Sharkey looks like Doctor Parkhurst—just about. And all that time Bert Roach and his wife had took another name and were living across the river in Brooklyn, all nice and cozy. They might 'a' been there yet, only Bert got full of mixed ale one night and did a little too much slack talking. Brooklyn, or Williamsburg, or Long Island City—you can't beat any of those towns right across the river for places to hide in. But Brooklyn is the best. Say, boss, how about us taking the veil and moving over to little old Brooklyn until things quiet down?"

Brooklyn it was. Expense being no object, the furniture went in that same afternoon and they went in that same night. From the rear windows of his quiet suite on the top floor of a sedate and dignified house on Columbia Heights, Gramercy Jones could count the windows in the looming skyscrapers of Manhattan. A five-minute walk, followed by a ten-minute ride on the Subway, would take him under the river, straight into the seething center of downtown New York; and yet—such is the incurious way of the Greater City—he was safer from discovery here than he could possibly have been in Portland, or Peoria, or Pass Christian. And it was here that he went through his augmented mail, seeking to find somewhere in it the seed of suggestion that would bear the delectable fruit of adventure.

For a while, though, his lading of letters, gross as to weight, ran light as to prospect. Of chances to invest money advantageously he was offered no end. For the small sum of one thousand dollars the Mike Mustard Literary and Pleasure Club, of the Fourth Assembly District, stood ready to make him a life member, in addition guaranteeing him a swell time on all beefsteak dinners, chowder parties, shore dinners, outings, games and other occasions.

One who signed himself with mysterious cryptograms, and who admitted in so many words serving time in reformatory institutions, generously offered to put himself entirely at the disposal of Mr. Jones with a view to introducing him to the real underworld—he, though avowedly a reformed and honest man, being still in touch with the criminal classes. Opportunities of going into paying businesses; of meeting attractive young women—object matrimony—and altruistic young men—object friendship; of buying stocks; of backing theatrical enterprises; of relieving human distress in all its branches—of these there were hundreds.

Had he enjoyed the income of fifty millions instead of a mere five, the young man might have laid it all out to advantage among obliging strangers.

Once in a while there was a prayer for help that breathed real worth and real want; and here, with Mr. Furst's efficient aid, Mr. Gramercy Jones administered anonymously. But not until the beginning of the third week did

there come one which contained even a scant promise of the germ of the thing for which he was seeking. It ran thus:

Sir: I have read in the papers of you and your plight. As one prisoner to another, I appeal to you. You, by the terms of your father's dying command, are bound fast. I, too, am bound fast—held by one who wishes me ill and who, for his own wicked ends, keeps me a prisoner.

You have money at your command. If with money you have also courage and shrewdness it lies in your power, perhaps, to bring blessed freedom to a helpless woman who has almost ceased to hope. Yet I must warn you that there is risk—great risk and danger—for you, and perhaps for both of us. Those who have me in their power are both unscrupulous and desperate; and one of them—my own kinsman—is a man who will stop short at nothing, as he has proved in his treatment of me.

This note I hope to drop in the street, praying that through kindly hands it may come to you.

So, if you fear the danger destroy these lines and forget if you can that a victim of unutterable cruelties ever sought your help. But if you have a heart and are brave you will station yourself opposite the house at Number 58½ Fifth Avenue any morning during the coming week about the hour of ten, and you shall see what you shall see. I will know you, I think; but if I give a sign make no sign of recognition in return. It will be then for you to find some means of secretly communicating with me; and that, I warn you, will be difficult. If you succeed your reward will be the gratitude of the innocent victim of a villainous conspiracy. If you fail ——

But, remember, in no emergency, now or hereafter, must you ask aid from the authorities. There are good reasons for this, as you will learn.

Remember the place, Number 58½ Fifth Avenue, and the hour—ten o'clock any forenoon during the coming week. Watch the green carriage and those who enter it!

More I dare not write now; nor my name. I sign myself

FETTERED.

Succor for the oppressed—what could be a nobler aim!

Something inside of Gramercy Jones gave a little jump. He read the letter all the way through again. Then he examined it closely—the paper itself, the handwriting, the envelope in which it had come. The paper was of heavy linen; unscented, unruled, expensive plainly; such paper as a well-bred woman keeps for her correspondence. It bore no monogram nor any crest or date. Mainly the writing was in an angular, steep hand, such as so many educated women have come to use. Each sentence began in such a style, but toward the end the script lost its distinctive character and became confused and formless, almost as though two persons—a refined woman and a half-grown child—had collaborated in the construction. Yet the spelling was good and the letter itself—except for the last hysterical-sounding line of postscript—seemed to him self-contained and sincere, considering the circumstances under which it was conceivably written.

He considered the envelope—a heavy, square envelope of color and texture to match the paper, properly addressed to him at his house in Gramercy Park in the same hand that had written the rest, and bearing in a lower corner the hobbed imprint of a heel and a smear of dried mud, showing where some passer's foot had trodden upon it before another came along and saw it, and took it up and mailed it. The postmark was smudged somewhat, but by holding it at a slanting angle he made out that it had been stamped at the general post-office at noon of the day before.

He carried this letter to Mr. Furst, who sat at ease in the next room, digesting breakfast and enjoying the comic supplements—this was a Sunday morning, and the floor about Mr. Furst was littered ankle-deep with those hebdomadal products of the metropolitan press at which strict Sabbatarians do so vehemently and shrilly rail, notwithstanding Sunday papers are compiled during the week and printed before midnight of Saturday. Mr. Furst laid aside his cigar and, marking with one forefinger the exact spot where he had left off his contemplation of the homicidal whimsicalities of the Hausenpfeffer Twins, he read the letter through once and again.

"What do you think of that?" demanded his employer when Mr. Furst was done.

"It might be a plant—might be somebody trying to slip something over on you," he diagnosed; "or it might be that a plain nut wrote it. Taking it just as it lays, I'd say offhand that it's got a kind of nutty look to me. And yet you never can tell—it might be on the dead level. The longer I live in this town the more convinced I am that you can't never tell what's coming off next. And yet, at that"—he amended as the ingrained cynicism of the veteran thief-taker came out in him—"And yet, at that, the strangest things usually turn out to be the phoniest when you give 'em the acid test. But"—the astute ex-sergeant was hedging again—"But, as I says before, you never can tell. This address now—that's a pretty good district; considerable many of them old-fashioned rich people still live down round Washington Square. I tell you what, boss; suppose I go scouting there and give this place a look? And tomorrow, if it suits you, we might both be kind of piking round when this green carriage that's mentioned here comes along."

It was so agreed. In two hours or less the investigator was back from his scout, and in his eyes the light of a quickening interest shone.

"Boss," he began, "there's something doing—maybe. It's just a bare chance that we've hit a lead that'll take us somewheres. I looked this Number 58½ over. It's one of them old brick houses, a residence; and it's got a brass plate on the front door, with the name of a Doctor Snodgrass on it—no initials and no telling what kind of a doctor he is—just the name. It's one of them places that looks like nothing ever came off there—and that's the kind of a place where pretty near anything is liable to come off.

"I talked with the man on the beat. He's a young gabby cop, and he opened up as soon as I'd told him who I was and that I used to be a headquarters man. It seems there's only four people that belong in this here house. There's an old pappy guy, with trimmed-up whiskers—he's the doctor, I judge; and a big husky woman that seems to do the work; and a man that drives the carriage and lives over the stable at the back; and a young lady that's supposed to be an invalid. She's some kind of kin to Old Whiskers. Anyway, that's what Miller—he's the cop—picks up from talking to the housegirls next door. And every morning them other two—the doc and the woman—they take the young lady out for a ride in a closed carriage. There's never anybody else along with them, and this young lady's never in sight except this once a day, which might or might not be suspicious. And they never have any women coming in from outside—no visitors or callers. Boss, it might pay us to give the house a look tomorrow; anyhow it won't take long."

He Saw a Strained, Colorless Face

Nor did it. It was, as the scout had described, an old-fashioned, sad-looking house of brick. It was the second house from the corner and was one of a row all much alike, except for such variations of ornamentation as fanlights over some doors and gargoyle waterspouts over others. Handrails were at the steps of all, some of brass and some of iron, the brass ones being polished brilliantly and the iron ones set off with iron lion heads, snarling, and iron gamecocks, rampant, and iron dogs, couchant—and such-like cast-metal atrocities of the mid-sixties. The row was flanked at the south by Washington Park, its trees and flower-beds serving as a barrier to the onmarching hordes of Gaul and Goth, Latin and Levantine; and flanked upon the north by loft buildings, marking where the shirtwaist trade and the ready-made clothing trade crept nearer year by year—a beleaguered spot, holding out against inevitable change, the last ditch of a scanty yet heroic handful of that semi-mythical breed known familiarly in print as the Old Knickerbocker Families.

As for Number 58½, there was nothing to set it apart from its neighbors above it and below it and across the way from it, except a certain air of genteel decay about its pocked brick front and the small brass plate on the door, and the closely blinded windows, shutting out the bright sharp sunshine of this fine November morning. Yet to the fancy of the imaginative young adventure-seeker waiting upon the opposite sidewalk it had about it, someway, an air of suppression and reticence; an air of keeping its secrets to itself.

He did not have long to wait. Ten minutes after the hour he and Furst saw a two-horse carriage swing briskly round the corner below and draw up at the stoopline of 58½. It was a closed carriage of the square-bodied coach pattern, painted a bottle-green. The driver was a middle-aged man, weather-beaten and glum-looking, in a somewhat shabby green livery with tarnished metal buttons. This person, having halted his team, sheathed his whip and sat at ease, staring straight ahead. In a minute the door opened and three persons issued forth—first, an oldish, withered-looking slender man, whose beard was vandyked down to a sharp point and who wore a heavy overcoat and a flat-topped derby hat; and behind him, side by side, two women—one a stout, capable-looking person of a stern and iron-jawed aspect, with something of the domestic in her dress and manner and something of the companion; the other slenderer and of a more youthful figure, in a black frock. She had furs about her throat and a thick black veil down over her face, and her arms were buried midway to the elbows in a large flat muff.

As they came down the steps the older woman had one hand thrust inside the crook of the younger woman's elbow and held her fast, though there was no suggestion of indecision about the pose of her body, no droop of weakness to the veil-swathed head. From his place, diagonally across, young Gramercy Jones marked this warderlike grip of the square-jawed woman, and marked, too, the quick and apprehensive glance the man shot up and down the avenue as he opened the carriage door and waited for the others to step into it.

Then something happened. Just when the elderly woman's bulk was half hidden from view by the intervening side and rear of the coach-body, and the old man was out of sight altogether, the younger woman seemed to hang back for the fraction of a second. She threw up her veil with a peculiar strained motion of her arms in her muff and looked straight across at Gramercy Jones; and all in a flash he saw a strained, colorless face—a young face, so he thought—and a pair of big, staring eyes, either gray or blue, he couldn't tell which at the distance, but, at any rate, wide-open eyes, which flashed an instantaneous appeal

The Whole Place Seemed as Quiet as a Tomb

and a message and a warning at him—he saw all that and something else. He judged Furst must have seen it all, too, for at his elbow he heard a fervently muttered "Hully Gee!"

The veil dropped; there was an urging forward of the shrouded figure; the younger woman bent her head and vanished within the carriage. The door slammed and instantly the carriage was in motion, swinging about and moving north at a brisk gait in the rows of upbound travel, leaving the sidewalk in front of Number 58½ bare, and leaving the two spies across the way staring with startled eyes at each other.

"Did you see her face?" demanded Gramercy Jones.

"Not to notice clost," said Mr. Furst; "but I saw her hands—one of them; she was wearing darbies inside of that there muff."

"Darbies?"

"Sure," explained Furst—"nippers—come-alongs—handcuffs. When she jerked up her veil one of her hands slipped out of her muff, and I got a good flash at it. You can't fool me about those things, boss—I've seen too many people wearing 'em. That young lady had the darbies on her, all right! I saw the steel bracelet round the wrist and an inch or two of the chain. Say," he added suddenly. "we clean forgot to trail that cal.!"

. . . . . .

Of the two avenues that run parallel courses along the rocky spine of Manhattan Island, one might be called the cheapest street in the world and its twin the costliest. I am not saying that Fifth Avenue has not its cheap spots, speaking comparatively, or that Sixth Avenue has not its highly expensive ones; but, speaking with regard to the prevalent characteristics of these two, I contend the comparison is a proper one—Sixth Avenue the cheapest, Fifth Avenue the costliest. On Sixth Avenue there are places in plenty where one may buy a square meal, with a choice of meats—tripe or beefstew—a cup of ostensible coffee and a slice of obvious pie for fifteen cents; and on Fifth Avenue, in equal abundance, also, are places where stewed prunes are forty-five cents a portion, plain, or sixty cents with cream. The prevalent *table d'hôte* tariff of Sixth Avenue is sixty cents for a six-course dinner—with wine, mind you—whereas at sundry Midas-menued establishments on Fifth Avenue that same sixty cents would not take you past the soup, if it took you that far. On Sixth Avenue, choosing the right shop, a whole suit of clothes—coat, waistcoat and trousers—may be had, new, for three dollars; twenty dollars is really the lowest price that a certain tailor, just one block removed, would think of charging you for a pair of riding breeches. Did he accept less his self-respect would suffer and probably he could not meet his rent.

Green parrots, acutely alive and warranted potential conversationalists, may, in season, be bought on Sixth Avenue for as low a figure as two dollars; other green parrots, forever past speech, seeing that they are dead and stuffed, fetch most fabulous prices at Fifth Avenue's leading millinery shops. Along Sixth Avenue, in basement bat-caves, are starveling artists producing Old Masters; and up in attics are weary sweat-shop workers, making rare cobwebby foreign things; and in back rooms are skinny artisans turning out genuine antiques for which, if current rumor runs true, sundry art sellers and lace importers and furniture dealers on Fifth Avenue ask—and are given—their weight in minted gold. Those who walk the wide ways of mid-Fifth know not the habitual pedestrians of lower Sixth—a gulf as wide as the world and as deep as the sea, and something less than seven hundred feet in measurable space dividing them. So it goes.

So it went with particular reference to a certain block well downtown. At this point Fifth Avenue presented a view of sister rows of old homes, staring blankly across the asphalt aisle at one another like a double file of prim deaconesses who from long association had run out of things to talk about, and so stood brooding and silent. Only once in a while, at long intervals, an interloper of a fussy family hotel or an ornate-fronted apartment house loomed aggressively like a dressy stranger that had intruded upon a Shaker meeting. Right over on Sixth Avenue, back to back with this, was quite another world—a motley, messed and mussy world, piebald and polyglot, and thrown together any way at all; a world where L trains loped by unceasingly and truck tires fretted the worn cobbles; with here a fur-curing shop and there a bird-and-animal store; and here again a Chinese laundry, and there a Greek restaurant or an Italian green grocery—or what you pleased; with tenements piling above, story on story, and the roar of the traffic below, and smells of sorts everywhere. And, because the life of the one was more virile than the life of the other, Sixth Avenue had crept round the corner and invaded the side street, impressing its character upon dwellings and dwellers three-fourths of the way eastward to Fifth.

This creeping course of absorption and transformation was to prove a lucky thing for our two conspirators. Before dark of this same November Monday, Mr. Furst, as agent, had completed the dicker that put at the disposal of himself and his principal the top floor of a four-story warehouse building. This building ran back into the block to a greater depth than its neighbors, and by a still luckier circumstance it had side windows let into its eastern wall, which windows looked across an intervening space of courtyards and shedtops directly into the rear elevation of the house that bore upon its front the brass nameplate of the uninitialed Doctor Snodgrass.

At these windows, then, armed with opera glasses and equipped with certain other needful things, Gramercy Jones and Max Furst kept faithful ward and watch until nearly midnight that same night and through most of the next day; but not until twilight of the second evening was their chilly vigil in any wise rewarded. The dusk was thickening, blotting out the unutterable homeliness of the back yards, when lights flashed on in the top floor of

From It There Dangled a Steel Chain the Size of a Trace Chain

the house of their faithful scrutiny. True, lights had shone there the night before for a space of hours; but then the shades had been drawn and they had seen nothing except vague shadows passing the opaque squares of the windows. Now, by happy chance, the shade of one of the two back windows was up, and as the lights flared on they had a most excellent view of a considerable space of the interior. It was plainly a woman's bedroom into which they looked. They could see with distinctness a rear wall with pictures on it, one end of a heavy brass bed, an easy chair drawn up at the foot of the bed and, just beyond, a dressing table upon which things of glass and silver glittered—toilet articles evidently.

In the same second they comprehended all this they saw, crossing their line of vision from right to left, the stout, blue-linen-clad shape of the square-jawed woman of the day before—it was she plainly who had lighted the lights. She vanished, but almost instantly she reappeared, leading by the arm a younger woman. Though her street frock was replaced now by a loose boudoir gown of some silky texture and her hair hung in plaits over her shoulders, and though Gramercy Jones had seen her but once, and that fleetingly, he knew her.

Plainly before their eyes she sank listlessly into the easy chair at the foot of the bed and put both her hands up to her face, the loose sleeves slipping away from her slender bare arms at the gesture. The stout woman bent over her a moment as though aiding her to arrange her dress; and then, as she stepped aside again, Gramercy Jones made out what the older woman had been doing, and he sucked in his breath with a sharp intake!

Clasped about the sitter's waist, drawing in snugly the fullness of her silk gown, was a two-inch band of some metal that shone white, like tempered steel. At the front, where the clasp or the buckle of an ordinary belt would have been, was a small lock, caught through a fetter bolt; and swiveled from it there dangled a steel chain the size of a trace chain, its links glinting brightly as the stout woman held it by the other end. And now the jailer was stepping back a foot or two and carrying the free end of the chain over the brass footrail and making it fast with another lock.

There sat this woman, leashed to her bed like an animal to its kennel. For half a minute, perhaps, the amazing picture stood out, clear in every detail—the prisoner huddled down wearily in her chair; one thin hand fumbling at the broad steel zone which encompassed her waist, the other playing with a jangling loop of her chain; her white face with its wide eyes looking straight out toward them; thick plaits of light hair hanging over her shoulders; her small feet, in bedroom slippers, resting upon a stool.

It was no more than half a minute however. For the serving woman, or the jailer, or whatever she might be, swung her broad back round and saw, then, that the nearer window was unshaded. The focused glasses of those two unsuspected spectators in the gloom brought her close up to them, and made plain the look of sudden chagrin and surprise upon her broad face as she started forward and yanked the shade down. She halted it, however, some four or five inches from the bottom of the casing and drew the sash up to meet it, leaving a small space for air and ventilation—a space so small that now the watchers in the warehouse could make out nothing through the slit except a narrow strip of the rug covering of the bedroom floor.

What they could see, though, was a dim and diffused shadow as the captive rose and paced back and forth across the glowing square of the window opening. Evidently her tether was short, and purposely so, to hold her a safe distance from the window. This was proved by the indistinctness of her outlined figure. Young Gramercy Jones, squatting in his own darkened window with his eyes glued to his glasses, thought he could make out the shifting slide of the steel trace chain—almost thought he could hear the grate and jangle of hard metals as loop and lock played back and forth along the horizontal bedrail.

And as he crouched there, looking and listening, he heard the voice of former Sergeant Max Furst. Startled for once out of his professional calm, that gentleman was saying something over and over again to himself in a heavy whisper.

"Well, what do you know about that—huh?" That was what he said. "Well, what do you know about that?"

. . . . . .

It was immediately after this that the big inspiration came to young Gramercy Jones. Leaving the ex-sergeant on duty at the window of their hired loft, he hurried down the three flights of stairs to the street and then raced eastward at top speed, his spectacles shining in the lamplight and his neatly creased trouser legs twinkling, until he came at the end of a short dash to Fifth Avenue. The avenue, stretching away to the northward at a gentle uphill slant, resounded now to its evening tides of travel. Coming down in endless lines plodded tired workteams, drawing trucks and vans to their stable quarters below the Square; going up passed many smart automobiles, their varnished tops glimmering like the scales on the back of an endless snake as they whizzed under the light cast by the ornamental round lamps that hung in clusters of threes, like big, luminous damson plums. Every cross-street was a flumeway for thick, living black sluices—garment workers, fur workers and millinery workers by the uncounted thousands—men, women and wizened children pouring along afoot from their workplaces on the lower West Side to their living places on the lower East Side.

Our young man poised himself on the curbing, looking for a taxicab to hire; but, before one appeared, a double-decker bus lumbered by, headed north, and scooting across

(Continued on Page 33

ANTICS IN ANTIQUES

Some Things That Have Given the American Dealer a Jolt

By CORINNE LOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

"He Called Me Liar, Thief and Pirate—Whew, But He Did Talk!"

I HAVE been up against some strange things in my life. I have heard an American business man sighing in his gondola over the poor drainage in Venice; I have seen the fashion drawings produced by a lofty soul who admired Monet and the Impressionists; I have listened to the derisive epithets applied by a lot of newspapermen to a cub reporter who called himself a journalist. But of all magenta-colored incidents the most violent is that in which I watched a New York manufacturer gloating over the floor of his library.

"It's rotten!" exclaimed he, at delighted intervals—"positively rotten!" The chuckle in his voice could be likened only to that of a boy who has just broken his most expensive toy.

The floor in question had been torn from an Old English home and brought over, piece by piece, to give added mellowness to some fine Jacobean furniture. Incidentally it had taken away something of the mellowness of even a plethoric purse, for it had, according to the possessor's own admission, cost ten times more than an ordinary floor. It was indisputably rotten—so much so that tiny plugs had been inserted every here and there over the surface. And it had been bought in England by the manufacturer.

Of this last fact he was indeed very proud. As he stooped to sleek the decrepit wood he boasted: "This is genuine antique, you understand me—not just Fourth Avenue antique. I bought it myself over in England."

This episode illustrates very clearly one of the reasons for the declining prosperity of the American antique dealer. The rich manufacturer had gone abroad and had seen to it personally that the breath of Time had dimmed his old pieces. He had felt no confidence in the veracity of the Yankee tradesman. In the skepticism of his attitude he offers yet another stumbling-block to the path of that tottering personage, the American antique dealer.

English Salesmen in American Shops

EVEN without this obstacle the way of the antique man is sufficiently troubled. The fact is that his prosperity is on the wane. Ten years ago he was the most flourishing of our shopkeepers. In those halcyon days he picked up fine old Colonial bits in all sorts of unsuspected places and from all kinds of unsuspecting people. With corresponding ease he disposed of them at fabulous prices to other unsuspecting people. His profits were truly enormous.

Today, however, all this is changed. The antique ponds of America and Europe have been thoroughly dragged, and now the man or woman of the most remote hamlet has learned to guard a genuine antique against the specious offer of the dealer. As a further hardship the public with which he deals has altogether changed in character. No longer is it satisfied with any old pigeon-toed, enfeebled bit that makes you sneeze with dust. The customer of today is well up on old furniture and selects old pieces with the most disconcerting knowledge of period and style.

Coupled with these discouragements is the increased cost of labor. The workshop the big antique dealer maintains for the reconstruction and construction of old pieces costs him more than ever before. Similarly a copy of a fine antique which he buys in the open market runs into figures that were undreamed in the good old days. Nor does he gain very much by buying his reproductions in Europe, for today the increased vigilance of the custom house in the matter of antiques makes it almost impossible to bring in a fake antique free of duty. This last mention halts us before the final and most serious inconvenience of the antique dealer. The truth is that the uplift has pried into the business, and that faking of antiques is now neither so easy nor so advisable as it was during that golden era of ten years ago.

However, amid all the graver problems with which he is confronted the dealer finds reason for special resentment against the tendency of the rich American to buy his antiques abroad. This English twinge of his malady is often, in fact, particularly painful. For instance, in the incident I have quoted the manufacturer was a near relative of one of the widely known New York dealers. This fact, however, did not prejudice him one bit in favor of home talent. He bought his floor, as well as all his other antiques, in England; and when the cousinly dealer made a subsequent trip to the British Isles he was met by some taunting remarks from his foreign rivals.

"My word," said one of these pleasantly, "what's the matter with you chaps over there? It's jolly well seen you're no good at the business. Why, even your own cousins won't buy from you!"

"Quite true," responded the American gloomily; "it takes one of you fellows with a monocle, a greased accent and a waxed mustache—they fall for you every time."

Commenting at home on this phase of his business, the same tradesman protested vigorously against the injustice of the position.

"There's absolutely no reason," asserted he, "why the American customer should trust an English dealer more than he trusts us. Certainly the English dealer is not one bit more scrupulous, and is a whole lot more clever. Why, he even puts a fake over on the American dealer himself! Yet just because he's English the Yankee believes implicitly in his honesty. It's the same old story—England is the home of wool, and it pulls a whole lot of it over the eyes of the American customer."

Nevertheless, in spite of his protest the big New York dealer bows to the successful British manipulation of the American antique trade, and often employs as his chief salesman some bright Englishman with an Old World training. "They inspire confidence every time," admitted the dealer I have just quoted; "and few antique shops can prosper nowadays without some bit of tweed, broad a's and plausibility."

It takes, indeed, only a glance among the antique shops of Fifth Avenue to assure you of this large English invasion. We are now served by English decorators and English antique dealers and English combinations of the two. The last are, by-the-way, the very newest things in the antique trade. Of all of these one of the most successful occurs in a fashionable retail quarter in a salon indicated by a chaste and modest sign.

Now X—— is, in antique phraseology, the very highboy of them all. He does not just sell antiques. He plots with you how to set up those antiques and, if necessary, will snoop all round England with you in order to get just the right Old English touch. His effects are all very carefully studied, and he will not permit one unauthorized piece of furniture in a room that he has decorated. He regards that room as a painting to which his name is permanently attached and upon which his reputation trembles. All this I know to be a fact, for I happened upon this super-decorator when he was in the grip of a strong emotion.

A Creature of Temperament

"OH, DEAR! Oh, dear!" he was saying to his assistant that first time I found him. "Mrs. James has been shopping round and buying all sorts of horrible gimcracks for that beautiful Jacobean dining room. Oh, what shall I do? What if somebody should go in and think I was responsible for them?" All the time he kept walking nervously up and down, and it was some minutes before his assistant could succeed in soothing him.

"Mr. X——," this assistant explained proudly to me afterward, "is a thorough artist. It does upset him terribly when anybody spoils a house that he has furnished; and, would you believe it, he can't work with people unless he feels they are in complete sympathy with his methods and ideas!"

Certainly the establishment of this expert in antiques is one to foster the sensitive soul of genius. It is indeed beautiful. Here, instead of the dusty clutter to which we have become accustomed in the conventional antique shop, we find an exhibition of classic elimination. No vulgar jostling of warming-pan and Louis Seize gilt; no enforced intimacy of muffin-stand and cloisonné vase; no unsightly hodge-podge of Sheffield plate and Dresden candelabra and Sheraton and Jacobean is permitted in these salons. Everything is elegant, decorous, chastely related.

Downstairs there is a heavily-carpeted salon through which one makes perilous passage amid priceless vases and tapestries and stained glass. Upstairs there are rooms that are fitted up with ancient oak walls and floors brought from old English houses. Against this background fine eighteenth century paintings, carved oaken chairs, beautiful casement windows set with the dusky glow of early English glass, Jacobean tables on which doubleted cavaliers must have clinked their tankards of ale, tease the unwilling pocketbook into complete acceptance. Amid all this the decorator antique dealer walks as Napoleon himself must have strutted at Versailles.

"This," he will tell you at once, "is the day of Old English interiors. More and more the American people are being weaned away from the unsatisfactory glitter of the French furniture which so long held sway in this country. More and more they are commencing to realize the softness and richness of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. In this last year I have fitted up perhaps half a dozen homes of millionaires in this beautiful style, and I have even tried the experiment on a very fine duplex apartment."

Naturally the Old English interior is not for the poor man. Even the decorator antique dealer admits this.

"This Is Genuine Antique—Not Just Fourth Avenue Antique. I Bought It Myself Over in England"

The fact is, if you would make your house Jacobean you must be prepared to spend a fortune on gloom and then another fortune on brightening the gloom. First of all, you have got to buy your walls and floor of genuine old oak. This is absolutely essential; for, though in country homes the experiment of heavy-beamed plaster ceiling and walls is often tried, the real Jacobean flavor cannot be expected from dumping down a few oak pieces in an ordinary room.

These walls and floors are, of course, very expensive. In order to snuff out the crude American daylight from only one room it takes from seven thousand to ten thousand dollars' worth of murky oak ripped straight from the ancestral home of some impoverished squire or lordling. So, to start with, you have an investment of about forty thousand dollars for the four principal downstairs rooms. This, however, is only a tiny beginning. Once you have this background you must live up to it. There cannot be one jarring note or your Old English is ruined. For instance, there must be no profaning those mellow walls by any picture less than a Romney, a Gainsborough, a Sir Joshua or a Holbein. A single portrait will therefore run up into many thousands of dollars. Finally, to abet these canvases in dispelling the gloom so expensively created, you must resign yourself to buying bits of rare and costly stained glass.

As for the furniture, that is costly in the extreme. The New York manufacturer to whom I have referred had, for instance, paid three thousand dollars for six Queen Anne chairs done in fine old needlework. An Elizabethan or Jacobean table in the correct state of infirmity will cost at least five hundred dollars. A Sheffield meat platter may be picked up at a bargain at two hundred and fifty dollars. A beautiful antique carved mantel -and this is essential to the success of your Old English will cheerfully watch a thousand dollars and more go up in smoke. Everything else is proportionately priced.

Yet you will hear your decorator to the rich bewail the parsimonious instincts of the American customer.

"Americans," he will say, "are not willing to pay the price for antiques that they pay over in England. There, you see, it's different. There they have been used to having these fine old pieces all their lives, and they know what they're really worth. I find, indeed, that it isn't until you catch an American over in England that you can get him to realize just exactly how rare and costly these old pieces are."

How Wise Customers Make Poor Tradesmen

AS A LOGICAL development of this way of thinking this dealer is a very colossus who stands one foot on America, the other on England. He has an office in London just as he has here in New York, and he never fails to spend part of his time abroad. It is there, he admits, he picks up much of his American trade. An amusing instance of this is found in the case of the Western millionaire and his wife who happened to stroll into his London office one summer day several years ago. They had decided, they told him, to buy the antiques for their new house because they thought they could get them cheaper there. They mentioned that they were willing to pay two thousand dollars.

Nestor that he is, the decorator antique man did not argue with them. What he did do was to whisk them off in a waiting motor car to a house he had just furnished some place near London. This house represented an outlay of several hundred thousand dollars. It fired the imagination of his Yankee clients to such an extent that they demanded one just like it. The two-thousand-dollar limit was gloriously forgotten, and before they left England they had ordered a complete set of Old English trimmings—walls, floors and furniture.

"Now," says this master decorator triumphantly, "they've got one of the most beautiful homes in the West. They're so pleased with it they don't know how to express their gratitude—but do you think I'd have ever got them up to it in America? Oh, no!"

In most of his assertions the English antique man was corroborated by his lowly rival, the plain American antique dealer. Him I found standing woefully among his excellent reproductions. His hat had an elegiac droop toward the front, his whole weight was thrown against a cardinal's wardrobe. There was good reason for the American dealer's low spirits—he had no office in London!

"Yep," he admitted promptly, "this business of mine is ailing nowadays. Only thing for me to do is to be antiquitter—if I want to make some real money I've got to take to addressing envelopes. What's the matter? Well, for one thing, there are too many of us. When I first started in business twenty years ago there were only a few shops in existence. Today there are twenty antique stores to every one that existed then. Another serious inconvenience is the lack of antiques. You can hardly pick up a genuine bit, to save your life. Consequently nowadays the antique dealer comes pretty near to being the oldest thing in his shop.

"Take this Colonial highboy, for instance. Twelve years ago I bought it from a woman down South so cheap that I sold it at a profit when I sold it for fifty dollars. Today what do I pay for it? Fifty-five dollars, if you please—and that's without any of the repairs I've always got to make. The poorest, illiterate people have got wise to the fact that these things are 'antiques,' and hang on to them for dear life. What's more, they've got an awfully exaggerated idea of their value. Only this morning, for instance, I got a note from a woman on a farm in Western Pennsylvania graciously offering to sell me a fourposter bed of bird's-eye maple for four hundred dollars. Four hundred dollars—a hundred a post! I wrote back to her and told her I might give her forty for it if it came up to the scratch. But do you think she will give it to me at that? Well, I guess not! She has an idea that I am trying to do her, and nobody will get that bed unless it's over her dead body or—with four hundred dollars.

"This, of course, is in America. Over in Europe it's just as bad. The whole antique market has been dredged by horde after horde of hungry American and European dealers. Just to show you: about ten years ago I rounded up a bunch of priests' robes for about six dollars each. Now all the old churches have been robbed of their chasubles and I could hardly get them at five times that amount. What is the result of all this? Why, simply that the antique dealer has got to rely mainly on reproductions."

"I thought it was an easy customer," suggested I nervously. I was approaching a most delicate subject.

The dealer shook his head dejectedly.

"There is no such thing nowadays," he confided. "Things were very different ten or fifteen years ago. Then people were obligingly loose in their definition of antiques. Then they let you baptize anything with a smell of dust and a little bit of inlay as Chippendale. But what a change!"

It is Always the Part of Wisdom to Look to the Interior

He was interrupted at this juncture by the appearance of a plainly dressed little woman, who approached one of the near-by salesmen and asked to see a Colonial sofa. The dealer and I watched in silence as she accompanied the salesman to a near-by area. We saw afterward that she was looking over the suggested sofa very conscientiously; then at last, tinkling past the luster lamps and Dresden candelabra and Toby jugs, we heard a small voice say:

"Yes, but this is Colonial with the Empire influence."

The antique dealer wagged a clandestine but hysterical thumb in her direction.

"You hear that," he said to me in a tense, hoarse whisper—"'Colonial with the Empire influence!' You see now what I'm up against—don't you? Why, there is hardly anybody who comes to this shop nowadays who can't talk glibly about gate-leg tables and Charles Second spiral legs and Chippendale mirror-back chairs. Actually some of them know more about period stuff than we do ourselves. They read all the books on old furniture and china; they visit museums; they travel abroad. What are you going to do with a public like that?"

After this the dealer proceeded still further with the tale of his undoing. People in this era of advancement are not, it seems, satisfied by strewing a room with warming-pans, Colonial desks and Empire clocks. For the artless antique lover of twelve years ago such eclectic methods did all very well. Now, alas, the Period is close after the antique dealer, and his facile sales are halted by the desire to have everything match.

Being Honest in Self-Defence

OF COURSE not everybody can afford the costly consistency of Jacobean to which I have alluded, but there are less expensive ways of devoting oneself to the principle. The wife of a man on a small salary, or the bachelor girl who works in a settlement, may, in fact, follow out her humble ideas with just as conscientious zeal as the millionaire. If either of these decides on a Sheraton room then will she rigorously deny herself the illicit joy of a Chippendale piece. If Empire is her choice then avaunt any touch of the Georgian English.

In the matter of popularity the dealer concedes the justice of the London dealer's assertion that Old English is at present very much to the fore. Even where there can be no wholesale adoption of fine old oak wainscoting, even where the furniture must be merely reproduction, the old English is effective, and is to a great extent displacing the gilt of the French periods. However, among antique lovers of average income the coziness of the Colonial has never lost its hold. It is still the bread and butter of the trade.

Naturally this insistence upon Period has made the customer much more exacting in her demands. She shops round until she finds exactly the piece that will "go with." Furthermore, she will visit a dozen shops in order to get a thing as cheaply as she thinks she ought. Indeed, at this point the American dealer heartily subscribes to the sentiment of the English dealer. "It's an honest fact," says he, "that Americans don't want to pay a proper price for antiques. They bargain and haggle over the smallest bit. They're as indecent over it as they are over basting thread."

Yet, in the words of the comic song: "That isn't all." The most serious threat to the dealer's golden day of prosperity comes perhaps from that rosy, tripping, fresh-lipped belle, Miss Uplift. In her various coquetries with state and prison, food and finance, literature and drama, this ubiquitous young person has not, in fact, disdained the humble antique man. Before him she dallies enchantingly and, finger on lip, coaxes to a newer and more exalted method of doing. Scandal, of course, does not neglect to mention that her influence is due largely to a certain shrewd power of reasoning. It is widely suspected, indeed, that Miss Uplift does not disdain to use to the antique dealer such homespun arguments as: "People are wise to you anyway. Why not be honest?"

(Continued on Page 64)

"Actually Some of Them Know More About Period Stuff Than We Do Ourselves"

NEW LIVES FOR OLD

III

By William Carleton

Author of One Way Out

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS the middle of August when Ruth and I moved into our new home, and on the second Saturday following we gave a housewarming. When we left our tenement we told our friends that instead of saying "Goodby" to them there we meant to say "Howdy" at the new home. And so this party was principally for them, though through the local paper we sent out a general invitation to every one in the neighborhood.

We swept up the barn floor and set a long table there, improvised of boards and sawhorses. Ruth decorated it with green and with wild flowers. We served cold meats, bread and butter, ice cream and cake, coffee and milk to some seventy-five grown-ups and the Lord knows how many children! The latter made the whole countryside spring to life as though by magic. If a happier, more enthusiastic group than our former neighbors ever gathered together under one roof, I'd like to see them! Ruth, Dick and myself acted as waiters, with plenty of assistance.

The village people came more out of curiosity than anything else, I imagine. Ed Barclay, the auctioneer, was there, and I liked him even better than at first on further acquaintance. Seth, Josh and Jim turned up in spite of their aversion to dagos. Then the Reverend Percy Cunningham, pastor of the Methodist Church, came with his wife. He was a slight, very serious man, dressed in black like an undertaker. Deacon Weston, said to be the richest man in town, also dropped in for a minute and bade me welcome. He had a thin, hard face that hinted as to how he had acquired his wealth; and later I found out my guess was sound. Horatio Moulton, who kept the village store, was another who stopped to shake hands.

But the fellow out of the whole lot who interested me most was Giuseppe Dardoni, the landed proprietor of whom Tony had spoken to me. In spite of the fact that financially he was one of the strongest men in town he was never called anything but Joe—not so much in a spirit of goodfellowship as with the easy familiarity people speak to a Chinaman or a no-account Indian. He never resented the slight openly, but I had long since learned that these people appreciate being given the dignity of their full names.

Signor Dardoni was a man of forty-five, I should judge. He was slight and wiry of build, with a kindly face and smiling eyes. His hair was turning gray, and he was extremely courteous and gentle-mannered. Neither in dress nor speech did he betray the fact that he was any more prosperous than most of his fellow citizens. I noticed, however, that he drove up with his daughter, behind a very good horse and in a well-kept sulky. He greeted every one with a good-natured smile, and Seth, who happened to be standing near, introduced us.

"Joe," he said, "let me make ye 'quainted with Bill Carleton, who's figgerin' on settlin' here."

"I've heard much of you," I said to him, speaking in Italian, to Seth's disgust.

"And I have heard much of you, Signor Carleton. But you have traveled in Italy?" he asked politely.

"Yes," I answered; I've traveled "in Little Italy."

He laughed at that, and I took him to meet Ruth. Later we adjourned into the house where, over a bottle of smuggled Italian wine one of the boys had given me, I learned more about him. We passed a pleasant half-hour, and when he left I told him that I wanted to come over and visit him.

"I want to see how you manage your farm," I said.

"I shall be honored," he said with the sincere but exaggerated politeness of his race. "But it is not much—just a few acres."

It was not until midnight that the last of our guests left, for Pelletti, who had brought along his fiddle, furnished music for a dance. It would have done your heart good to watch those people dance—especially the girls. The fiddle seemed to become part of them. Before we knew it Ruth and I were on the floor, and Dick had seized Lucia, Dardoni's eldest daughter, and followed at our heels.

It was right after this that I began to plan the development of my farm. It was, of course, much too late in the season for me to attempt to plant anything. However, there were many other things about the place that needed attention. I hired Hadley by the month to help me, and started in at once clearing up generally. I had him repair the walls and fences, cut bushes, trim the trees, and do the chores round the house. I bought a cow for the sake of having our own milk for the kiddies, and so he also had her to look after. I paid him forty dollars a month, and it was all he was worth. Dick and I used to do as much every Saturday afternoon as he did through the week.

I made one other investment this season—I bought a second-hand automobile. This made me independent of trains and allowed me many an odd hour at home which otherwise I should have lost. I could make the run from my office to the house in thirty-five minutes, but the thing cost me a good deal of money. It didn't take me a month to learn that any one who figures on saving carfare with a second-hand motor car makes a mistake. However, I figured that we would save enough in other ways to make up for this added expense. Here again I soon learned I was mistaken; and that brought me face to face with a new revelation which knocked skyhigh some of my preconceived notions. We found when we came to settle our first month's store bill that it was costing as much and in some cases more for our foodstuffs than it had cost in the city. When Ruth came to me with the bills and I looked them over I was astonished to find that the prices, even for eggs and butter, were those current in town; that such staples as sugar and flour and lard were, if anything, a little higher; and that for vegetables we were actually paying more than we did at the city market when Ruth was doing her own marketing.

"Well," I said, "what do you make out of this?"

"I don't understand about the butter and eggs," she said; "but of course I don't have the chance here that I used to have to get cut prices on the other things."

"I know," I said; "but these men don't have to pay high rents or an expensive staff of clerks. They don't even advertise. It looks to me as though our friend Moulton were taking advantage of us. Probably he thinks we're city folks and don't care what we pay."

This was in September, and there wasn't an item on our bill that did not equal or exceed town prices for the best. Taking into account the fact that, as Ruth said, there were no bargain sales, it is easy to see that where we had looked for a reduction in living expenses we had really met with a substantial increase. Not only this, but in most cases the goods we received were inferior to those we secured in town. As for meats, the prices charged were exorbitant.

That Night I Had a Talk With Ruth

Now neither Ruth nor I had reached—or ever will, I trust—a point where we didn't care how much we were paying. The lesson of the ginger jar was too firmly implanted for us to accept without a question, as we did when we were living in the suburbs, whatever we might be charged. But aside from this I was genuinely interested in the economic side of the matter. I wanted to know how this condition of things happened to exist. It looked to me, on the face of it, as though there were something wrong in having to pay as much in the country for butter, eggs, vegetables and poultry as we had to pay in the city. So I went down to the village and had an interview with my fat friend, Moulton. He welcomed me cordially and listened to my questions with a smile.

"I'm not kicking on your making a fair profit," I told him; "but I simply can't figure out why it's necessary for you to charge so much in order to do it. If you can show me I'll trade with you; if you can't I'm going to trade in town after this."

"That's right," he nodded. "I hear your kick every year from summer folks. They come up here to save money and go away sore because they don't."

"But why don't they?" I demanded.

"'Cause I have to make a profit in order to live," he answered. "Now look here! I ain't so big a corporation that I have to hide my books to steer clear of an investigation from Congress. If you've got a spare hour I'll show you some things that city folks don't reckon on."

And he did. I'll give him credit for making the whole business clear to me in less than an hour. He opened my eyes to a few facts that I've never seen mentioned in any fairy dreams about the simple life that I've ever read. And, what is more, they were cold facts that don't seem to get into even the heavier treatises on New England life.

In the first place he proved to me by his books that he bought not only his staples from the city market but even his produce.

"I can't buy a pound of decent butter here," he said. "The farmer's butter you hear so much about isn't made any more. What little is made is loaded down with salt to a point where you couldn't pay 'em twenty cents a pound for it. I can't buy a decent chicken. All they bring in here are the old fowls that you couldn't cut up with a broadax."

"What do they do with their chickens?" I asked.

"They don't raise many, to start with."

"Why not?"

"Too lazy, for one thing; and then they say they have to pay too much for corn."

"Why don't they raise their own corn?"

"Don't ask me," he answered. "The fact is, they buy Western corn for all their stock."

"Won't corn grow here?"

"I reckon it would grow if they planted it," he answered. "Seems to me I recollect something about the Injuns growing it. But I guess that maybe the Injuns didn't have

"You Know as Well as I That You Can't Make Farming Pay"

to plant theirs. Maybe it just growed! I s'pose it's hard work to plant corn and hoe it."

He laughed at a story this suggested. All these people had Lincoln's gift of pointing a fact with a story.

"They tell about Josh Whiting who lived in that old house down to the lower end of the village, where Horatio Sampson lives now. Josh was so all-fired lazy that he wouldn't do no work at all and like to have starved to death. So the neighbors, after feeding him for a while, allowed that so long as he warn't no good he might just as well be buried. A committee of 'em went down to his house one day and took him out and put him in a hearse and started for the graveyard. When they were nighing the gate a stranger came along and inquired what was up. They told him, and it seemed to him like such hard lines that he offered to do something.

"'I'll give the corpse a bag of corn anyhow,' says he.

"'All right!' they says.

"So he went to the hearse and opened the door and looked in.

"'I can't see a man die for lack of food,' says he; 'so I'll give ye a bag of corn.'

"Josh, he looked up to see who was speakin'.

"'Is it shelled?' says he.

"'No,' answered the fellow; 'but it won't be much trouble for you to shell it.'

"Josh settled down on his back again, with his hands crossed over his chest.

"'Drive on!' he says. 'Drive on!'"

"Well," I said when I was through laughing, "who gets what chickens they do raise?"

"Dardoni," he answered. "He buys them for cash and sends them to the wholesaler in town. When I want one I buy from the wholesaler."

"What about eggs?"

"Same thing. They bring in a few to swap for groceries. But look at 'em!"

He went to a basket and held up one about as large as a robin's egg.

"That's the kind they bring in," he said. "An egg is an egg, and I take them 'cause I can sell them back to them again; but when I want a decent egg I have to pay the market quotation for it. They all take the papers and they charge accordin' to what they read there."

"But vegetables ——"

"They don't raise enough for themselves—except Dardoni and a few other dagos."

"What do they raise?" I asked.

"Damfino!" he answered. "Measles mostly! Some rheumatiz and a fine crop of dyspepsy! You want to know what I make more profit on than anything else in my store?"

"What?"

He pointed to three shelves loaded with patent-medicine bottles.

"That stuff," he said; "there's fifty per cent profit in it, and I can't keep 'nuff of it."

"But, good Lord! You wouldn't think that in the country ——"

"They live on it!" he answered.

He leaned toward me and spoke in my ear:

"It ain't nothin' but dope and whisky. The village is pretty nigh divided even on which they like best. I've got a bunch of old maids that get drunk reg'lar on it and don't know it! The meanest thing I do is to sell it to 'em."

"Why don't you cut it out?" I suggested.

"'Cause they'd go to the drug store and buy it there," he said. "If this was the only place in town where they could get it I'd take an ax-handle and smash every last bottle. That's honest! Howsomever, that ain't got anything to do with eggs; and then again maybe it has. P'raps it's that stuff that makes 'em lazy."

He turned to his books again.

"You any idee how many of these folks I carry on credit?"

"Ten per cent," I said for a guess.

"Say seventy per cent an' ye'll come nearer. Any idee how long I carry most of the accounts?"

"Six months."

"They'll average up two years. Any idee how much of that is bad?"

"Five per cent," I said with a laugh.

"Say twenty per cent and ye wouldn't come nigh enough even to hit the target."

I was curious enough to examine his books carefully, and I saw that every statement he made was true. I settled my bill without another word.

"I don't see how you keep in business," I said. "You'll have my trade from now on, even though I could do better by buying in town. I've come out here to live and I believe in standing my tax, but I'll be hanged if I can see any reason why things should be this way!"

"After you've lived here a year maybe you'll begin to see the reason."

"Maybe I will," I said; "but I tell you right now that within that time I'll be raising most of my own stuff."

He nodded.

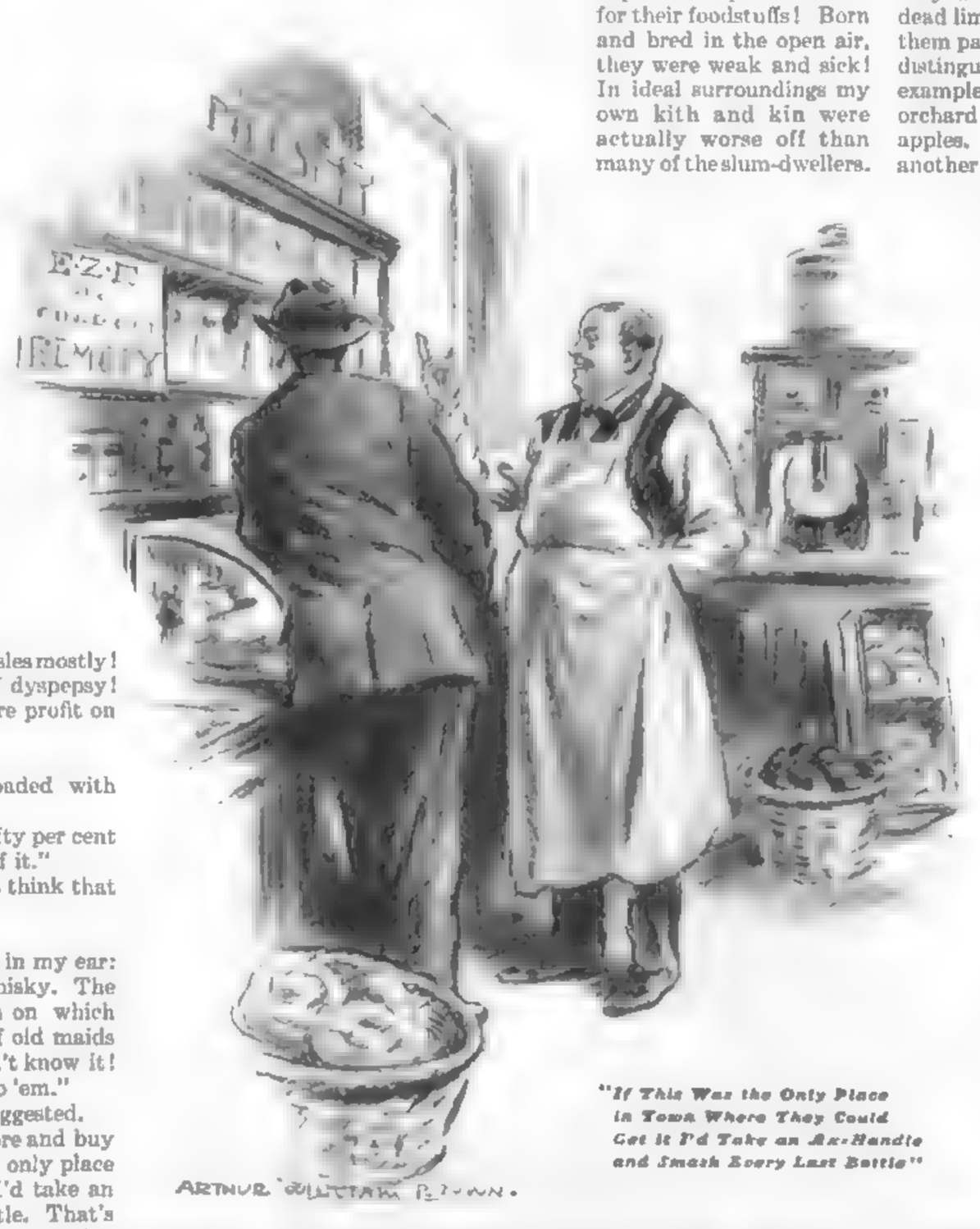
"That's what they all say; but I'd hate to pay you what that's goin' to cost you."

"What about Dardoni?" I asked.

"Oh, he's a dago," answered Moulton as though that disposed of the question.

Moulton's books had summed up conditions in this country town concretely and vividly. His ledger was a tract. Five years' residence couldn't have given me such a clear insight into the actual state of things as they existed here. But of course they furnished no explanation either of the apparent degeneracy of the natives or of the success of the newcomers. The key to the latter I held myself, but the revelation of the condition of the former came to me as a shock.

Think of it! Here, almost within sight of one of the oldest and most prosperous cities in the East, lay a village of three or four hundred American families, descendants of the best New England stock, in a condition of such stagnation that they couldn't pay their store bills! Surrounded by land that had supported their ancestors, they were dependent upon the West for their foodstuffs! Born and bred in the open air, they were weak and sick! In ideal surroundings my own kith and kin were actually worse off than many of the slum-dwellers.



"If This Was the Only Place in Town Where They Could Get It I'd Take an Ax-Handle and Smash Every Last Bottle"

What, in Heaven's name, was the matter with them? I asked this of myself over and over again; and that winter, as I learned still more about them, what had at first been merely an exclamation of surprise became a prayer. What, in Heaven's name, was the matter with them?

IV

DURING this first winter Ruth and I made the most of every opportunity to get acquainted with our fellow townsmen. We went to church regularly, and attended all the sociables and concerts and fairs; and we met some very fine people. A large part of them, however, were not so representative of the new generation in whom I was most interested as they were of the old generation. I found that most of the comfortable and well-to-do were among those who had inherited small fortunes, where the accumulations of several branches of one family had finally settled in a single individual. Much of this money I also found had been made outside the village. Then of course there was another prosperous element, consisting of half a dozen local business men who were doing well—the hardware merchant, the druggist, the grain and hay merchant, the local lawyers and doctors. I might have seen more of those men if I had been a member of the fraternal organizations; but somehow I never took to them. I found that there were half a dozen branches of various secret societies in this small village, and a good many men belonged to them all.

Another significant fact was that I didn't meet at any of these gatherings any of my foreign-born friends. I never saw Dardoni there, or Tony, or any of the other dozen families who, so far as enterprise and worldly success go, were important members of the community. One reason was their difference in religious belief; but another and stronger was the fact that they were held to be on an inferior social plane. In many ways they were—there's no denying that; but they had, to my mind, enough sterling qualities to offset that. Anyway I hadn't looked to find social lines drawn in a country village; but when I expressed my views, even to Cunningham, the minister, I didn't receive much encouragement. It made me mad to see such snobbishness in an American village, and several times I spoke from the shoulder. After I had visited Dardoni's farm I felt more strongly than ever.

Signor Dardoni had some forty acres, and there wasn't a square foot that wasn't under cultivation. Ten of them were in apple orchards—the only orchards in town that produced commercially. He had taken native trees when they were not more than half alive, with their clutter of dead limbs, had trimmed them up, grafted them and made them pay. That one accomplishment alone ought to have distinguished him in the village. It ought to have set an example if nothing else; and yet I found orchard after orchard going to waste and producing nothing but cider apples. Even these weren't picked, and Dardoni made another neat income every fall, buying them on the trees for a song and turning them into new cider and vinegar. He had done this for five years and every one knew it paid, and yet no one thought of following his example and making the same use of his own waste apples. That's a fair illustration of the difference in spirit between the two races. Another ten or fifteen acres he kept for hay, raising enough for his own use and sometimes enough to sell. On another strip he raised his own corn and wheat for fodder, being the only man in town who didn't spend his good money at the hay and grain store, where corn went at times 'way over the dollar mark. Here again the natives had a working example before their very eyes, and yet took no advantage of it.

Another ten acres Dardoni devoted to garden truck for the near-by market, reaping a handsome profit every spring. There wasn't a native in the whole village who tried to raise more than enough for himself, and many didn't do that, even when they had back-door yards big enough to supply them for the year.

The rest of his land he used for his chicken and egg business, though he had some fifty pigs that ran loose almost everywhere. Of course he also kept cows—half a dozen of them—selling the cream to the local creamery—which, incidentally, was not owned by local capital—and using the buttermilk for his pigs and chickens. The pigs kept his orchard in good condition, and the cows and horses furnished him with dressing for his other land.

Now I want to make a point here—Dardoni was not a scientific farmer. He didn't know anything about the science of farming. He was not reviving worn-out soil by the use of modern cultivation. He was not applying laboratory methods; he was applying horsesense. He didn't know any more about farming, or so much perhaps, as every mother's son of those who had been born and brought up there, and their fathers before them; but he did know enough to work his land, and he had learned to do that in a country where a single acre means something. The only difference between him and these others was that he got up early in the morning and worked—worked all day long. The one thing in his favor was that he also had a business instinct and appreciated the value of his city market; but principally his success lay in the fact that he used every single advantage and made the most of it.

He lived in a large, old-fashioned Colonial house that had once been owned by a local politician who had succeeded in being elected to Congress for a single term in Civil War days, and who had never found it necessary to do anything afterward. His son dissipated his fortune, and the place came on the market about the time Dardoni happened along. Dardoni hadn't improved its appearance any, but he had added a big barn and several outhouses. His family consisted of a wife and six children, the eldest

being Lucia, who was eighteen and had been educated at the local high school, and the youngest being Joe, now three years old. The rest of his household included half a dozen young men, all relatives, to whom he paid an average of ten dollars a week. They were good workers and seldom remained with him longer than three years before buying a place of their own. Through him some forty families had already settled in the village.

Personally I found Dardoni a most interesting and agreeable fellow, and the more I saw him the better I liked him. He had become thoroughly Americanized, in the sense that he had really made America his home with the expectation of living here all his life and his sons and daughters after him. He had been naturalized and was a heavy taxpayer, but he took no interest in the affairs of the town. For one thing, his home was his castle; and for another, his habit of thought was to accept conditions as they were and make the best of them without any attempt to change them. But whenever I suggested any needed improvement, such as in the matter of better roads, I found him alive and willing to do his share.

One other incident that winter set me to thinking, and made me feel more than ever the need of some radical revolution in this old town. Hadley came to me in January and wanted to borrow fifty dollars.

"Show me you really need it and I'll lend it to you."

"I've got a note coming due," he answered.

"Who holds it?" I asked.

"Dardoni," he answered.

"What did you borrow from him for?" I asked.

"Well, there was considerable sickness in the family last year, and I got hard up."

"You own your house all clear?"

"Yes—except that Dardoni took a first mortgage on it for the note."

"And you have five acres of land?"

"Yes."

"And there are only you and your wife?"

"Yes."

"Then how ——"

"Doctors and medicines cost something," he broke in, rather resenting my further questioning.

Now here was a concrete example of a man without any bad habits in the ordinary meaning of the word, who had lived here fifty years in a house and on land that came to him by inheritance, who had worked with a fair amount of industry and raised three children, all now away from home and self-supporting, who in a crisis had been forced to borrow money from an immigrant who hadn't been in this country ten years and who started without a cent. On the face of it there was something wrong here, but what was it? In a nutshell, lack of thrift, lack of industry, lack of enterprise. Hadley was doing here on a farm exactly what I had done in the suburbs; he was living and always had lived up to the last cent he made. Even at this time, when he was earning forty dollars a month from me, he didn't save a cent. He bought hay and corn for his horse; he bought expensive meats for his table; instead of mending old harnesses he bought new harnesses; he subscribed for a daily paper and had a telephone in his house, which he didn't need any more than he needed a safe-deposit vault. Meanwhile he had five acres of idle land at his back. He was in a state of lethargy, as the whole town was in a state of lethargy. He was stagnant—half dead. A dozen things that had been luxuries to his father had become necessities to him. The price of everything had increased and he hadn't kept pace with it. What was true of him was true of the whole town. I loaned him the money, but that night I had a talk with Ruth.

"Ruth," I said, "I'm going to give this old town the biggest shaking up it's had since the glacial period."

"Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Everything's the matter," I said. "This village isn't sleeping, but dead. It's time some one blew the resurrection trumpet. I'm going to play Angel Gabriel."

She looked up from her sewing with a laugh, but when she saw I was in earnest she laid aside her work and came over and put her arms round me.

■

I MEANT every word I said and I set to work right off. One of the first things I did was to have the Reverend Percy Cunningham up to supper. His church was probably the biggest social influence in the village; and so, if it was possible, I wanted to enlist him at the beginning. Personally I didn't think much of his ability. He was a serious man, who acted as though he thought his chief function here was the conducting of funerals. The very sight of him was a grim reminder of death. He dressed in black, seldom smiled, and he walked on tiptoe. His appearance was all the more marked because it happened that Seavey, the local undertaker, was a rolypoly, good-natured man and the biggest sport in town. He owned an automobile, drank more than was good for him, and acted as starter at all the horseraces within a radius of fifty miles. Perhaps it was to offset the blithe influence of his colleague that Cunningham felt it necessary to go to the other extreme.

At any rate Ruth said that whenever he called in the afternoon she felt as though she ought to darken the room and send the children off to a neighbor.

We had him up and Ruth laid herself out to make the meal as cheerful as possible, but when we were through I felt like saying "Amen."

I took him into the front room and began on him at once.

"Mr. Cunningham," I said, "it seems to me the time has come for this town to take out a new lease on life."

"To be sure," he agreed.

"Well," I said, "you've been here longer than I have. What's your suggestion for bringing this about?"

He thought a moment and then he said:

"I've been seriously considering your suggestion ever since I took up my pastoral work here."

"That was about fifteen years ago?" I inquired.

"Sixteen years this coming spring," he answered.

"You ought to have reached some conclusion in that time," I said.

"To be sure," he nodded. "What I thought I should do when I saw my opportunity was to invite here two or three good evangelists and hold a week of revival services."

Now I have no objection to revival services. In their way they do good; but, after all, their function is largely religious, and I had in mind just at present something more material. Besides, the revival end seemed to me to be his own duty. He ought to have been holding meetings himself all these last sixteen years.

"That's all right," I said. "I guess we need something of the sort; but to get down to brass tacks, have you any idea how many people in this town are in debt?"

"No," he said; "I have never looked into that."

"About half of them," I said. "Have you any idea how many of the women in this town are drunkards?"

"Women drunkards!" he exclaimed.

"About a third of them," I said.

"Mr. Carleton—you must be mistaken!"

"Ask your druggist; ask Moulton!" I said. "They'll tell you. Most of the children are either doped or stimulated with patent medicines. Besides this there are a dozen or two downright morphine fiends. Doctor Wentworth is responsible for that."

"Doctor Wentworth!" he exclaimed. "This is a very serious charge, Mr. Carleton. Doctor Wentworth has been practicing here for almost forty years."

"More's the pity," I said. "He belongs back in the Dark Ages. I went to him myself with a touch of neuralgia, and he prescribed morphine before I'd been in his office fifteen minutes. It's become a habit with him, just because it's the simplest way of relieving pain. However, those are details. They don't account for the general lethargy, for the decaying orchards, for the waste land and the wasted opportunities that are lying all round your parish.

"Now, to take another tack for a moment—did it ever strike you as significant that every foreign-born settler who has come here during the last ten years is waxing fat and prosperous?"

"I've seen very little of the foreign element," he said.

"Why?"

He smiled weakly.

"They are hardly of us," he said—"either in faith or standards. It has always seemed to me a pity that they should have found their way here."

I became heated at that.

"Pity!" I exclaimed. "It's the one ray of hope in this whole blessed village. They came here and are coming here with the oldtime spirit of the men who founded this town. They are adventurers pioneers. They come here fresh, eager, earnest, with simple tastes and simple standards. They are making good and they are going to continue to make good until—mark my words!—they own not only this town but all New England."

He sat up at this.

"It's a fact!" I said. "Look round you. It's clear as daylight. On the one hand we have the old stock either abandoning their farms or dying upon them; on the other we have the newcomers pressing in with the eagerness of explorers, taking up these farms and bringing them to life. Why, this is Eden to them! Where they came from they've been making a living off bits of soil that we wouldn't build a pigsty on; here they have acres for the asking. Look at Dardoni; look at Tony; look at the dozen others! They are settling this country anew, in exactly the same spirit that our ancestors did; and they are going to win in the same fashion. They are going to drive these shiftless remnants before them exactly as our forefathers drove off the Indians. We think Columbus discovered this country in 1492 once for all, when it's really being discovered now before our faces and eyes. We think this country was settled by the Pilgrims, when as a matter of fact the real settling is going on today."

I didn't intend to orate, but as I sat facing Cunningham I felt as though I were facing the whole village. With his black clothes, his drooping shoulders, and his fifteen years of deliberation he represented just the element I wanted to get at—but I didn't rouse him very much. He murmured something about being surprised, and I ran on still further.

"Now," I said, "what are we going to do about it? Most of the younger generation are moving away as fast as they are old enough. They are going either into the cities or out West. I don't blame them for that. It's encouraging to think they have life enough left in 'em to crawl out of this frogpond. Those who don't emigrate are as old and feeble at seventeen as their grandfathers were at seventy. What are we going to do about it?"

"Really, Mr. Carleton, I don't know."

"Then let me give you my idea; let's all emigrate."

He evidently thought I was crazy.

"I mean it," I said; "and I know what I'm talking about because I've already done it once. Let's emigrate out of the past into the present. Let's emigrate to New England. Let's start a pioneer movement and tackle these old acres as though they were virgin soil. Let's join Dardoni and his fellows."

"You don't mean literally, Mr. Carleton?"

"Why not?"

"Wouldn't that be—to speak frankly—a little bit like going backward?"

"If you like," I said; "but it wouldn't hurt this town any to go back a hundred years or so. The curse comes in standing still."

"Well," he said, preparing to leave, "your suggestion is interesting—very. I most certainly will think it over."

(Continued on Page 30)

"Women—Drunkards!" He Exclaimed

THE FLIRT By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IX

VILLAGES are scattered plentifully over the unstable buttresses of Vesuvius, and the inhabitants sleep o' nights. Why not? Quite unaware that he was much in their condition, Mr. Madison bade his incidental gossip and the tiny Lottie good night and sought his early bed. He maintained in good faith that Saturday night was "a great night to sleep," because of the later hour for rising; probably having also some factitious conviction that there prevailed a hush preparative of the Sabbath. As a matter of fact, in summer the other members of his family always looked uncommonly haggard at the Sunday breakfast table. Accepting without question his preposterous legend of additional matutinal slumber, they postponed retiring to a late hour and were wakened—simultaneously with thousands of fellow sufferers—at about half after five on Sunday morning by a journalistic uprising. Over the town in these early hours rampaged the small venders of the manifold sheets—local papers and papers from greater cities, hawker succeeding hawker with yell upon yell and brain-piercing shrillings in unbearable cadences.

No good burgher ever complained of the nuisance: the people bore it as in winter they bore the smoke that injured their health, ruined their linen, spoiled their complexions, forbade all hope of beauty and comfort in their city, and destroyed the sweetness of their homes and of their wives. It is an incredibly patient citizenry and exalts its persecutors.

Of the Madison family Cora probably suffered most; and this was the time when it was no advantage to have the front bedroom. She had not slept until close upon dawn and the hawkers woke her irreparably; she could but rage upon her hot pillow. By-and-by there came a token that another anguish kept company with hers. She had left her door open for a better circulation of the warm and languid air, and from Hedrick's room issued an "*oof!*" of agonized disgust. Cora little suspected that the youth recked not of newsboys. This time Hedrick's miseries were introspective.

The cries from the street were interminable—each howler in turn heard faintly in the distance, then in crescendo, until he had passed and another succeeded him; and all the while Cora lay tossing and whispering between clenched teeth. Having ample reason that morning to prefer sleep to thinking, sleep was impossible. But she fought for it; she did not easily surrender what she wanted; and she struggled on, with closed eyes, long after she had heard the others go down to breakfast.

About a hundred yards from her windows, to the rear, were the open windows of a church, which fronted the next street and stood *dos à dos* to the dwelling of the Madisons. The Sunday-school hour had been advanced for the hot weather and, partly on this account and partly because of the summer absence of many families, the attendants were few. But the young voices were conducted, rather than accompanied, in pious melody by a cornettist, who worthily thought to amend in his single person what lack of volume this paucity occasioned. He was a slender young man in hot, black clothes; he wore the unfaçaded collar fatally and unanimously adopted by all Adam's-apple men of morals; he was washed, fair, flat-skulled, clean-minded and industrious; and the only noise of any kind he ever made in the world was on Sunday.

"Prashus joowuls, sweetest joowuls, thee jams of His crowowun!" sang the little voices feebly. They were almost unheard; but the young man helped them out—figuratively he put them out. And the cornet was heard: it was heard for blocks and blocks; it was heard over all that part of the town—in the vicinity of the church it was the only thing that could be heard. In his daily walk this cornettist had no enemies—he was kind-hearted; he would not have shot a mad dog; he gladly nursed the sick. He sat upon the platform before the children; he swelled, perspired and blew, and felt that it was a good blowing.

"Why Do You Let Mr. Corliss Take Cora Away From You Like That?"

If other thoughts vapored upon the borders of his mind they were of the dinner he would eat, soon after noon, at the house of one of the frilled, white-muslin teachers. He was serene. His eyes were not blasted; his heart was not instantly withered; his thin, bluish hair did not fall from his head; his limbs were not detached from his torso—yet these misfortunes had been desired for him, with comprehension and sincerity, at the first flat blat of his horn.

It is impossible to imagine the state of mind of this young cornettist could he have known that he had caused the prettiest girl in town to jump violently out of bed, with what petitions upon her lips regarding his present whereabouts and future detention! It happened that during the course of his Sunday walk on Corliss Street that very afternoon he saw her—was hard-smitten by her beauty, and for weeks thereafter laid unsuccessful plans to "meet" her. Her image was imprinted—he talked about her to his boarding-house friends and office acquaintances, his favorite description being: "The sweetest-looking lady I ever laid eyes on."

Cora, descending to the breakfast table rather white herself, was not unpleasantly shocked by the haggard aspect of Hedrick who, with Laura and Mrs. Madison, still lingered.

"Good morning, Cora," he said politely; and while she stared in suspicious surprise he passed her a plate of toast with ostentatious courtesy; but, before she could take one of the slices, "Wait!" he said. "It's very nice toast, but I'm afraid it isn't hot. I'll take it to the kitchen and have it warmed for you." And he took the plate and went out, walking softly. Cora turned to her mother, appalled.

"He'll be sick!" she said.

Mrs. Madison shook her head and smiled sadly.

"He helped to wait on all of us; he must have been doing something awful."

"More likely he wants permission to do something awful."

Laura looked out of the window.

"There, Cora," said Hedrick kindly when he brought the toast; "you'll find that nice and hot."

She regarded him steadfastly, but with modesty he avoided her eye.

"You wouldn't make such a radical change in your nature, Hedrick," she said with a puzzled frown, "just to get out of going to church—would you?"

"I don't want to get out of going to church," he said. He gulped slightly. "I like church."

And church-time found him marching decorously beside his father, the three ladies forming a rear rank—a small company in the very thin procession of fanning women and mopping men whose destination was the gray stone church at the foot of Corliss Street. The locusts railed overhead: Hedrick looked neither to the right nor to the left.

They passed a club, a lower window of which was vacated simultaneously with their coming into view; and a small but ornate figure in pale gray crash hurried down the steps and attached itself to the second row of Madisons.

"Good morning," said Mr. Wade Trumble. "Thought I'd take a look-in at church this morning myself."

Care of this incumbrance was usually expected of Laura and Mrs. Madison; but to their surprise Cora offered a sprightly rejoinder and presently dropped behind them with Mr. Trumble. Mr. Trumble was also surprised and as naïvely pleased.

"What's happened?" he asked with cheerful frankness. "You haven't given me a chance to talk to you for a long while."

"Haven't I?" She smiled enigmatically. "I don't think you've tried very hard."

This was too careless; it did not quite serve, even for Trumble.

"What's up?" he asked, not without shrewdness. "Is Richard Lindley out of town?"

"I don't know."

"I see. Perhaps it's this new chap—Corliss. Has he left?"

"What nonsense! What have they to do with my being nice to you?" She gave him a dangerous smile and it wrought upon him visibly.

"Don't you ever be nice to me unless you mean it!" he said feebly.

Cora looked grave and sweet; she seemed mysteriously moved.

"I never do anything I don't mean," she said in a low voice which thrilled the little man. This was machine work, easy and accurate.

"Cora ——" he began breathlessly.

"There!" she exclaimed, shifting on the instant to a lively bruskness. "That's enough for you just *now*. We're on our way to church!"

Trumble felt almost that she had accepted him.

"Have you got your penny for the contribution box?" she smiled. "I suppose you really give a great deal to the church—I hear you're richer and richer."

"I do pretty well," he returned coolly. "You can know just how well if you like."

"Not on Sunday," she laughed; then went on admiringly: "I hear you're very dashing in your speculations."

"Then you've heard wrong, because I don't speculate," he returned. "I'm not a gambler—except on certainties. I guess I disappointed a friend of yours the other day because I wouldn't back him on a thousand-to-one shot."

"Who was that?" she asked with an expression entirely veiled.

"Corliss. He came to see me; wanted me to put real money into an oil scheme. Too thin!"

"Why is it too thin?" she asked carelessly.

"Too far away, for one thing—somewhere in Italy. Anybody who puts up his cash would have to do it on Corliss' bare word that he's struck oil."

"Well?" She turned her face to him, and a faint perturbation was manifest in her tone. "Isn't Mr. Corliss' bare word supposed to be perfectly good?"

"Oh, I suppose so; but I don't know. He isn't known here—nobody really knows anything about him except that he was born here. Besides I wouldn't make an investment on my own father's bare word, if he happened to be alive."

"Perhaps not!" Cora spoke impulsively, a sudden anger getting the better of her; but she controlled it immediately. "Of course I don't mean that!" She laughed sweetly. "But *I* happen to think Mr. Corliss' scheme a very handsome one and I want my friends to make their fortunes, of course. Richard Lindley and papa are going into it."

"I'll bet they don't," said Trumble promptly. "Lindley told me he'd looked it over and couldn't see his way to it."

"He did?" Cora stiffened perceptibly and bit her lip.

Trumble began to laugh.

"This is funny—*you* trying to talk business! So Corliss has been telling you about it?"

"Yes, he has; and I understand it perfectly. I think there's an enormous fortune in it, and you'd better not laugh at me—a woman's instinct about such things is better than a man's experience sometimes."

"You'll find neither Lindley nor your father are going to think so," he returned skeptically.

She gave him a deep, sweet look.

"But I mustn't be disappointed in you," she said with the suggestion of a tremor in her voice—"whatever they do! You'll take my advice, won't you—Wade?"

"I'll take your advice in anything but business." He shook his head ominously.

"And wouldn't you take my advice in business," she asked very slowly and significantly—"under *any* circumstances?"

"You mean," he said huskily, "if you were my—wife?"

She looked away and slightly inclined her head.

"No," he answered doggedly—"I wouldn't. You know mighty well that's what I want you to be, and I'd give my soul for the tip of your shoe; but business is an entirely different matter, and ——"

"*Wade!*" she said with wonderful and thrilling sweetness. They had reached the church; Hedrick and his father had entered; Mrs. Madison and Laura were waiting on the steps. Cora and Trumble came to a stop some yards away. "Wade, I I *want* you to go into this."

"Can't do it," he said stubbornly. "If you ever make up your mind to marry me I'll spend all the money you like on you; but you'll have to keep to the woman's side of the house."

"You make it pretty hard for me to be nice to you," she returned, and the tremor now more evident in her voice was perfectly genuine. "You positively refuse to do this—for *me?*"

"Yes, I do. I wouldn't buy sight-unseen to please God'lmighty, Cora Madison." He looked at her shrewdly, struck by a sudden thought: "Did Corliss ask you to try and get me in?"

"He did not!" she responded icily. "Your refusal is final?"

"Certainly!" He struck the pavement a smart rap with his walking stick. "By George, I believe he did ask you! That spoils church for me this morning; I'll not go in. When you quit playing games let me know. You needn't try to work me any more, because I won't stand for it; but if you ever get tired of playing, come and tell me so." He uttered a bark of rueful laughter. "Ha! I must say that gentleman has an interesting way of combining business with pleasure!"

Under favorable circumstances the blow Cora dealt him might have been physically more violent. "Good morning!" she laughed gayly. "I'm not bothering much about Mr. Corliss' oil in Italy; I had a bet with Laura I could keep you from saying 'I beg to differ,' or talking about the weather, for five minutes. She'll have to pay me!" Still laughing she lowered her parasol and with superb impudence brushed it smartly across his face—then turned on her heel and, red with fury, joined her mother and sister and went into the church.

The service failed to occupy her attention; she had much in her thoughts to distract her. Nevertheless she bestowed some wonderment upon the devotion with which her brother observed each ceremonial rite. He joined in prayer with real fervor; he sang earnestly and loudly; a great appeal sounded in his changing voice; and during the sermon he sat with his eyes upon the minister in a stricken fixity. All this was so remarkable that Cora could not choose but ponder upon it, and observing Hedrick furtively she caught, if not a clew itself, at least a glimpse of one. She saw Laura's clear profile becoming subtly agitated; then noticed a shimmer of Laura's dark eye as it wandered to Hedrick and so swiftly away it seemed not to dare to remain. Cora was quick; she perceived that Laura was repressing a constant desire to laugh and that she feared to look at Hedrick lest it overwhelm her. So Laura knew what had wrought the miracle: Cora made up her mind to explore this secret passage.

When the service was over and the people were placidly buzzing their way up the aisles Cora felt herself drawn to look across the church and, following the telepathic impulse, turned her head to encounter the gaze of Ray Vilas. He was ascending the opposite aisle, walking beside Richard Lindley. He looked less pale than usual, though his thinness was so extreme it was like emaciation; but his eyes were clear and quiet, and the look he gave her was strangely gentle. Cora frowned and turned away her head with an air of annoyance. They came near each other in the convergence at the doors; but he made no effort to address her and, moving away through the crowd as quickly as possible, disappeared.

Valentine Corliss was disclosed in the vestibule—he reached her an instant in advance of Mr. Lindley who had suffered himself to be impeded; and Cora quickly handed the former her parasol, lightly taking his arm. Thus the slow Richard found himself walking beside Laura in a scattered group, its most detached portion consisting of his near-betrothed and Corliss; for, though the dexterous pair were the first to leave the church they contrived to be passed almost at once and, assuming the position of trailers, lagged far behind on the homeward way.

Laura and Richard walked in the unmitigated glare of the sun; he had taken her black umbrella and conscientiously held it aloft, but over nobody. They walked in silence—they were quiet people, both of them; and Richard, not talkative under any circumstances, never had anything whatever to say to Laura Madison. He had known her for many years, ever since her childhood, seldom, indeed, formulating or expressing a definite thought about her, though sometimes it was vaguely in his consciousness that she played the piano nicely—and even then her music had taken its place as but a color of Cora's background. For to him, as to every one else—including Laura—Laura was in nothing her sister's competitor. She was a neutral-tinted figure, taken for granted, obscured, and so near being nobody at all that as Richard Lindley walked beside her this morning he glanced back at the lagging couple and uttered a long and almost sonorous sigh which he would have been ashamed for anybody to hear—and then actually proceeded on his way without the slightest realization that anybody had heard it.

She understood. And she did not disturb the trance; she did nothing to make him observe that she was there. She walked on, with head, shoulders and back scorching in the fierce sun, and allowed him to continue shading the pavement before them with her umbrella. When they reached the house she gently took the umbrella from him and thanked him; and he mechanically raised his hat.

They had walked more than a mile together—he had not spoken a word, and he did not even know it.

DINNER on Sunday, the most elaborate feast of the week for the Madisons, was always set for one o'clock in the afternoon and sometimes began before two, but not today; the escorts of both daughters remained, and a change of costume by Cora occasioned a long postponement. Justice demands the admission that her reappearance in a glamour of lilac was reward for the delay—nothing more ravishing was ever seen, she was warrantably informed by the quicker of the two guests in a moment's whispered tête-à-tête across the banisters as she descended. Another wait followed while she prettily arranged upon the table some dozens of asters from a small garden bed, tilled, planted and tended by Laura. Meanwhile Mrs. Madison constantly turned the other cheek to the cook. Laura assisted in the pacification; Hedrick froze the ice cream to a solidity unique; and the nominal head of the family sat upon the front porch with the two young men and wiped his wrists and rambled politically till they were summoned to the dining room.

Cora did the talking for the table. She was in high spirits. No trace remained of a haggard night—there was a bloom upon her; she was radiant. Her gayety may have had some inspiration in her matchless daring, for round her throat she wore a miraculously slender chain of gold and enamel, with a pendant of minute pale sapphires, scrolled about a rather large and very white diamond. Laura started when she saw it and involuntarily threw a glance almost of terror at Richard Lindley. But that melancholy and absent-minded gentleman observed neither the glance nor the jewel. He saw Cora's eyes—when they were vouchsafed to his vision; and when they were not he apparently saw nothing at all.

With the general exodus from the table Cora asked Laura to come to the piano and play, a request which brought a snort from Hedrick who was taken off his guard. Catching Laura's eye he applied a handkerchief with renewed presence of mind, affecting to have sneezed, and stared searchingly over it at Corliss. He perceived that the man remained unmoved, evidently already informed that it was Laura who was the musician. Cora must be going it pretty fast this time—such was the form of her brother's deduction.

When Laura opened the piano Richard had taken a seat beside Cora, and Corliss stood leaning in the doorway. The player lost herself in a wandering medley, echoes from Bohème and Pagliacci; then drifted into improvisation and played her heart into it magnificently—a heart released to happiness. The still air of the room filled with wonderful, golden sound—a song like the song of a mother flying from earth to a child in the stars; a torrential tenderness, unpent and glorying in freedom. The flooding, triumphant chords rose, crashed—stopped with a shattering abruptness! Laura's hands fell to her sides, then were raised to her glowing face and concealed it for a moment. She shivered; a quick, deep sigh heaved her breast; and she came back to herself like a prisoner leaving a window at the warden's voice.

She turned. Cora and Corliss had left the room. Richard was sitting beside a vacant chair, staring helplessly at the open door. If he had been vaguely conscious of Laura's playing, which is possible, certainly he was unaware that it had ceased.

"The others have gone out to the porch," she said composedly, and rose. "Shan't we join them?"

"What?" he returned blankly. "I beg your pardon."

"Let's go out on the porch with the others."

"No; I" he got to his feet confusedly—"I was thinking —— I believe I'd best be going home."

"Not best, I think," she said—"not even better!"

"I don't see ——" he said, his perplexity only increased.

"Mr. Corliss would!" she cut in quickly. "Come on; we'll go and sit with them." And she compelled his obedience by preceding him with such a confident assumption that he would follow that he did.

The fugitive pair were not upon the porch however; they were discovered in the shade of a tree behind the house, seated upon a rug, and occupied in a conversation which would not have disturbed a sick-room. The pursuers came upon them—boldly sat beside them; and Laura began to talk with unwonted fluency to Corliss, but within five minutes found herself alone with Richard Lindley upon the rug. Cora had promised to show Mr. Corliss an old print in the library—so Cora said.

Lindley gave the remaining lady a desolate and faintly reproachful look. He was kind, but he was a man; and Laura saw that this last abandonment was being attributed in part to her.

She reddened and, not being an angel, observed with crispness:

"Certainly. You're quite right; it's my fault."

"What did you say?" he asked vacantly.

Laura looked at him rather fixedly; his own gaze had returned to the angle of the house, beyond which the other couple had just disappeared.

"I said," she answered slowly, "I thought it wouldn't rain this afternoon."

His wistful eyes absently swept the serene sky which had been cloudless for several days.

"No, I suppose not," he murmured.

"Richard," she said with a little sharpness, "will you please listen to me for a moment?"

"Oh—what?" He was like a diver coming up out of deep water. "What did you say?" He laughed apologetically. "Wasn't I listening? I beg your pardon. What is it, Laura?"

"Why do you let Mr. Corliss take Cora away from you like that?" she asked gravely.

"He doesn't," the young man returned with a rueful shake of the head. "Don't you see? It's Cora that goes."

"Why do you let her, then?"

"I don't seem to be able to keep up with Cora, especially when she's punishing me. I couldn't do something she asked me to last night ——"

"Invest with Mr. Corliss?" asked Laura quickly.

"Yes. It seemed to trouble her that I couldn't. She's convinced it's a good thing; she thinks it would make a great fortune for us ——"

"Us?" repeated Laura gently. "You mean for you and her? When you're ——"

"When we're married. Yes," he said thoughtfully—"that's the way she stated it. She wanted me to put in all I have."

"Don't do it!" said Laura decidedly.

He glanced at her with sharp inquiry. "Do you mean you would distrust Mr. Corliss?"

"I wasn't thinking of that; I don't know whether I'd trust him or not—I think I wouldn't. There's something veiled about him and I don't believe he is an easy man to know. What I meant was that I don't believe it would really be a good thing for you with Cora."

"It would please her, of course—thinking I deferred so much to her judgment."

"Don't do it!" she said again impulsively.

"I don't see how I can," he returned sorrowfully. "It's my work for all the years since I got out of college, and if I lost it I'd have to begin all over again. It would mean postponing everything. Cora isn't a girl you can ask to share a little salary; and if it were a question of years, perhaps—perhaps Cora might not feel she could wait for me, you see."

He made this explanation with plaintive and boyish sincerity, hesitatingly and as if pleading a cause. And Laura, after a long look at him, turned away; in her eyes were actual tears of compassion for the incredible simpleton.

"I see," she said. "Perhaps she might not."

"Of course," he went on, "she's fond of having nice things, and she thinks this is a great chance for us to be millionaires; and then, too, I think she may feel that it would please Mr. Corliss and save him from disappointment. She seems to have taken a great fancy to him."

Laura glanced at him, but did not speak.

"He *is* attractive," continued Richard feebly. "I think he has a great deal of what people call magnetism; he's the kind of man who somehow makes you want to do what he wants you to. He seems a manly, straightforward sort too—so far as one can tell—and when he came to me with his scheme I was strongly inclined to go into it. But it is too big a gamble; and I can't, though I was sorry to disappoint him myself. He was perfectly cheerful about it, and so pleasant it made me feel small. I don't wonder at all that Cora likes him so much. Besides, he seems to understand her."

Laura looked very grave.

"I think he does," she said slowly.

"And then he's different," said Richard. "He's more a man of the world than most of us here—she never saw anything just like him before, and she's seen us all her life. She likes change, of course. That's natural," he said gently. "Poor Vilas says she wants a man to be different every day; and if he isn't then she wants a different man every day."

"You've rather taken Ray Vilas under your wing, haven't you?" asked Laura.

"Oh, no," he answered deprecatingly. "I only try to keep him with me so he'll stay away from downtown as much as possible."

"Does he talk much of Cora?"

"All the time. There's no stopping him. I suppose he can't help it, because he thinks of nothing else."

"Isn't that rather—rather queer for you?"

"Queer?" he repeated.

"No, I suppose not!" She laughed impatiently. "And probably you don't think it's queer of you to sit here helplessly and let another man take your place —— "

"But I don't let him, Laura," he protested.

"No—he just does it!"

"Well," he smiled, "you must admit my efforts to supplant him haven't ——"

"It won't take any effort now," she said, rising quickly. Valentine Corliss came into their view upon the sidewalk in front, taking his departure. Seeing that they observed him, he lifted his hat to Laura and nodded a cordial good day to Lindley. Then he went on.

Just before he reached the corner of the lot he encountered upon the pavement a citizen of elderly and plain appearance, strolling with a grandchild. The two men met and passed, each upon his opposite way, without pausing and without salutation; and neither Richard nor Laura, whose eyes were upon the meeting, perceived that they had taken cognizance of each other. But one had asked a question and the other had answered.

Mr. Pryor spoke in a low monotone, with a rapidity as singular as the restrained but perceptible emphasis he put upon one word of his question.

"I got you in the park," he said; and it is to be deduced that "got" was argot. "You're not *doing* anything here, are you?"

"No!" answered Corliss with condensed venom, his back already to the other. He fanned himself with his hat as he went on. Mr. Pryor strolled up the street with imperturbable benevolence.

. . . . . .

"Your coast is cleared," said Laura—"since you wouldn't clear it yourself."

"Wish me luck!" said Richard as he left her.

She nodded brightly.

Before he disappeared he looked back at her again—which profoundly surprised her—and smiled rather disconsolately, shaking his head as if in prophecy of no very encouraging reception indoors. The manner of this glance recalled to Laura what his mother had once said of him: "Richard is one of those sweet, helpless men that some women adore and others despise. They always fall in love with the ones that despise them."

An ostentatious cough made her face about, being obviously designed to that effect—and she beheld her brother in the act of walking slowly across the yard with his back to her. He halted upon the border of her small garden of asters, regarded it anxiously, then spread his handkerchief upon the ground, knelt upon it, and with thoughtful care uprooted a few weeds which were beginning to sprout, and also such vagrant blades of grass as encroached upon the floral territory. He had the air of a virtuous man performing a good action which would never become known. Plainly he thought himself in solitude and all unobserved.

It was a touching picture, pious and humble. Done into colored glass, the kneeling boy and the asters, submerged in ardent sunshine, would have appropriately enriched a cathedral—Boyhood of Saint Florus, the Gardener.

Laura heartlessly turned her back and, affecting an interest in her sleeve, very soon experienced the sensation of being stared at with some poignancy from behind. Unchanged in attitude she unraveled an imaginary thread, whereupon the cough reached her again, shrill and loud, its insistence not lacking in pathos.

She approached him driftingly; no sign that he was aware came from the busied boy, though he coughed again, hollowly now—a proof that he was an artist.

"All right, Hedrick," she said kindly. "I heard you the first time."

He looked up with utter incomprehension.

"I'm afraid I've caught cold," he said simply. "I got a good many weeds out before breakfast and the ground was damp."

Hedrick was of the New School—everything direct, real, no striving for effect, no pressure on the stroke. He did his work: you could take it or leave it.

"You mustn't strain so, dear," returned his sister. "It won't last if you do. This is only the first day."

"You Don't Suppose I'll Marry Him Unless I Want to, Do You?"

Struck to the heart by so brutal a misconception of his character he put all his wrongs into one look, rose in manly dignity, picked up his handkerchief and left her.

Her eyes followed him, not without remorse; it was an exit which would have moved the bass-violist of a theater orchestra. Sighing, she went to her own room by way of the kitchen and the back stairs, and having locked her door brought the padlocked book from its hiding-place.

"I think I should not have played as I did an hour ago," she wrote. "It stirs me too greatly and I am afraid it makes me inclined to self-pity afterward; and I must never let myself feel *that!* If I once begin to feel sorry for myself —— But I *will* not. No. You are here in the world. You exist. You *are!* That is the great thing to know, and it must be enough for me. It is. I played to *You*. I played *just love* to you—all the yearning tenderness—all the supreme kindness I want to give you. Isn't love really just glorified kindness? No; there is something more. . . . I feel it, though I do not know how to say it. But it was in my playing—I played it and played it! Suddenly I felt that in my playing I had shouted it from the housetops, that I had told the secret to all the world, and *everybody* knew. I stopped, and for a moment it seemed to me that I was dying of shame. But no one understood. No one had even listened. . . . Sometimes it seems to me that I am like Cora, that I am very deeply her sister in some things. My heart goes all to You—my revelation of it, my release of it, my outlet of it is all here in these pages—except when I play as I did today and as I shall not play again; and perhaps this writing keeps me quiet. Cora scatters her own releasings: she is looking for the You she may never find—and perhaps the penalty for scattering is never finding. Sometimes I think the seeking has reacted and that now she seeks only what will make her feel. I hope she has not found it; I am afraid of this new man—not only for your sake, dear. I felt repelled by his glance at me the first time I saw him. I did not like it—I cannot say just why, unless it seemed too intimate. I am afraid of him for her, which is a queer sort of feeling, because she has alw ——"

Laura's writing stopped there for that day, interrupted by a hurried rapping upon the door and her mother's voice calling her with stress and urgency.

The opening of the door revealed Mrs. Madison in a state of anxious perturbation, admitted the sound of loud weeping and agitated voices.

"Please go down!" implored the mother. "You can do more with her than I can. She and your father have been having a terrible scene since Richard went home."

Laura hurried down to the library.

XI

"OH, COME in, Laura!" cried her sister as Laura appeared in the doorway. "Don't *stand* there! Come in if you want to take part in a grand old family row!" With a furious and tear-stained face she was confronting her father, who stood before her in a resolute attitude and a profuse perspiration. "Shut the door!" shouted Cora violently, adding as Laura obeyed: "Do you want that little Peat in here? Probably he's eavesdropping anyway. But what difference does it make? I don't care. Let him hear! Let anybody hear that wants to! They can hear how I'm tortured if they like. I didn't close my eyes last night; and now I'm being tortured! Papa!" She stamped her foot. "Are you going to take back that insult to me?"

"Insult?" repeated her father.

"Pshaw!" said Laura, laughing soothingly and going to her. "You know that's nonsense, Cora. Kind old papa couldn't do that if he tried. Dear, you know he never insulted anybody in his ——"

"Don't touch me!" screamed Cora, repulsing her. "Listen if you've got to, but let me alone. He did too! He did! He *knows* what he said!"

"I do not!"

"He does! He does!" cried Cora. "He said that I was—I was too much 'interested' in Mr. Corliss."

"Is that an insult?" the father demanded sharply.

(Continued on Page 69)

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Wall Street Abuses

IN CONSEQUENCE of a recent court decision, Wall Street banks are considerably exercised again over their "morning loans." Formerly these transactions were called "overcertifications"; but, as overcertification is a criminal offense, that term is not considered polite. In effect the banks simply hand out to Stock Exchange brokers as much money as the brokers think they will need during the day to buy stocks with. Having bought the stocks the brokers turn them over to the banks, by three o'clock, as security for the money advanced in the morning. But if a broker happens to fail before three o'clock the bank may be left holding the bag. Mere commercial borrowers give security before they get the money—not afterward. In no other line of business, so far as we are aware, is it the practice for banks to furnish their patrons with money to buy things that will subsequently be pledged to the bank as security for the loan.

Unquestionably this is an abuse of bank credit. It illustrates, first, the bad banking system that makes the Stock Exchange a preferred borrower; and, second, the sharp competition among the banks, which makes them go to unreasonable lengths in bidding for Stock Exchange business.

This is one of the abuses an honest, intelligent examination of Wall Street might hope to remedy. But the Street, on the whole, is so far superior to the investigation the Money Trust committee is conducting that we have small appetite for investigations. The announcement proceeding from that committee, to the effect that it may be found advisable to exclude clearing-house associations from use of the mails, makes us wish for a Wall Street committee to investigate Congress and report to the country whether there is any reasonable prospect of reforming it.

When Dr. Franklin was cross-examined by Parliament, Edmund Burke said he appeared like a schoolmaster being catechized by his children. Mr. Morgan, questioned by the Pujo Commission, made somewhat the same impression.

Referred to The Colonel

TO THOSE persons who excite themselves over race suicide we earnestly recommend a footnote written by John Stuart Mill some sixty years ago—to wit: "Little improvement can be expected in morality until producing large families is regarded with the same feelings as drunkenness or any other physical excess. But, while the aristocracy and the clergy are foremost to set the example of this kind of incontinence, what can be expected of the poor?"

England's original Poor Law Commission collected reports from many European countries as to what means were taken to restrict the birthrate, and found various devices in force to prevent men from marrying until they were about twenty-five years of age and so established as to have a reasonable expectation of being able to maintain a family. Such restrictions were generally approved by the philosophy of that day.

In this country, at least, the "aristocracy and clergy" seem to have taken Mill's severe animadversion to heart; they have ceased to debauch the poor by setting examples of large families. But, instead of being praised for it, they find The Colonel and other leaders of opinion heaping reproach and insult upon them. And by the time they have changed their family plans to suit The Colonel some future Mill will berate them for the scandal of having six children to a household.

The Woolen Stovepipe

IN DECEMBER the Treasury Department was called upon to consider the case of certain silk hats imported into New York—possibly for use in those pious rites commemorative of the birth of a new year, which form so edifying a feature of midwinter life in the metropolis.

The Department's ruling, contained in a letter to the Collector of the Port, recites: "You state that the under brim of the hats in question is composed in part of wool; that the hats, in addition, usually have a band of wool"; consequently, "Your classification of these silk hats as woolen wearing apparel, dutiable at forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent ad valorem is hereby approved."

Long ago it was decided that a farmer's rubber boots with a wool lining were woolen wearing apparel and must pay about a hundred per cent duty in order that our sheep might be duly protected from competition with the pauper sheep of Australia. From that comparatively lowly beginning Schedule K has resolutely mounted step by step until it now sits effulgently enthroned on Gotham's silk hats; and from top to toe—whether on the solitary stretches that surround Red Dog or in the haunts of the élite along Fifth Avenue—there is scarcely anything worn by man that may not be legally classified as woolen apparel.

The Gift of the Starving

THE most hopeful suggestion for improving the state of India that we have ever seen was conveyed to London in a recent dispatch from Bombay. "The independent rulers, princes and nobles of India," it said, "are conferring with a view to collecting sufficient funds for a gift to the Imperial Government of three super-dreadnoughts and nine first-class armored cruisers, to be named after the presidencies and the capitals of the states of the principal donors."

If the native princes, rulers and nobles set about it with spirit they will have no difficulty in collecting sufficient funds. A hundred million Indian ryots have as much as one shirt apiece, which they could easily be induced to spare, under proper Oriental persuasion, for a purpose so glorious and patriotic! Possibly the last Indian famine-relief committee has some surplus of money in hand that could be levied upon. The people are much too poor to eat the wheat they raise, but a contribution of a handful of rice a week a head would go a long way toward a cruiser and probably would not increase the deathrate from starvation more than one per cent.

India certainly needs a battlefleet; but we have no patience with the unimaginative proposal to name the vessels after the presidencies and capitals. The super-dreadnoughts should be named Poverty, Famine and Cholera!

Births and Deaths

SOME foreign countries are much interested in their birthrate and deathrate; but the United States is so little interested that we do not even know what our birthrate or deathrate is. In 1880 only seventeen per cent of the population was included in "registration area"—in area, that is, where a tolerably accurate record of deaths and their causes was kept. Over half the population is now in registration area; but that area comprises only eighteen states, and fifty-four cities in non-registration states. As to births, there is not a line in the Statistical Abstract of the United States on the subject. Once in ten years we count noses, and if there are more noses than there were a decade before we don't care particularly how they came here. Probably our enormous accretion of population through immigration is partly responsible for this cheerful indifference.

In registration areas—now comprising fifty-six per cent of the population—the deathrate has fallen in ten years from seventeen and a fraction for each thousand of population to fourteen and a fraction. On a ten-year average it is substantially the same here as in England and Wales; a trifle higher than in Denmark; considerably lower than in Germany; far lower than in Austria and Hungary. But almost one-fifth of all the deaths in this country are of children under one year of age; twenty-seven out of a hundred are of children under five years of age; thirty-eight out of a hundred are of persons under twenty-five. A deathrate of fifteen in a thousand looks healthy; that over a third of the deaths occur among the young looks different.

Who Makes War?

THE London Times asks the question. With hardly an exception it finds that the press of every great European country is earnestly laboring to maintain peace. No people in Europe wants war. "We believe it may be said," the Times adds, "that most of the monarchs of Europe are equally desirous that peace be maintained. Who, then, makes war? The answer is to be found in the chancelleries of Europe, among the men who have too long played with human lives as with pawns in a game of chess; who have become so enmeshed in formulas and the jargon of diplomacy that they have ceased to be conscious of the poignant realities with which they trifle."

The Times' editorial from which we quote is powerful and convincing. It is immediately followed by another, which begins, "Firmly as we trust that peace will be preserved, a moment has come in European affairs when every nation must look to its resources"; and goes on rather to regret that England has not a few more squadrons at sea and several additional divisions of infantry.

And there you have it! Certainly it is monstrous that a few persons in the chancelleries of Europe, enmeshed in formulas and the jargon of diplomacy, having no sense of the poignant realities with which they trifle, should plunge Europe into a war that would sacrifice a hundred thousand lives and uncounted treasure, and retard human progress perhaps for a generation; yet by all means let us lay down more battleships, extend military conscription, buy a couple of million more rifles, and make it as easy and tempting as possible for the boneheaded persons in the chancelleries to plunge us into war!

A French Millennium

IN NOVEMBER President Fallières appointed a grand commission, with five subcommissions, vested with ample powers and backed by a liberal appropriation, to study all over again the question of France's stationary population, and to see what means, of any and every sort, may be taken by the government to boost the birthrate above the deathrate.

This is a much more extensive project than the similar commission of 1902, or than any of the private and quasi-public investigations of the same subject with which France has been so profusely blessed during the last ten or fifteen years.

Imagine now the consternation of Thomas Robert Malthus if he could revisit France after the lapse of a hundred and ten years and sit on this commission! The great Malthusian Doctrine, which so deeply influenced thought in the first half of the nineteenth century, was, in effect, that unless people were kept in tolerably miserable circumstances they would multiply so rapidly that population would outrun the food supply—until hunger pressed back population to a point where the food supply was adequate; from which full-fed condition multiplication would start over again, until hunger and poverty again repressed it.

Naturally it followed from this doctrine that the only possible way in which a people could make a steady, permanent advance in material well-being was by voluntary restriction of the birthrate.

Some decades ago France achieved that Malthusian ideal of increasing wealth and stationary population—and is so little satisfied with it that the government is spending much energy and money to change it.

Probably if the millennium began tomorrow we should have within ten years all sorts of national and international commissions seeking ways to end it.

Blue Sky Laws Spread

THE New York State Superintendent of Banking recommends that mortgage-loan and investment concerns in that state be put under more complete supervision and examination by the banking department. Most of such concerns, no doubt, are now safely and properly conducted; but the panic of 1907 disclosed some cases of gross abuse, with loans made to an excessive amount—and on second, third and fourth mortgages.

The Superintendent of Banking also mentions that it has been necessary to threaten various private concerns which have used the word "bank" or the word "savings" without license. All of which shows the trend of public opinion toward extending governmental protection over the small man's money.

In 1912, according to the Journal of Commerce's compilation, more than two billion dollars of securities were issued by American corporations, breaking the record. This by no means covers all of the engravings falling under the general category of securities that were printed and offered in exchange for money during the year.

Rather less than half of the total issue was by railroads, the remainder comprising enterprises of nearly all sorts. Undoubtedly the flow of capital into paper tokens of property is on a greater scale in the United States than anywhere else in the world. Probably more people are interested in it here than anywhere else.

The readiness of capital, especially of relatively small capital, to venture far from home has played no little part in the country's rapid material development. Nowhere is there the least likelihood of the law's erring on the side of overmuch pains to promote and safeguard investment.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Prudent President

THRIFT is the predominating trait of the French, thrift and the total elimination of it from the practices of all who visit their amiable but artful country. The principle on which France is conducted is this: All strangers must be induced to spend every cent of money they have in order that the French may get that money and save it.

Outside of that mile circle in Paris that has the Café de la Paix for its axis, there never was a spendthrift in France, and most of the French wastrels who performed within that circle had the ulterior motive of getting others to spend more than they did, for the greatest good of the greatest number—that is, the thrifty French hoarders.

France is an orderly and well-ordered country, and a few years ago it struck those who control the government that it would be a good thing to exalt this national characteristic of thrift, to personify it, in other words, so the great bulk of the French people, living in the country, among the vineyards and on the farms and in the villages, might know that the hated aristocrats, with their disregard of sous—albeit they have high regard for the louis d'or, or twenty-franc goldpiece—were not in control.

So they chose for the president of the republic M. Armand Fallières, taking him from his vineyards in his native district. M. Armand and his wife came to the palace to live, and nominally rule over France, but in reality to become there the connubial apotheosis of thrift, and as such relieve the minds of the country folk who had fears that France was drifting back into a quasi-royalism. You may be sure of this: Monsieur Fallières and Madame, his wife, have not wasted a centime since they have been there. Now at the end of their term they are going back to their vineyards near Mézin with a fair proportion of that 600,000 francs salary they have been getting since 1906. Also they are allowed 600,000 francs each year for entertaining, and as 1,200,000 francs is $240,000 a year it may be concluded they have done very well indeed.

He Has the Reputation of Being a Human Savings Bank

France was amazed at the time of the Seine floods, in 1910, to observe a subscription of $5000 from the president to the fund for the sufferers—France was amazed and so was Madame Fallières. It gossiped that when Madame heard of this tremendous liberality she conducted the president of the republic to a secluded spot and told him a few things about his prodigality that were biting and severe, intimating that she had not slaved all her life to help him accumulate a little money to be thus deprived of so great a sum when a subscription of a fifth of the amount would have been sufficient from a simple countryman like M. Armand. The president listened—he had to—and when Madame had completed the first section of her remarks he reminded her it would be in execrable taste to continue the state balls during a period of great national calamity, and although they had given 25,000 francs to the fund for relief they would save far more than that, far more, by the enforced discontinuance of these elaborate functions, with their decorations, suppers, music, and so on. Whereupon Madame realized that her husband was less reckless than he seemed.

Ready for the Wolf at the Door

PARIS papers take frequent flings at this predominating trait of the president, but what cares he? Paris is much—yes, a great deal—but, and here is the point, the countrymen approve of such thrift, and is not the president a countryman? He is indeed a winegrower like the rest of them, who tends carefully to his Loupillon estate and undoubtedly apprehends a deluge instead of a rainy day in the future, judging from his prudent preparations. So no one laughed when Madame came in on the President one day and found him examining his grand cordon, or big sash, of the Legion of Honor which he must wear on state occasions. The sash was frayed with constant usage, and was torn and stained.

"You must buy me a new one," said M. Armand ruefully to his secretary.

Just at that moment Madame appeared. She examined the sash minutely: "Look here," she said with the decisiveness that marks her every utterance connected even remotely with the spending of money, "I can mend it. Then it will answer for another six months." And she did mend it, and it is still answering, rather shabbily, to be sure, but answering, none the less, and several francs are saved for the Fallières accumulation.

The official biography of the president says he is a man of simple habits, great *bonhomie* and frugality—which is true—and is known as a highly successful winegrower. The unofficial biographies say he is not so simple as he looks and more frugal than appears, but all admit the *bonhomie*, which costs nothing, except when a Frenchman hands a little *bonhomie* to a stranger, in which case it invariably appears in the bill. He is a heavy, squat man, weighing about two hundred and forty pounds, and having a pronounced paunch, big, rounded shoulders and a slow, ponderous walk. His hair is gray, is worn rather long and is bunched over his ears. His eyes are small and are bagged beneath, and his nose is large and scrambled. He wears a mustache and a chin beard that is not trimmed with the care usually bestowed on whiskers in this land of them, and his cheeks are shaven and freshly red and look as if whiskers couldn't or wouldn't grow on them, no matter how much culture might be bestowed.

He resembles a farmer, walks and talks like a man who has given his life to tilling the soil; but that is merely superficial. In reality, though he is slow of speech and slow of thought, he is an eminently safe and sane citizen, and knows his France and his sort of French people intimately. One of his concerns is fighting off his fat. He takes a morning walk every day, leaving the Élysée Palace soon after he has had his coffee, and moving as briskly as he can up the Champs Élysées for an hour or so. He always has the appearance of hating it, and he probably does, but inasmuch as he is a great feeder he has to exercise. His favorite dish is a meat stew, of which he takes large quantities, and he is fond of *bouillabaisse*, which is a stew of many kinds of fish. He keeps a motor because his position requires it, but you may be sure he bought a cheap one—Madame attended to that—and he doesn't fancy the theater, the cafés or any sport. What he likes best is to sit round the house and talk with old friends and wait for his meals. And at table he performs prodigies with his stews and drinks vastly of the wines of his estates; that is, vastly for a Frenchman, the French being the most temperate people on earth—a bottle or so of the red or the white at a sitting, but never enough, of course, to accelerate him.

State balls in Paris approximate presidential receptions in Washington. Three or four thousand people of all kinds are invited, and three or four thousand kinds of people attend. The balls are given primarily to prove to the French, always a bit skeptical, that this republic is really and truly a government by the people and for the people. The common folks are in their element at one of these. They wait with great impatience until the doors to the supper room are opened at midnight, and then the rush is terrifying. M. Fallières provides substantials for his guests. He feeds them ham and sausage, which come to less on the caterer's bill than soufflés and ices. After one of his recent parties a group of guests went into a little café near the palace for some sustenance. The proprietor bustled forward and as he was arranging the table said: "We had a very jolly time at the palace tonight, didn't we?" Turning to one of his guests, he continued: "I saw you there."

The Farmer President of France

BUT it must not be thought from all this that Fallières is uncouth. In reality he is a man of considerable culture, and is said to write verse in French and in the Languedocian dialect. His fad is collecting medals and autographs, and he has a large assortment of each. He was born in Lot-et-Garonne in 1841, studied law and early went into politics. He was mayor of Nérac and deputy, being elected to the chamber in 1876 as a member of the Republican Left Party. He became successively under-secretary for the interior, minister of the interior, and was made prime minister in 1883, his cabinet resigning eleven months later when the Chamber of Deputies rejected a bill dealing with pretenders to the throne of France. After that he was twice minister of public education, twice minister of justice and again minister of the interior, until in 1899 he became president of the Senate, succeeding M. Loubet. He was elected president in 1906, again succeeding M. Loubet, who retired in that year.

All of his political life has been predicated on the fellow-farmer idea. He is the champion and the idol of the countrymen. A reading of the places he has filled shows that his simplicity and *bonhomie* are for public consumption, for in reality he is a very clever and skillful politician who maintains a pose for the good it will do him in his political enterprises. We have a good many examples of this kind of politician in our own country—the chap who advertises himself as one of the common folks, the plain-as-an-old-shoe brand, who cultivates the cultivators of the soil, the horny-handed boys. Fallières has that down to a science. It made him president, and as no French president can be reelected he kept along the same old way, never taking his eye off those 1,200,000 francs a year, salary and expenses, that dropped into his lap, and seeing to it that a fair proportion of those francs remained in that lap.

Getting Orders

A YOUNG man, a court favorite, appeared at a court function in Berlin literally covered with the stars of various distinguished orders.

"How comes it?" asked a lady, "that so young a man should have attained so many distinguished decorations?"

"Perhaps, madame," he answered, "it has so happened because I have been where they were distributed, not where they were won."

No Joy-Visit

A GLASGOW journalist who was careless of his personal appearance was assigned to write something about a show at a leading Glasgow theater. He presented his card at the box-office.

The manager came out and looked at the disheveled visitor dubiously.

"Did you come here to write something about the play—to work?" he asked.

"Do you think I'd come to your theater for amusement?" asked the journalist as he stalked out.

In Case of Elephantiasis

ALEX. KENEALY, editor of the London Daily Mirror, which is a daily picture paper, learned the newspaper trade in the United States. One day he needed a bit of advertising, so he bought a couple of baby elephants, Jumbo and Jimbo, and set them parading about at the summer resorts collecting funds for a charity the Mirror was supporting, thereby getting many pennies and shillings for the fund and, quite incidentally of course, a good deal of advertising for the paper. Jimbo was delicate and often sick.

Kenealy was in Paris a time ago and he received a frantic wire from one of his elephant keepers: "Jimbo is dead. What shall I do?"

Kenealy telegraphed back: "After mature reflection I advise you to bury Jimbo."

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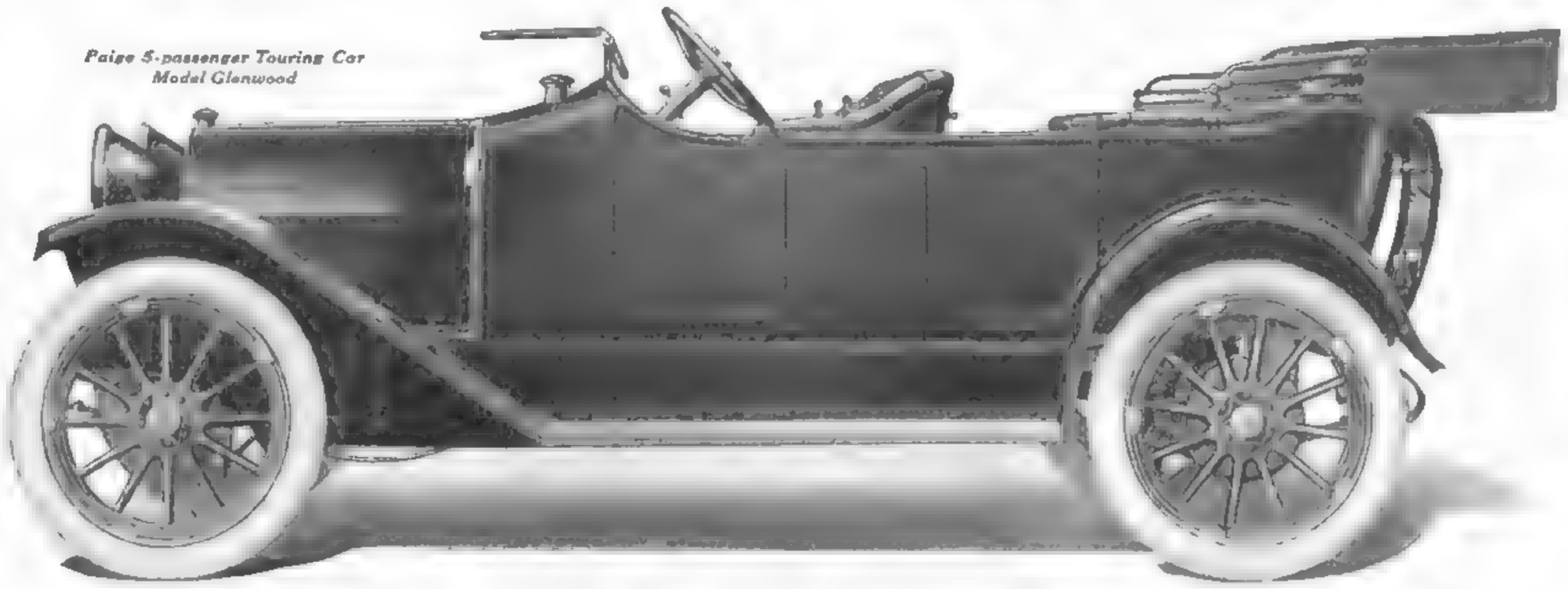

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Long, Clean, Linoleum Covered Running Boards
All Dash Equipment, Speedometer, Ammeter, Carburetor Adjustment, Magneto and Lighting Switches, etc., imbedded in Auxiliary Dash, Convenient to Operator.

DOES ANY OTHER CAR in the Paige price field offer you the famous Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System? Possibly, but look it up. See if they do. Several of the $3000 to $5000 cars do, and they *feature* the system. The Paige "36" chassis was *designed* for the Gray & Davis system. It is a *part* of the car.

This car is a revelation in motor car building. No other manufacturer is building such a car to sell at such a price. Maybe later, but not for this year. The Paige "36" is a *next year's car*—ready for delivery now.

Extraordinary as the design and equipment are, the Paige should be considered first just an automobile. And just as an automobile—a dependable, comfortable, handsome automobile—a car of *good materials*, correct construction and fine workmanship—a car that's *always on the job*—the Paige has *earned* high rank.

Any Paige owner—and they are almost *everywhere*—can tell you what a car, *just as a car*, the Paige has *proved* itself.

Study Paige design; consider the Paige motor, famous because we have *never* let a Paige motor that wasn't absolutely *right* leave our factory; read carefully what the word *equipment* means when it is Paige equipment; take an expert to see the Paige car and hear what he says; then decide what car you want.

Paige "36" offers five types of body from which to choose *your* car: 5-passenger Touring Car, Model Glenwood; 3-passenger Roadster, Model Westbrook; Raceabout, Model Brighton; 4-passenger Coupé, Model Montrose; 5-passenger Sedan, Model Maplehurst.

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For those who want a car smaller than the Paige "36" our 1913 line offers the Paige "25", a car value—price considered—just as remarkable as the "36".

The Paige "25" is a car of *proved* success. Even lacking some of the refinements and some of the equipment of this 1913 model, the Paige "25" last year established sensational success.

Careful construction, and *real* workmanship, made this car a leader in the thousand dollar field.

For 1913 we offer the two most popular body types of Paige "25", Model Brunswick, 5-passenger touring car, $950, and Model Kenilworth, a snappy, graceful roadster, $950.

The price—only $950—seems *impossibly* low when you consider the car and its equipment.

Paige "25" is regularly equipped in nickel trimming with rain-vision wind-shield, silk mohair top, top boot and curtains, Stewart Speedometer, 5 nickel and black enamel lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, 5 demountable rims, extra tire irons, horn, pump, jack, tools, etc

See the Paige 1913 Models at the Shows—but write for handsome catalog today.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 265 Twenty-first Street, DETROIT, MICH.

SINGING TO FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 5)

would have done had the initial one been favorable. Eventually the consensus said, "Study for grand opera"; and that consensus has proved to have been right.

Another great artist, Enrico Caruso, was advised to forget any thought of endeavoring to become a singer by the many who listened to his earliest attempts to make musical sounds. This teacher told the then young man that his voice was "thin—like the whistling of the wind." Probably it was at the time. Judicious cultivation, however, has brought it to its present luscious quality and ample fullness. There were troubles met with on the way though.

Few persons would suspect that Caruso found it very hard to deliver his high tones, even when he had developed into a more than acceptable public singer. Lesson after lesson that he took of a distinguished Italian master was for the purpose of making the upper register—notably from high A-flat on up—technically secure. And it took a long time for Caruso to form those tones without their "breaking." Needless to say, they never break now.

Titta Ruffo, the Italian star who is receiving the enormous sum of two thousand dollars an appearance—the highest price ever paid in the world for the artistic services of a barytone—was informed by one singing instructor that his voice was a light tenor. For a time Ruffo believed what was told him. Subsequently he learned—from others more competent to judge—that he possessed the substance of a future barytone that would be powerful as well as agreeable.

Business Heads Needed

These are not isolated instances. On the contrary they are fairly typical. Among the first and second principals of the three great grand-opera companies of the United States and Canada's organization, in Montreal, are dozens who would never have attained their present rank if they had not thought and worked intelligently—not to mention their having exercised shrewdness in business maneuvering. It is always wise to bow before expert judgment of the majority; but until a final verdict has been obtained no singer should consider his aspirations either promising or hopeless.

Concert and oratorio artists, and others who have had their names featured in light and comic opera, have gone through experiences not unlike those just related. And some of our successful song-recital vocalists whose lack of tonal power prohibited their successes as interpreters of larger compositions, found the road to victory long and troublous; but all established themselves by analyzing their own chances, discovering the lines of least resistance and following them—which is what all who have vocal talents regarded as worth money should also do.

III

IN THE city of Manchester, Vermont, Billy Graves is dissatisfied with his fifteen-dollars-a-week job in the accounting department of the local street-railroad company. Billy is twenty-one and his own boss. He is popular with his townsfolk and looked upon as a young man with a future; for is he not splendidly started toward business stability and is his salary not exceptional for one of his years?

Billy, however, sees other things besides the figures covering the sheets of daily reports he is required to tabulate. It is a vision of grand opera that flashes constantly before his eyes, and he is humming to himself scraps of melodies from the songs he knows; in short, Billy Graves is stung by the operatic bug. What is more, he will not rest content until the sting has either been assuaged by a taste of the profession or eradicated from his temperamental system.

If Billy does what seven out of ten of the young men and women of the thousands to be found in every city in the United States and Canada entertaining similar notions do he will probably come to grief—just as did our young and misguided friend, Matilda Loring. Or if he does not his ultimate achievement is apt to stop short of what it might have been with wise counsel and guidance at the beginning of the study he is determined to have. In this instance an exception is recorded to the usual proceedings indulged in by American youngsters bent on a musical profession.

The remark of one of Billy Graves' cronies, "Keep your eye on Bill—he is a fox!" proves literally true in the manner he proceeds to discover those things he has sworn to discover.

This young man has a level head, with the bump of caution much more firmly developed than that denoting reverence. He has no intention of "going it blind," as he expresses it; and so he thinks over his problem. His conclusion is that he must first find out how good a voice his big, lumbering basso is, and a host of other things that he is smart enough to realize figure in the equipment of a future luminary in real grand opera.

Manchester may have several excellent singing teachers; but, though Billy has respect for their knowledge, he has concluded that a job well begun is a job half finished. This strapping youth at length reasons out the steps he should take to procure the sound advice wanted, and he asks for a week's leave of absence from work, takes one hundred dollars from his savings account in the bank and proceeds New York-wise.

Billy Graves, who reads the musical publications, is familiar with the names of a hundred teachers of singing in the big city, but he knows next to nothing about their respective grades of efficiency. With commendable foresight he prepares several plans—for more than one may have to be used.

He may, for example, go to the music critics of the New York daily newspapers for information as to who the dozen most successful singing instructors are. In the event that he does he is likely to discover that these authorities are surprisingly chary of committing themselves to any such statements; for they might be used for advertising material by the very individuals recommended.

Concert agencies, Billy argues, are inclined to "play favorites" in which as many indifferent as superlatively good instructors are reasonably certain to be mentioned. And conditions in the music stores impress the Vermont boy as leaning in the same direction.

With plenty of time at his disposal young Mr. Graves would probably try to reach each of these avenues of information—for they are the most available for the majority and can be made to yield the desired data. But it appears that the musical bull is to be seized firmly by the horns—the bull being the Metropolitan Opera House management, and the horns the individual who is finally cornered somewhere in the big, buff-colored brick building at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street.

A Six Days' Crop of Information

Those persons associated with the conduct of the greatest operatic enterprise in America must know responsible teachers, reasons Billy; and he is correct. The trick that now has to be executed is how to extract from the persons who can be "seen" what it is desired to extract; but Billy, having an abundance of the finest brand of native "nerve," manages it.

Beginning by calmly asking for the audition he knows will not be accorded, he veers off to the less presumptuous request. And two hours after reaching the outside waiting room—most of which has been spent in the kicking of heels against the two benches there—Billy Graves departs with four names of singing instructors, all of them coaches, who chiefly teach style and interpretation, but who know much about vocal technics and have ears keenly trained to recognize promising operatic singing material when it is heard.

Arranging for appointments with these persons is the next difficult matter, because all are extremely busy and do not care to try new voices unless they happen to be sent with the Metropolitan's official indorsement. At the end of three days, however, Billy Graves has sung for the four instructors; he has written down the context of their several opinions, and obtained all the information possible touching upon every angle of the singing business—operatic and otherwise.

This product of Vermont is by no means satisfied even now. He is correct in assuming that there are essentials the best teachers may not think of or know about. Therefore he goes to the leader of one of the New York symphony orchestras and sings for him. He is also a person hard to reach, yet Billy gets to him. It is a way some persistent people have who are in earnest.

Continuing his quest for enlightenment, Billy now proceeds. He braves the music critic of a big daily in his den—perhaps two or three of those best known—and either adds to his store of accumulated words of wisdom or is thrown out for his pains. However, these writers of musical happenings are generally patient with ambitious American singers and often give them much valuable advice. Sometimes their help is of inestimable service.

At any rate, before Billy Graves finishes the week in New York he has an intelligent basis upon which to work. He has, in short, by a process of elimination arrived at a definite starting point, from which he may later go ahead with profit to himself and those near and dear to him.

And it has cost him only seventy-five dollars, the use of a little gray matter tucked away in the top of his cranium, and six days of time. There are other ways, but ways that take one or more years, a comfortable sum of money and heaps of worry.

Billy Graves has finally learned that he had better give up immediate thoughts of preparing to sing in grand opera—though it is not completely hopeless—and devote himself to preparing for the concert field.

He is told by those who know that, though his voice is powerful enough and he is naturally equipped in practically every other respect, his chances are lessened because of his admittedly poor memory—a defect Billy has frankly stated, as he should have done. He may train it to the needed point of reliability, though that seems doubtful from the information forthcoming.

Chances of Success

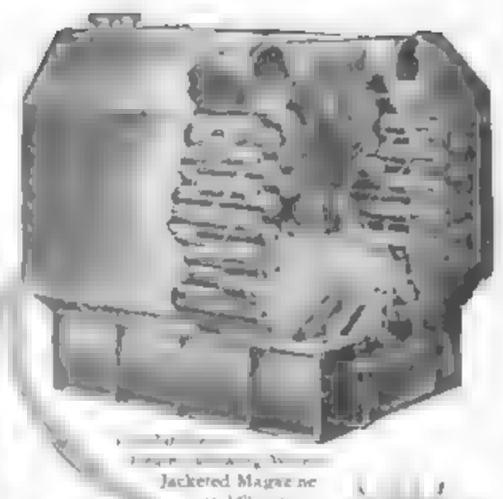
The voice, being sympathetic in quality, proves on lengthy trial to be adapted to the needs of oratorio basso solos and concerted numbers, operatic arias that may be sung with an orchestra, and for such music as is sung in the finest church choirs, where large salaries are paid.

Billy confesses to perfect health; he supplies proof that he is not subjected to chronic sore throat and that he is not susceptible to colds, thereby saving the possibility of losing engagements because of vocal unreliability if he is to develop into an acceptable professional artist. To make this point sure, Billy acquiesces in the suggestion that he should have his vocal apparatus examined by a throat specialist who can give him an opinion worth while, because there is a possibility that he may have some growth or other natural physiological defect requiring treatment or operation.

The next important qualification for Billy which passes muster is his intelligence; and on this all experts with whom he has talked unanimously agree. They also inform him that personality—an all-important factor in any sort of professional work that brings one in contact with the public—is a strong asset that is sure to help him far beyond his existing appreciation. This young man has a well-formed body, pleasant, strong features, and that indefinable something termed magnetism. So far young Mr. Graves' chances appear very bright.

Concerning music Billy knows little; and this is a handicap, for there is much to be learned. He is told that he cannot rise high without becoming proficient as a ready sight-reader, and that he must establish himself as a sound musician—meaning that he is to become thoroughly acquainted with the structure of music and to be able to sing musically difficult compositions in which queer intervals and dotted and other kinds of notes and rests must be strictly observed. Billy is made to comprehend—to go even further into the subject—that when he sings with an orchestra, or has a part in a concerted number with other solo singers, it is imperative that he never lose his place. He must know when to "come in" after perhaps a long musical silence; and he should know the accompaniment as well as the basic structure of the other parts into which his own fits.

Young Mr. Graves likewise ascertains what his probable chances will be in competing with those recognized concert artists whom he cannot evade meeting in the seeking of engagements. He is informed



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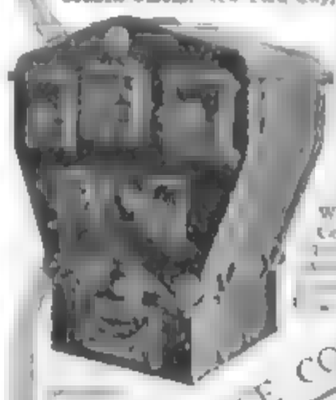

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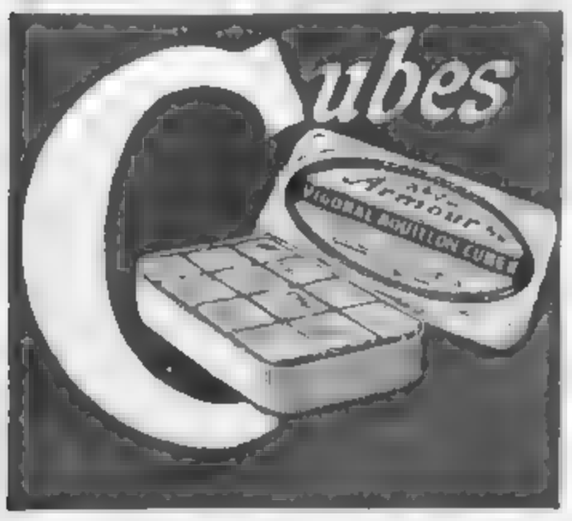


that he may safely enter as a starter in the contest. Moreover the Vermont musical investigator discovers that if he is able—able, remember—to perfect his vocal instrument, to appear before audiences with the certainty of not being frightened so that he cannot maintain the self-control necessary to adequate singing, and develops style, he may earn, with New York as headquarters, anywhere from two thousand to five thousand dollars a year—in concert and by singing in churches. If he should elect to go to Chicago, Boston or Philadelphia his earnings are likely to be somewhat less. But, if Billy is afraid to meet the grind of struggling in any of the larger music centers, he cannot do more than half as well in places of one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand population; while in still smaller cities his income must drop to one thousand dollars a year unless he proves exceptionally fortunate.

Many things remain to be done before Billy can invite the public to come and hear him warble. One is to study; and if he can make an unpretentious début within two years after beginning this work he will have progressed very fast. At the end of three years he may become a promising basso; but his initial period of fair earning capacity cannot reasonably be expected short of five years, unless he forges ahead with startling rapidity, or enlists the coöperation of prominent persons who can and will supply the "push" impetus. Even that cannot keep young Mr. Graves going if he has not the ability to "deliver."

The Money Question

Meanwhile there is the money question to be settled. Billy should have two lessons a week for thirty-five weeks a year. If he extends the length of his student year so much the better. But the minimum investment required for safety's sake is approximately one thousand dollars for three years of instruction, at four to five dollars a lesson; two thousand dollars for living expenses while in New York, and three hundred and fifty dollars for vacation periods, unless he obtains employment—and two hundred and fifty dollars more for music and incidentals. That means more than thirty-five hundred dollars. Possibly Billy will not need that amount; possibly he will require more. It all depends on how fast the voice comes along, how quick and responsive Billy's mental apparatus is, and how "things break" for him.

It is not improbable that young Mr. Graves may secure a small church-choir post during his first season of study—quite a number of youthful singers in any city where they are residing do—or that he may in other words provide an income for himself. But, unless one has some line of work which can be followed independently and which will not interfere with studying, it is better to approach the singing profession with sufficient funds to carry one out of the danger zone—a journey the length of which can never be accurately forecast.

Worrying over how the next week's board is to be paid, or walking the streets disconsolate because the tuition fee for the last quarter must be met if more lessons are to be had, is not conducive to that peace of mind the singer or any other professional music student should have. Some courageous Americans do this sort of thing—even to the point of starting on nothing and managing somehow—but it is not so for the majority; they have not the resourcefulness essential or the stamina.

Ways and means being personal, it is not necessary to discuss here the courses that may be pursued to solve that problem, where the aspirant is dependent upon himself for support, or where he has others dependent upon him. Loans are often negotiated when facts seem to warrant such procedure—as happened with Geraldine Farrar when she went abroad with many thousands of borrowed dollars advanced on a business proposition that has since paid out in full.

Money—or the lack of it—is the stumblingblock that is now in the way of Billy Graves' hopes for a singing career. He may get it; in fact, he is pretty sure to, for he has a knack of succeeding in whatever he puts his heart.

Later on he will discover that other qualifications must undergo the acid test. For example, if his fortitude is not sufficient he may give up just when the victory he cannot see beyond the musical horizon is near; or he may not work with the persistence required to win. But if he raises the money he is seeking; if he makes the fullest use of all his time; if he maintains confidence in himself and learns every detail of the business side of singing—he should reach a fine position in the concert world. If he conquers a faulty memory grand opera is a possibility.

Young American men and women who live at remote distances from New York and wish to prepare themselves to sing professionally should not feel that their only salvation rests within the Island of Manhattan—because it does not. Competent instruction is to be had all over the land; and experts who can tell these folks whether they are justified in commencing their studies for a serious purpose are available in the large cities almost anywhere.

New York offers the broadest opportunities musically, but New York can come after a time. Quite a number of successful singers have never set foot there until they were finished artists; then they took advantage of what they felt was further needed.

To take up the case of any aspirant for a career in singing or singing-teaching, it is clear that the same general method of beginning as that followed by Billy Graves is a productive one. We will assume that the young man or woman lives in a place where he or she finds it compulsory to travel to a city for examination—because if it is not to be had at home that is essential. All the letter writing to the most reliable authorities cannot settle the question of the candidate's efficiency. That has to be done personally, just as a physician is forced to see a patient before making a diagnosis.

First of all comes the voice.

By careful testing it will be shown—so far as such a thing can be—what form of work it is suited for, if any. Sometimes the latent qualities in a vocal instrument deceive experts; and on account of this possibility a certain leeway has always to be made for the voice that is almost up to a required standard in the matter of natural endowment.

Teachers who know their business can usually decide how good a voice is after thorough trying. It will be either agreeable or the reverse in quality; it will have either a long or a short range; be either steady in tone or trembling; either of great, moderate or small power, and show capability of endurance or the lack of it—with, of course, defects or their absence.

One defect common to many Americans is "throatiness"; the other most prevalent is the nasal twang—and either or both of them, if they happen to appear in a single voice, must be corrected if possible. Another defect is "breathiness of tone," due to a weakness of the vocal cords or a too liberal supply of air.

Classifying Voices

The competent teacher will instantly recognize these flaws, just as the character of the voice will be classified by its quality—not by its range. Here often are found errors of judgment or perception of tone due to a faulty musical ear. Hundreds of contraltos and mezzo-sopranos are being trained as sopranos when they are not sopranos; and many barytones who reveal a facility to sing "top" notes are headed toward the vocal rocks through improper instruction. Less frequently is encountered the soprano or tenor who is being handled as though a contralto or barytone.

After a voice has had a "testing out" by those who seldom err in classifying voices it will be discovered to be either soprano, mezzo-soprano, contralto, tenor, barytone, basso-cantante or basso-profundo. Each of these voices will require subclassifying. To illustrate: A tenor may be light in texture, though with moderate intensity, and yet not of enough tonal body to permit its proper use in any music other than songs of small caliber; it may be lyric, which is of greater substance than the light tenor, the former often being used for certain dramatic parts in grand opera. Or the tenor may be of the robust type. By the same token a soprano, or any other character of voice, has its legitimate sphere of usefulness.

Obviously the light tenor voice is totally unfitted to heavy opera, even if it happened to be enduring enough to undergo the strain of the most trying arias. The reason exists in the inability of such an instrument to be heard in a large auditorium above an orchestra, or in an ensemble where other solo voices are employed that are of superior power.

The owner of such a voice must confine himself to studying to become a song-recital singer, as a rule, for such instruments seldom have enough carrying power to be satisfactory in regulation concert affairs and in the tenor-solo music of oratorios. But to succeed in song recital requires art—much of it. There has to be an inherently fine musical sense, a deep appreciation of the sentiment of the poetic content of the song classics, and finish of execution to the uttermost detail.

As such work requires a single vocalist to present an entire program, it can be seen that variety of style and mood cannot be dispensed with; for the contrast in volume of tone is absent and this deficiency has to be made up in other respects. As a very high form of singing art, if not the highest, the song recital is frequently attempted by persons who have large voices—even some opera stars, who usually fail; but the large voice is not a prerequisite. Nevertheless, all other essentials being squared, such voices are occasionally to be preferred.

Small vocal instruments, no matter whether they are masculine or feminine, are also adaptable to church choirs where the other vocal organs are not of pronounced volume, though the best-paying posts are only for those who own tenors, bassos, sopranos, contraltos or mezzo-sopranos of ample size.

Mezzo-sopranos, lacking solid low tones, and barytones likewise deficient, seldom find their services required in church choirs. The sopranos and tenors, all things considered, have the best chances in almost every form of singing; and whenever exceptionally fine instruments appear they receive prior consideration.

The Years of Preparation

Americans who have their eyes fixed on comic opera do not need the same amount of work before they can secure an engagement. If the instrument is fresh, pretty to listen to, and the young man or woman comely, some stage experience—sometimes none at all—results in the securing of a contract.

Accumulating knowledge for teaching purposes, as may be imagined, is slow, hard work. Whether one wishes to instruct in the mechanics of singing, or in the interpretation of songs, oratorio or operatic music—or all—the same ground should be covered. French, German and Italian must be understood by the teacher of interpretation, though the teacher of voice-production may do without these languages. Then, from a musical standpoint, a great deal more demands mastering.

For the majority of persons who have average ability warranting professional utilization the length of time for study is something like the following: Grand opera, five to seven years; concert and oratorio, three to five years; song recital, four to seven years; church choir, one to three years; comic opera, indefinite—according to the natural singing ability of the pupil and aerious purpose to become a well-grounded artist; teaching, five years at least.

The possible remuneration from any one of the fields above indicated varies. It depends upon the efficiency, business acumen, personality and assistance that can or cannot be commanded. Though one wishes to know what the average yield is from any musical source it is the intention to embrace, the element of attraction is not always what another person earns, but what it is possible to earn. Nearly every one who shies a hat into the squared circle has a deep-seated notion that he will prove the exception. "John Jenkins makes only fifteen hundred dollars a season," reflects this music-stung aspirant; "but I'll hit 'em for double that." Perhaps he does. Occasionally it is ten thousand dollars, or several times that amount, though not often. It all depends—just as it does in medicine, law or selling boots and shoes—with the individual. That is where the hazard enters.

Americans are facing a glowing future in the realm of professional singing, and they have but to exercise intelligent discrimination, tact and patience to become the first singing nation in the world. When we can cast out the long-prevailing notion that it is possible to become finished singers overnight we shall have taken a long step in the direction of a goal worth striving for, and which, once obtained, will reflect credit upon this great nation.

A JANUARY SUGGESTION TO FAR-SIGHTED BUSINESS MEN

The Man Who Looks Ahead Gets Ahead

Business will be exceptionally good this year.

Naturally, you want your full share of it.

But wanting alone won't get it.

As a good executive you know that you'll have to plan and work.

And right *now* is the time to plan —to prepare—to get ready.

When business comes with a rush, you will then be that "ready" man who will get his full share, who will let no opportunities pass by.

"Success comes to the man," as you know, "who not only sees the chance, but is able to seize it."

The man with Multigraph equipment is prepared—he is a "ready" man.

At his command is the means of seizing the main chance—taking advantage of every turn and opportunity.

In this year of good business there will be unprecedented uses for the Multigraph. Every one now in service will be doing double duty—

As first aid to the Sales and Advertising Managers—
As the "rush job" printer to the factory and office managers.

In practically all fields of endeavor—retail, wholesale, manufacturing and professional—it will be a leading factor in getting and handling increased business.

But—and hence this January suggestion to far-sighted business men—in these fields now there are many who will be handicapped in the rush for business because they do not own Multigraph equipment. Some of them have never even looked into the possibilities of the Multigraph—they don't even know whether they could or could not use it profitably.

It is upon these non-users that we wish to urge *now* an interest in Multigraph equipment.

We say *now*, because looking into the future and anticipating the possibility of purchasing later on means being prepared. Starting *now* to find out whether or not a Multigraph can be used profitably means, if it can, that you will be "ready" when the rush comes—ready to install your equipment and ready to take advantage of all it will do for you.

An investigation *now* will save time later on—and an investigation is really necessary, because you *can't* buy a Multigraph unless you need it.

To establish your need definitely, it is necessary to make a study of your opportunities—see just what you can save on printing; what you can do in direct-mail advertising; how you can accomplish certain results with salesmen—and this study is not superficial. It takes time and is handled by trained and experienced representatives.

These representatives are at your command *now* for a thorough investigation. As the year advances and the urgent demands of business cause a quickened interest in Multigraph equipment, there will be a steadily increasing demand upon their time.

For this reason, and that we may serve you promptly, we urge you to make your application *now* for investigation. By doing this you will know definitely, in advance, whether you need the Multigraph or not. If you do, delivery can be made at any time.

You consult your architect or engineer on plans before the actual need for new buildings is upon you. This investigation is similar, except that the consultation costs you nothing and places you under no obligation to us.

Be far-sighted. Fill out the application blank below and send it in *now*. Our representative will get busy on your investigation. His study of your needs will be really unprejudiced.

Then, if the Multigraph can serve you, you will know it, know it in advance, and be ready to take advantage of it when the time comes.

H. C. Blom
President.

Important to Those Who *Think* They Know the Multigraph

Don't let your early knowledge of the Multigraph blind you to its present possibilities. They are much wider in scope, and far more advantageous.

Besides the rapid production of typewriting in multiple, the Multigraph now *does real printing*.

Get that—the kind of printing you now pay your printer for! Your own employees, in the privacy of your own office, can do the work—more quickly, at a saving of 25% to 75%

And the latest development is Multigraph Service—free to all Multigraph owners. It deals with the [illegible] that the machine handles [illegible] printing and typewriting.

As a Business-Getter the Multigraph quickly prints advertising booklets, folders, circulars and follow-up literature. It typewrites letters that locate prospects, solicit business, and keep you in touch with your trade.

As a Stimulus to Salesmen it produces ginger-letters, bulletins, house-organs, stock-lists—typewriting or printing your ideas as they come fresh with enthusiasm.

As a Time-Saver it is always within your own control, ready for the sudden emergency—to catch the first mail; to rush out revised price-lists or other trade notifications, to replenish the stock of printed forms "just out."

As a System-Aid it produces system-forms that otherwise would be barred by prohibitive cost. It is especially valuable in the try-out of new system-features and the experimental revision of existing forms—putting them to the real test of actual use, at nominal expense.

As a Money-Saver it adds to profits directly or indirectly—by making a 25% to 75% reduction in printing-costs for the stationery and system-forms within its scope, or by largely increasing the output of business-getting literature without increasing the normal expenditure.

Multigraph Service, free to owners, helps them to get the most out of the machine. This service consists of loose-leaf monthly bulletins on important subjects; the preparation of copy for form-letters and advertising literature; constructive criticism of owners' copy; advice on advertising and selling-campaigns, cost, accounting and efficiency systems, and business problems generally.

Don't wait for a salesman to happen in. Our representatives' time is well taken up in making investigations already slated ahead. But your request by mail or telephone will receive prompt response. You can make it with full confidence that your actual needs will be studied, and no attempt made to sell you unless you have a *profitable* use for the Multigraph. Use the application blank below.

Application for Free Investigation

Attention will be given to these blanks only when filled out in *full* by responsible persons.

Date 1913

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland.

Am interested in the Multigraph, though I do not know whether it can be used profitably or not in my business. I am willing to have you send a representative to make a study of my needs, with the understanding that I am under no obligations to you, and that he will give me an unprejudiced opinion.

Signed by

Position

With

Business

Local Address

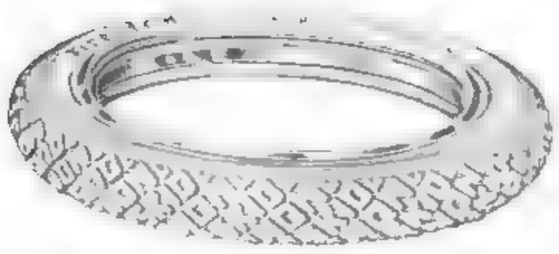
City State

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
1800 East Fortieth Street, Cleveland
Branches in Sixty Cities Look in your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London England; Berlin, W. 8 Kraunenstr. 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.; Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines.

Specify the Tires Which Reduce Car Expense



Service
Security
Comfort
Economy

These are the sure extra values you get when you insist on

Firestone
Non-Skid Tires

The service of longer tire wear and less car repair by extra thick, tough, resilient tread.

The security of sharp edges, abrupt angles and deep hollows, which grip the slipperiest pavement, the iciest boulevard, the muddiest road. Skid, slip or mishap cannot occur.

The comfort of car springs *helped* by a built up and unequalled thickness of high percentage rubber tread.

The economy of tire and car bills reduced, of fullest traction assured.

Most Miles per Dollar of Cost

Most Miles per Gallon of Gasoline

Most Miles per Dollar of Car Upkeep

are proved Firestone accomplishments.

THERE are seven hundred and fifty thousand car owners in the United States alone.

Three million tires will be constantly in use this year, and far more than that will be bought.

Yet it is safe to say the vast majority of owners outside of the experienced and knowing driver will give little study to the tire equipment of their new cars. It has become a habit to accept, without question, *any* tires with which the car happens to be equipped.

The car is studied from motor to lamp-bracket. The tires, on which the full efficiency and continued service of the car depend, are taken for granted.

Beginning with January 11, at Madison Square Garden, New York, the car manufacturers will be showing their new models. You will investigate them all before you buy. That's good business.

Continue this investigation and learn every point about your *tires*. Resilient, long service tires such as those of Firestone make, will *add* to the value of your car, will give that car protection and final touch of superiority which you want your automobile to have.

Tires in which quality or workmanship is skimped can *add* nothing but tire expense and car repair bills.

A good car with inferior tires is like a mansion with a leaky roof.

Tires, to give you the service they should, must be built to the absolute standards established by actual road conditions, everyday road emergencies.

It is therefore of vital importance that every car owner or buyer be *sure* the tires which he places on his car measure up to this positive basis. It is just as vital that he *specify* and *insist* on the tires which will meet all essentials in the fullest degree.

If the tires which are on your new car don't measure up to sure values, you don't have to take them. Demand the tires you want—you will get them. Guesswork need not enter into your decision in any way.

Guesswork has no part in the building of Firestone Tires. Nothing but material which will certainly meet every road demand, nothing but design and building which will master every emergency are employed.

Specify the tires which have never had an off season in their twelve years of leading quality. Insist on the tires which are backed by the personal responsibility of the builder, the tires which bear his name.

Get the unbiased guide book to sure tire values and service, "What's What in Tires," by H. S. Firestone.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio **All Principal Cities**

Sure Standards of Tire Worth

Fabric—Finest grade combed Sea Island cotton, tested and inspected, filled with pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber, built up wall by wall.

Cushion Layer—Pure Up-River Fine Para, applied layer by layer and cured into one solid piece of fullest resiliency.

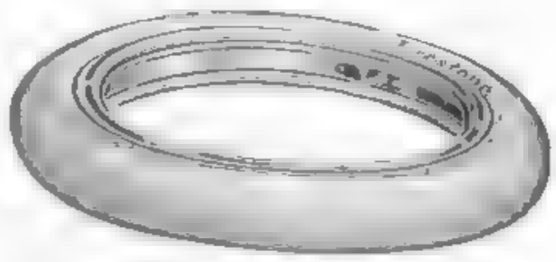
Breaker Strip—Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord filled with pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber.

Tread—Extra thick though light in weight. Scientifically exact proportion of pure Up-River Fine Para. Must be tough yet resilient. Built layer on layer by hand.

Side Walls—Extra high percentage of Up-River Fine Para, built to liberal measure of thickness.

Bead—Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord, filled with Up-River Fine Para, pressed into foundation of extra strength and cured into tire.

These are the Standards to which Every Firestone Tire is Built



Firestone
Non-Skid and Smooth Tread Tires

THE ISLAND OF ADVENTURE

(Continued from Page 17)

the asphalt he swung himself aboard it. His destination was Fourteenth Street, half a dozen blocks or so distant. He had remembered that the Christmas shopping season having been forced forward some of the big shops would surely be open. So they were—most of them. At Fourteenth Street he dropped off and dived into the one on the corner, because it was the nearest. A floorwalker, who might have been old Mr. Urban Urbanity's favorite son, directed him across an acre-wide expanse of floor and through long lanes of counters and booths to the spot he sought. Ten minutes or less and he was hurrying out of the place with his purchases under his arm, leaving behind him in the toy department a young lady stricken with the stutters by reason of the size of the gratuity that had been slipped into her palm in consideration of speedy and intelligent service.

"M-M-Madeline!" she called in a glad quaver, addressing another young lady whose pompadour was in the nature of an architectural triumph. "Say, Madeline!"

"Uh-huh!"

"Did yer see what that young jumpman bought just then?"

"Nump!"

"Well, y' should 'a' saw the tip he slipped me for waitin' on him prompt!"

Before the high-coiffed Madeline had absorbed the full details, young Gramercy Jones, pelting along at top speed, was well on his way back to the half-lighted loft where Mr. Furst, faithful as another Man Friday, watched vigilantly at his window.

"She set down again after a bit," he explained as the panting Jones worked with nimble fingers, loosening the strings from about his parcel, "and, so far as I can tell from her shadow, she ain't moved since. But the point is, boss, can you hit that crack in that window without hitting her?"

His employer shucked away the clinging paper, revealing what he had bought and brought—a slim black bow, half a dozen slender arrows and half a dozen balls of strong, light twine—kitestring it was really.

"I ought to," he said, while Furst helped him reeve the end of one of the balls of string to the butt of one of the arrows—"I ought to if I haven't forgot all I ever knew. When I was in England two years ago—with my last tutor—it was a choice for the afternoons of tennis, tea or archery. I didn't care for tea, and those who played tennis didn't seem to care for me; so in self-defense I went in for archery." He fitted the notch in the arrow to the cord of the bow, letting the hitched-on twine run free behind him. "This bow is a pretty flimsy affair—the best they had in that store though. And we've two things in our favor—there's no wind blowing and we have a downward slant for the shot." He leaned half out of the window, aiming for the narrow parallelogram of open space between the sash and the sill of that curtained window, seventy to eighty feet away.

His nerves were jumping so that the first shot went badly wide and wild. Listening, they heard the light shaft strike softly against the brick wall of the house of mystery and drop. Furst hauled it in—it was all splintered and bent—and speedily made a twine tail ready for another. The second arrow must have been feathered poorly, for before it left their sight it skewed downward sharply and fell upon a shed roof with a sharp little striking sound.

Time was to them a precious commodity; they realized this. Any second, for all they knew, the she-dragon in blue linen might be coming back to minister to her fettered charge. But just the same Gramercy Jones took his time, making sure of his aim and his weapons. He stretched himself half out of the window, with the feathered butt of the dart almost brushing his ear and the bow drawn back until it whined under the strain. He waited until a tiny puff of wind had died away. The bow twanged—and then the bowstring flipped back and broke with a mournful little snap. But the arrow was on its way, whizzing true.

"A great shot!" exulted Max Furst. "Right clean through the crack—it must have hit the bed and fell right at her feet! Look at her shadow! She's bending over to pick it up. She's holding to it! I can feel the string tightening! Boss, this here's one bet we win if we never win another."

Exultation filled Gramercy Jones, too, but he was too busy for words. He was tearing a sheet of paper from a notebook and scribbling ten hurried lines upon it with a pencil; then he was hitching paper and pencil together with a scrap of string, and jabbing a hole in the folded-over paper with his penknife, and threading the hole upon the tautened twine that Furst held ready, and sending it dancing and whirling out and along and down the tiny cable.

Now came Mr. Furst's chance to show his share of skill. Deftly he manipulated the line so that the note, with the pendent pencil to carry it the faster, twirled out of sight into the darkness to reappear a moment later fluttering like a small white bird in the oblong of light at the window. The ex-sergeant lifted the cord shoulder-high; lowered it; raised it again; gave it a sharp, decisive flip, and with a final flutter the message passed over the window-ledge and disappeared from their ken behind the shrouding shade.

Followed a minute of aching suspense—Furst holding the cord steady, Jones keeping the fingers of his right hand resting lightly upon it, and both of them watching the indistinct shadow that shifted and wavered behind the curtain. Then a response came. The twine stirred with life at the other end as a fish darts when a fingerling nibbles the bait; and then, in succession, came three insistent small jerks upon it as though the fingerling were firmly hooked and trying to get away.

"That's it, sure," whispered Gramercy Jones—"that's the signal I wrote down for her to give—three jerks!"

"Fine business!" said Mr. Furst tensely. "Fine and dandy business!"

There was another pause—a much longer one—and the string became slack under their hands and sagged laxly, showing that it had been released by the captive. With infinite care Mr. Furst drew it in, hand over hand. In the center of that distant patch of light they thought they could make out the cord crawling back over the window-ledge toward them. Suddenly it hitched—that must be the arrow catching against the projecting rim of the window-casing within, Max Furst figured; and he was right, too, for a quick yet gentle sidearm twitch brought the arrow up into view, turning and twisting. It teetered for a second across the sill, showing something white, like paper, made fast to it; and then it dropped out, scraping against the rough masonry of the wall as it fell. But, before it could catch and tangle upon unseen obstacles below, the manipulator jerked it high, like a skilled angler lifting a well-hooked fish; and then, working as fast as his hands could shift one above the other, he hauled in the string out of the well of thick blackness beneath. Speedily up it came into sight, the arrow dangling straight downward with a fold of paper bound to it by a scrap of ribbon—and young Gramercy Jones leaned far out of the window and gripped it in his eager fingers.

These fingers trembled a little as he twisted the binding away, freed the paper, spread it flat upon the bare planking of the floor and knelt over it. There was a gasjet in the wall, a single tip, showing a mere nub of blue flame; for precaution's sake they had turned it no higher. So Furst squatted by Gramercy Jones, lighting one match from the stub of another while he, with his knees upon the dusty boards, bent his head low to read. One side of the paper was scrawled over with his own hurried writing—the prisoner had used his paper for the reply. He flipped the sheet over and there was her answer—she had used his pencil too. It was hard to make it out, for the writing was eloquent of great haste and greater agitation. It began:

"Thank Heaven, you have found a way to reach me! I knew you would!

"Now you must know the secret of my chains—my dreary captivity—the secret which these wretches have kept so well all these years—and you will save me! I feel that you will. Like a valiant knight you will save me!

"I tremble so I can hardly write ——" [An erasure.]

"I am friendless and at the mercy of these creatures. It is my own uncle who is their leader—while I am kept here he uses my fortune as his own. Yet, for the sake of my family, I would spare ——" [Another erasure.]

"You must move fast. Of late I have begun to fear that my very life is in danger. Sometimes I think that he is mad—that all of them are mad—and I know that I am in danger.

"It is you who must find a way to free me. I cannot help you, except by being brave and patient. You must enter this house—from the rear would be the best, I think, and night the best time. There are back stairs leading to the top of the house, and you know the location of my room. Always after ten at night I am alone. Bring tools with which to free me—night and day I am chained.

"I sign my true name here:

"ROWENA FAIRFAX.

"Oh, how brave and noble to bring succor to the distressed!"

It was in the chill youth of the following morning, back among the calming and disillusioning settings of Brooklyn, that Max Furst's blood circulation began to slacken below his ankles. His policeman's fashion of reasoning, which had been driven below by a sudden and most violent shock, was returning to the surface. Enthusiasm was ebbing and doubt abode with him.

"Boss," he said after a long period of study, "I don't want you to think I'm getting cold feet on this here proposition. And, of course, if we pull the thing off the way we're figuring on doing it, it'll beat any kind of an adventure that I could steer you up against; but something keeps telling me there's something phony here. I've got a hunch!"

"You saw the chain on her—didn't you?" answered Gramercy Jones, all ablaze with the thing that had kept him awake most of the night. "You saw how she was taken on that carriage ride? Well?"

"Yes—I know all that," said Mr. Furst defendingly. "I admit that it carried me right off my feet. It was like a chapter out of a story book coming true—only it's been my personal experience that chapters out of story books don't never come true. Another thing—this here Rowena lady says she's friendless. If we get her out, what are we going to do with her?"

"We can think of that later," said Gramercy Jones. "The first thing is to get her out of that house."

"Well, I'm with you there," agreed Mr. Furst. "But I've sure got a hunch; something keeps a-telling me ——"

For all his before-breakfast misgivings, former Sergeant Furst was a busy man that day. He went shopping, and his shopping led him to places widely apart in more ways than one—to a small pawnbroker's shop on the Bowery; to the star's dressing room of a vaudeville theater in Harlem; to a shoe store in Forty-second Street, and to a garage in Broadway. By the middle of the afternoon he was back.

"Everything's fixed, I guess," he was saying as he hauled various bundles of various shapes out of his pockets. "Here's the electric flashlight—the best that's made. Here's the rubber sneakers to wear on our shoes. The car will be waiting in the side street right in front of the loft building—and I know the chauffeur.

"And here's the niftiest little pocket kit of burglars' tools you ever saw. Old Solly Nauheim, the fence, let me have them—under pressure. Ain't that the slickest little collapsible jimmy you ever saw? And here's a couple of files and a bunch of master keys that'll unlock any shackle that ever was made. Howlando, the Handcuff King, says so, and he ought to know. He's a friend of mine and I borrowed 'em off of him."

If Gramercy Jones had anticipated that there were great difficulties to be surmounted at the outset of their rescue expedition on behalf of the lady at 58½ Fifth Avenue he was disappointed. With Mr. Furst in charge, the preliminaries worked out as simply as so much short division. Noiseless as cats in their rubber-soled galoshes they padded through the lower hall of the loft building on the side street and stood in an inky-black rear court, confronted by a high board fence. They scaled this fence and another like it, with no greater damage than the loss of some skin off of Gramercy Jones' hands and a tear in the skirt of Max Furst's overcoat; and now they were in the back yard of the prison house, with bricks under their feet and a dim expanse of masonry facing them. They listened and heard nothing. The sergeant gripped the handle of his electric

Note the Firm Grip

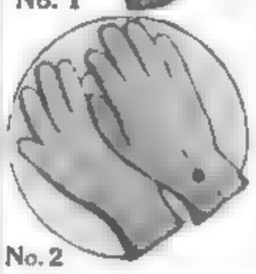
Hansen's Auto-Gauntlet No. 393

THERE'S more advantage in wearing gloves than you realize if you've never known Hansen's. The Hansen leather, cut, fit and work[illegible] added to the special Hansen [illegible] give complete protection [illegible] of touch and grip.

Drop the "Necessary Evil" Kind and Enjoy *Your* HANSEN.

No. 1

No. 1 This Cavalry Special is a Medium Weight Horsehide Gauntlet that will *perfectly* answer *all* driving purposes. Splendid leather—will never stiffen under exposure or with wear. Price $2.25 to $4.75



No. 2

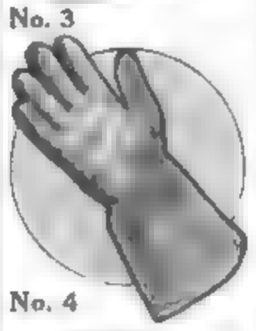
No. 2 A Fine example of the HANSEN *special build* is this Trap-Shooters Glove. The perforated back keeps the hand dry and cool. Fastening on *back* of wrist leaves palm smooth and free to handle gun.

Hansen's Gloves

No. 3

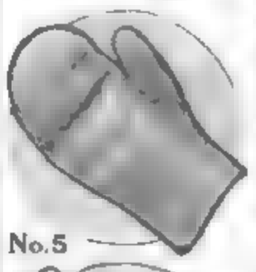
No. 3 Here is the auto mitten for [illegible] free for brace grip and certain touch. Different leathers, varying prices.

No. 4 Patterned exactly for [illegible] mechanics work. No dangerous rivets, wrist and all points of wear [illegible] $5 and $6 Sheepskin



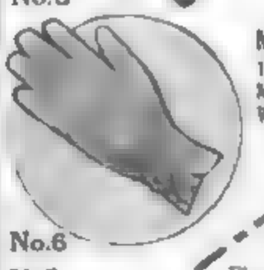
No. 4

No. 5 The great strength of [illegible] $ [illegible] $



No. 5

No. 6 The Auto-[illegible] 863, is but one of the many Hansen styles for [illegible] $



No. 6

Send for Hansen's Book "Your Glove"—Free

[illegible] perfected for that use.

O. C. Hansen Manufacturing Co.
100 Detroit Street
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mail Coupon or Postal NOW

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.
100 Detroit St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

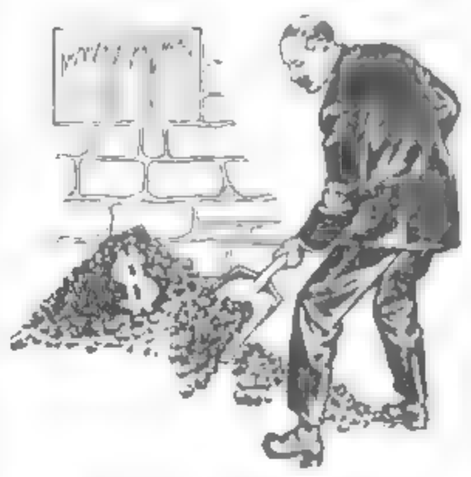
Please send me your Free Book illustrating and describing your style of gloves and mittens. I am most interested in the glove you make for the following purpose:

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____

A check on the coal-bin!



Chilling wind is the tyrant which prevents even warmth and wastes fuel in the heating of homes, stores, churches, schools, etc. The best victor over the effects of this enemy to comfort and economy is the

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

It goes on wall of a living room; you turn an Indicator hand to the degree of temperature wanted in *all* rooms. The warmth in the room acts on a permanent expansive [illegible] in the "everlasting Sylphon brass bellows" (none others have it). A cable communicates motion (without wind-up, compressed air, electricity or diaphragms) to the draft and check dampers of the Heating Boiler in cellar. The moment the weather starts to get colder, the REGITHERM increases the fire; or if the weather begins to warm up the REGITHERM instantly checks the fire. Result: An evenly warmed house all over, day and night.

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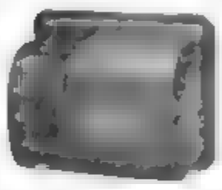

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Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept A-55 CHICAGO

night stick and sprayed a slender shaft of light against the wall, showing a window barred with iron and a solid wooden door. The hour was ten-forty-five P. M.

The whole place seemed as quiet as a tomb, and as dark as one too. Both of them were a bit nervous. Gramercy Jones was a good bit so if the truth must be known, but it was not the nervousness that presages either indecision or retreat.

"The door for ours!" whispered the sergeant. He let his darting pencil of light play over the surface of the door a moment, then doused the wand and pocketed it, and reached for his jimmy. There was a brisk little snick of high-tempered steel as he coupled it together. He wedged its viciously sharp nose against the cranny where door and doorjamb met and heaved with all his might. The creak of the bolt was audible to them through the thick paneling.

"Just as easy!" he grunted softly. "No wonder so many fellows turn burglars. She's giving, boss—she's giving!"

She gave.

The door opened its full width, and a wide, bright flare of light shone full in their blinking eyes. In the opening an elderly bearded gentleman in a dressing gown stood, looking them in their startled faces. Gramercy Jones gave a small, quick gasp—he experienced the shocked feeling of one stepping out of a warm bed into a cold shower bath. Mr. Furst backed off slowly until his shoulders rubbed the fence that barred his further retreat. Stooping to a half squat, he poised himself lightly upon the balls of his feet, his right hand stealing gently into his right pocket. A timeworn favorite of the hack copywriter sprang into his mind, in large black letters: CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

"Gentlemen," said the elderly person in a reassuring voice, "good evening."

He glanced from one to the other of them keenly, they keeping silent. At a time like this it is excessively difficult to make offhand conversation with a total stranger.

"There is no occasion for alarm, gentlemen," went on the bearded man soothingly. "You, my friend, may take your hand off that revolver—I am not armed and I am not going to raise my voice. There is no danger, I assure you." He stepped back a pace hospitably. "This courtyard is a chilly place for introductions," he said dryly. "Walk in, please—I am quite alone in this part of the house. And besides, you are two to one."

He turned his back upon them, leaving the door wide open. They followed him single file.

Their host—if you could call him that—led the way down a long hall to the front and, throwing open a side door, stood at one side courteously, with a gesture of welcome. Entering, they found themselves in what was evidently the study of a professional man—a table littered with books and papers was before them; a green-shaded student's lamp was burning on the table; a small coalfire was in an open grate; there were bookcases and cabinets about the walls; and a dull-colored, badly worn rug upon the floor.

"Gentlemen," said the bearded man pleasantly, "be seated, won't you?"

They sat. The sensations of the diner who saves the best bite for the last only to lose it off his fork into his lap as his mouth opens for it; of the climber who, ascending stairs in the dark, reaches for the top step that isn't there; of the sleeper who dreams of dropping from vast heights and awakens to find himself upon the floor—all these and more, multiplied, were Gramercy Jones' sensations as he sat down. As for Mr. Furst, he slid his person into a chair, perching on its very edge, with his feet drawn up under him at a taut and springy angle. Thus far neither had spoken a word.

The man in the dressing gown came in and took a place directly in front of the fire, facing his pair of unexpected guests. His hands were under the skirt of his dressing gown and he flapped its tails up and down gently. He eyed them, in turn.

"If I am not mistaken I have seen you both before," he said almost blandly. "You were lurking across the street yesterday—or was it the day before?—when my carriage came to take members of my household out driving. My name is Snodgrass—Doctor Snodgrass. I am a specialist in certain diseases. And what names are you gentlemen using for this occasion?"

There was a little embarrassing pause.

"My name is Jones," said the younger man truthfully.

"Mine's Furst," came from his partner.

"Quite so," said the doctor. "Now, gentlemen, let us understand each other. You two have been engaged tonight in an act of potential housebreaking—though nobody could be pardoned for mistaking you for real burglars—and I take it that you know something of the private affairs of this house. Therefore I assume that none of us would care to have any publicity result from this"—he hesitated a moment—"this unexpected little meeting. We may as well be quite frank with one another—eh?

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said in an apologetic tone, and reached for a cedar box upon the table, "may I offer you cigars? Being a total abstainer myself I cannot offer you anything stronger than a smoke."

Gramercy Jones shook his head as the imperturbable doctor extended toward him a box half full of very black cigars. He saw now at close range that the chief demon of this Castle Ogre was no demon at all—merely a sharp-eyed, rather weary-looking gentleman, with a carefully trimmed gray vandyke and thin gray hair. The ex-sergeant must have seen it, too, for his right hand came now for the first time out of his coat pocket, took a cigar—and stayed out. He rolled the cigar in his fingers, not offering to light it.

"Now, then," said Doctor Snodgrass, "perhaps there is a question or so you gentlemen would like to ask me? I will be glad to answer you—not because I have to, but because I want to."

Gramercy Jones spoke up and it was perhaps characteristic of Jason Jones' son that, making no excuses for his presence, he went straight to the point.

"Who is the young lady confined upstairs—on the top floor of this house?" he said.

"That," said the doctor promptly, "is my niece and my ward." He teetered on his heels.

"Is she of legal age?"

"She is"—the tone was dry—"and considerably more. The lady is nearing her thirty-ninth birthday."

"Is she an heiress?"

"She inherited a considerable property, which I administer for her. I see what you are driving at, my young friend—my niece is a hopelessly insane person. I am her legal guardian—also her natural one."

"Is her insanity an excuse for keeping her—for keeping Miss Rowena Fairfax a chained prisoner?"

"Yes and no," said Doctor Snodgrass. "Since her fifteenth year my unfortunate niece has been insane. Her affliction came upon her at an impressionable age, when her mind was full of romantic story books. She continually imagines she is first one and then another story-book heroine. There is a scientific name for her malady—it is a well-defined type. Lately—within the last year or two—she has fancied herself a prisoner. To her this house is a prison tower and I am its chief jailer. These chains that you seem to know of—how, I don't know—are demanded by her. To her diseased mind there is no incongruity in the fact that she first insists upon wearing them, and then, while wearing them, accepts them as proof of her captive state.

"Only by going through the mummery of binding her wrists can she be induced to go for a daily ride. Only by affixing a somewhat ornamental arrangement of chains about her waist can her attendant induce her to retire quietly to bed at night. If we do not do these things she would tie herself up with towels and handkerchiefs, which would be a highly uncomfortable and possibly an injurious proceeding. I see that you have happened upon a part of the secret and so I am telling you the rest of it—fully and unrestrainedly.

"Now, gentlemen, are you satisfied that I am dealing with you truthfully? If not I can offer you further proofs, only asking that all this which I am telling you shall be treated confidentially. I can show you, if you wish to see them, quite an elaborate collection of light but serviceable fetters—my niece's fancy in these matters changes frequently and we try to humor her. I have no objection to your making discreet inquiries regarding my standing as a citizen and as a professional man. I am fairly well known as an alienist in this community, though I have retired from practice to devote myself more to study." He smiled softly. "I might—ahem!—furnish you with a list of references."

There was conviction in his tone. You could not look at him and listen to him and doubt the fact of all that he said. Moreover, Mr. Furst's mind, rummaging in a forgotten pigeonhole of his memory, had already placed him. He had figured as an expert insanity witness in a murder trial wherein Mr. Furst had had his small official share.

"Was there anything further you wished to know?" inquired the doctor.

Mr. Gramercy Jones shook his head.

"And you, sir," said their host, turning to Furst, "was there anything you desired to say to me?"

"Nothing except 'Good night' and 'Excuse me,'" said Mr. Furst, with some fervor, as he got upon his feet.

"Then it is my turn—if you will wait a minute?" said Doctor Snodgrass. "Was it by means of a note dropped from the carriage that my niece first enlisted your sympathies and kind offices?" There was a thin strain of mockery in his voice as he asked the question.

Mr. Jones nodded.

"That, I imagine, was it," he confessed. "I think she saw my name in the papers—it has appeared in print several times lately."

"Quite so," said the physician. "I thought as much. We watch for those things—but she has the cunning of the insane. Once or twice before she eluded us and did this same thing. And her manner today led me to suspect that she had outwitted us again, which may account for my lack of surprise when I discovered you two gentlemen trespassing at a late hour upon my premises; in fact, I may say that I was rather expecting you." He cleared his throat. "I may add, though, that the previous affairs did not have quite the—shall I say dénouement?—that has brought us three together this evening."

Now he appeared to notice that they were both upon their feet.

"Gentlemen, must you go?" he asked.

"I think so," said Gramercy Jones, and for the first time in some hours his youthful and ingenuous face bore the suggestion of a smile. "We happen to have a cab waiting round the corner," he added simply as he started for the door.

With all due ceremony, the doctor escorted them to the front door. "By-the-way—one more question on my part," he said as he drew it open for their passage: "By what name was it you called my niece?"

"Miss Rowena Fairfax," Gramercy Jones answered.

"Ah, indeed!" said Doctor Snodgrass. "Well, I prefer not to leave you deceived in any detail of this sad case. The lady's name is Amanda Phipps. Good night, gentlemen; mind that top step!"

They stood outside on the sidewalk and realized that it was a cold night; and for a moment nothing was said. Then Mr. Furst remarked softly, as though to himself:

"I had a hunch!"

"If you haven't lit that cigar the doctor gave you I wish you'd let me have it," said Gramercy Jones after another brief pause.

"Sure thing," consented Mr. Furst; "only I didn't know you smoked!"

"I don't," explained his employer. "I'm going to keep it as a souvenir of this—this adventure."

They were almost at the corner before Mr. Furst again broke the silence:

"Boss, in them two letters that the nutty lady wrote, she made the same mistake twicet—both times she spelled succor wrong!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of short stories by Irvin S. Cobb. The third will appear in an early issue.

The Ulster Pass

THE recent political excitement over home rule in Ireland caused the printing and circulation among the loyalists of Ulster of what is known as the Ulster Covenant. This covenant is a long document that apparently pledges the Ulstermen to go to war and fight the other Irish if the Home Rule Bill is passed; and it is decorated with a big hand printed in red at an upper corner and a red dagger below the text.

Alex Kenealy, editor of the London Mirror, sent an Ulsterman out to the war in the Balkans as a correspondent. He went to the Turkish side. One day he wanted to go into a mosque and the Turks wouldn't let him; whereupon he reached into his pocket, pulled out his copy of the Ulster Covenant, showed it with a flourish, and the Turks bowed low and let him pass.

Six-Passenger "32"

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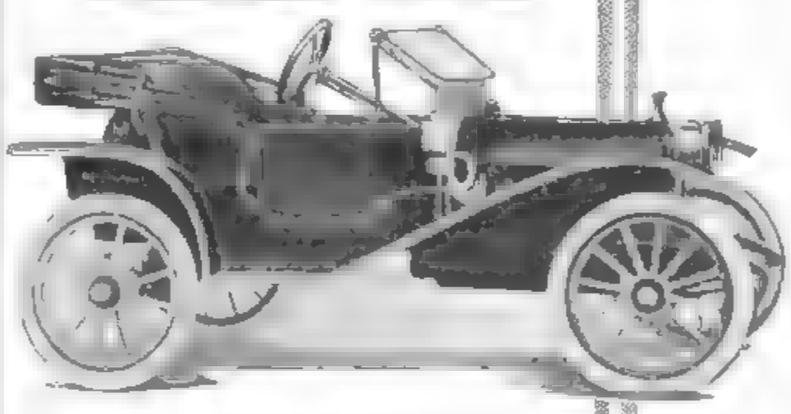

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The entire line will be displayed at the New York and Chicago shows.

Inspect the cars there, at any other shows or at the dealer's, and you will see why we believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

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Hupmobile Three-Passenger "32" Coupé

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Franklin Six "38"
Torpedo Phaeton

Four and Five Passenger, Open Type, $3600
Seven Passenger, $3850—Limousine, $4850

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One switch; Simply throw it on; That's all

Always on the job; will not let the engine stop; picks it up whenever it slows down; keeps it going; prevents stalling. A simple, sturdy, accessible, direct connected, single-unit system.

8,000 to 10,000 Miles per Set of Tires

Light weight on large tires is our solution of tire trouble. The tires are not overloaded. They do not blow out. They wear out naturally, giving two to three times the usual service.

Freedom from tire trouble adds to the pleasure of using the car; makes driving safer; minimizes road delays.

98% of Franklin owners do not carry spare tires.

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The Fastest Touring Car Over the Road

You make long tours in the Franklin and maintain a high average speed with real comfort.

The long, full elliptic springs eliminate jounces and jolting. This is why the car makes such good time over country roads as well as over smooth macadam.

A Light Weight Car With Proper Balance of Strength

Strength with light weight is a principle of Franklin design. Carefully treated materials are used in a scientific way. Each part has the right strength. Weight and strength are in the right proportion.

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Freezing in winter, overheating in summer, are troubles that do not bother the Franklin owner. With the direct air-cooled motor, he hardly knows that he has a cooling system. It needs no attention.

The efficient motor, coupled with light weight, makes Franklin Cars average 20% to 35% greater mileage per gallon of gasoline than other cars. 46.1 miles per gallon is the world's record, held by the Franklin.

Oil consumption averages 400 miles per gallon without smoke. Perfect cooling and an efficient oiling system give this result.

It Isn't Hard Work; It's Play

Light weight and easy steering make the Franklin so easy to handle that it is the ideal car for women. Steers without effort. Light weight also lessens the strain when driving at speed. The car holds the road naturally.

Models and Prices

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If you want to know why Franklin Cars are easier on tires, use 20% to 35% less gasoline and get 400 miles per gallon of oil, and no smoke, ask our dealer for "An Analysis of Franklin Motor Car Construction," or write to us for it, or ask for any of the following: (1) Franklin Catalogue; (2) Entz Electric Starting and Lighting; (3) Winning the Desert Race; (4) Franklin Engine; (5) Franklin Little Six; (6) They Barred Us Out.

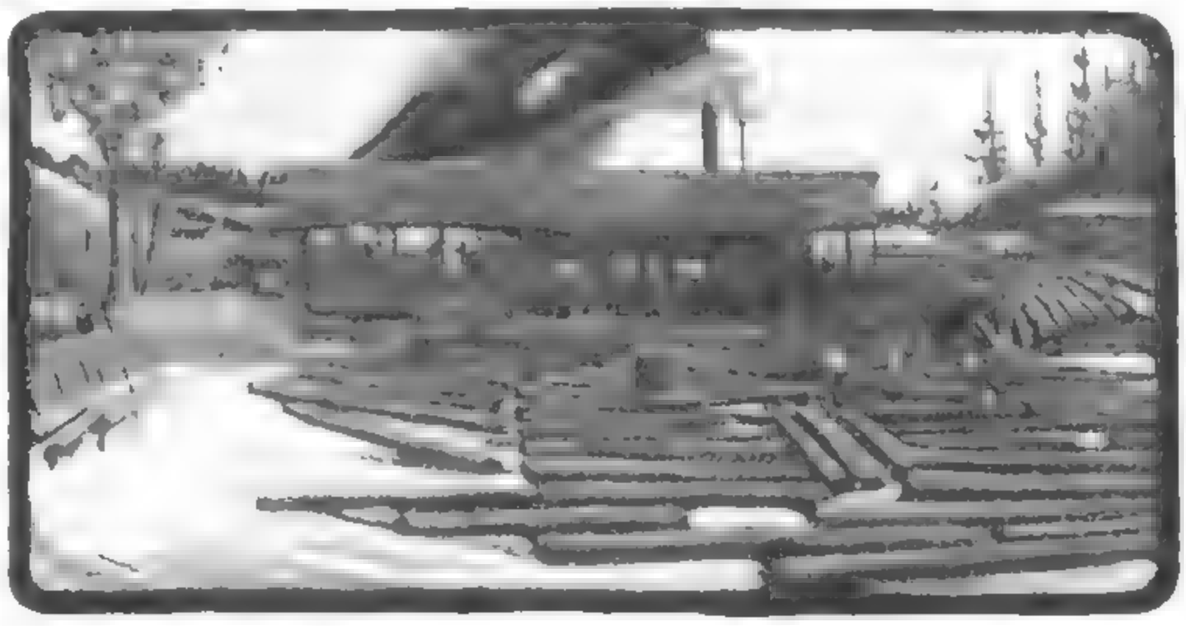
Franklin Automobile Company, 10 Franklin Sq., Syracuse, New York

Franklin

America's Great Industries

The Lumber Business—By Roger W. Babson

DECORATION BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER



WHEN the smoke and noise of our political battles have died away and the grandchildren of William Howard Taft and Theodore Roosevelt begin to play with one another, there is one act in recent years of which they all will be proud namely, the work of conservation, and especially that part relating to the forests. Recalls, initiatives and tariffs are all right, provided we have lumber with which to build houses, cotton and wool with which to clothe our bodies, and wheat and corn with which to feed our families; but, without these great products of the soil, it will make very little difference whether we have a representative or a democratic form of government. Certainly there are none of us who would not rather sit before a good wood fire, warmly clothed, or at a table filled with the good products of the soil, in a country ruled by a king and without even a vote, than to be kings ourselves all alone on a desert island, denuded of timber, covered with exhausted soil, and with our chief diet limited to those truly vegetarian but insipid products, dates and cocoanuts!

Timber in Few Hands

And yet, while "we, the people" are worrying about the details of tariffs, ballots and the like, one is tempted to forget the importance of the conservation of our natural resources and especially the conservation of our forests, which is such an important factor, not only in the lumber industry but in the flow of our rivers and the rainfall on our farms. Moreover, we must not depend upon our presidents and Congress to do all this work of conservation for us; we must each do our own part. Just think—every man, woman and child in the United States of America is now consuming about five hundred feet of lumber a year!

This means the equivalent of fifty boards ten feet long and one foot wide and one inch thick. We do not all use this the same way. Some of us use it for building tenement houses of wood instead of erecting good fireproof structures; others of us waste it in the careless use of fuel, or in matches; while still others buy Sunday papers, every issue of which means the devastation of acres of beautiful spruce timberland. Truly we are a wasteful and extravagant nation from almost every point of view; and, instead of wondering why the cost of living is so high, I sometimes wonder why it is so low. Moreover, when the cost of living in this country is compared with that of other countries, our politicians fail to note the fact that our children are eating five times as much sugar and other things as the children of Europe; that it takes four times as many sheep to clothe each one of us as to clothe the citizen of Europe; while each one of us is consuming five hundred feet of timber a year compared with sixty feet, the average consumed by the people of Europe.

I am told that at the present time there are known to be about three trillion acres of timberland in the world, of which about one-half is in Canada. Of the remaining half, Europe has the most, the United States ranks next, and then, in the order named, come India, Australia, New Zealand and other islands, Japan and Korea. This enumeration does not include possible timberlands in Africa, South America, China or Siberia, as little definite information concerning these is obtainable. That there exist two great timber belts round the world—one in each hemisphere—is reasonable to assume; and if so there probably now are between four and five trillion acres of timberland. Therefore, when considering the world as a whole, the supply of timber as such is almost inexhaustible so far as the readers of this publication are concerned—that is to say, for the next century or so it will be possible to get all the lumber necessary for furniture and other purposes.

A tree, however, is an unwieldy and difficult thing to transport. Consequently, as transportation charges are bound gradually to increase, the farther we are obliged to carry the lumber the more we shall have to pay for it. It is my opinion, therefore, when considering lumber for building materials, firewood and pulp for paper, our present timber supply will last only a very few generations and will constantly continue to increase in price. Because timber in Oregon has within ten years increased from twenty-five cents a thousand feet to about four dollars, people are apt to feel that lumber is abnormally high today; but I believe the increases of the past are small compared with what the future will show. I know a tract of pine in Northern California which was acquired some fifteen years ago for less than half a million dollars and for which the owners were offered ten million dollars during the past year—but they are firmly holding it for fifteen millions and in my opinion they will surely get that sum; in fact, as Mr. Weyerhaeuser, the lumber king, once said: "I never made a mistake in buying lumber—except when I did not buy!"

Considering the United States, about one-fifth of the standing timber may be found in Oregon alone, about one-fifth in Louisiana and Mississippi, about one-fifth in other states of the South, and the remainder scattered. When the ownership of this timber is considered it will be found that the United States Government owns or controls about one-fourth, two railroad companies and three timber companies own about one-fourth, one hundred and ninety individuals own about one-fourth, while the remaining fourth is scattered among thousands of individuals and firms. Personally I believe that no Lumber Trust, as such, exists, because there is very keen competition at the present time, with much price cutting; in fact, many mills are reported to be now running at no profit and perhaps at a loss. On the other hand, as the above facts show, timber holdings are very firmly concentrated. These large interests, however, are using their power to hold the lands rather than to control prices.

Fortunes From Timberlands

The middleman does not play so important a function in the lumber industry as in the case of many other industries. Timber is today owned in great tracts by the Government, railroads, large private corporations and wealthy individuals. Some of these latter operate mills of their own and saw the lumber into boards; others sell the timber standing and let the sawmill men cut it and make it into boards. These men in turn sell it to the large wholesalers located in the principal centers of our country, and these wholesale firms sell to the local lumber-yards in each city and village. Moreover, there are many small mills that sell direct to the lumber-yards, eliminating the wholesalers but, at the most, the industry consists of only four classes, namely: 1—the holders of the timber; 2—the millers, who saw the timber into boards; 3—the wholesalers, who buy it from the mills; and 4—the retailers, who sell it to you and me.

A study of the successes and failures of these four classes shows that the original holders of the first class have been, almost without exception, very prosperous. They have made money, as the standing timber has almost continually advanced in price. The only cases where these original holders have failed were where they became too hungry and overreached. When these men saw timber lying about the country, which they knew would some day sell at very much higher prices, it was very difficult to resist the temptation of borrowing money with which to buy this standing timber. Consequently many of them have become greatly spread out at times, with much indebtedness outstanding. Some of these men, who were friendly to the banking interests, have been carried and are now very wealthy; but others, who did not have friendly banking connections, were allowed to fail. I believe it can be said that there is no safer business than the buying and holding of these timberlands by people who will not allow themselves to become overextended. On the other hand, the man who will borrow money just as long as he can get it, without regard to investment, monetary or business conditions, is playing a very dangerous game.

Where the Risk Comes In

The second class of men—those who operate the mills and buy their standing timber—compares with any other class of manufacturers, as their industry differs little from the manufacture of woolen or cotton goods, or, in fact, any other commodity. These lumber-mill operators, however, have one distinct disadvantage, owing to the fact that it is necessary for them to buy their raw material such a long time in advance of turning out the finished product. Manufacturers of cotton goods can buy cotton and receive money for the goods within less than a year; but it is sometimes several years before the owner of a lumber mill can obtain his money from the standing timber he has purchased. The erection of a mill and the cutting, transportation and sale of the lumber is a slow process, sometimes requiring many years. Of course if lumber goes up in price after purchasing the standing timber, well and good; but if lumber declines, or does not advance so much as the millers figure upon, they are sure to lose money—in fact, statistics show that this second branch of enterprise has been exceedingly unprofitable since the panic of 1907. In my opinion it will always be a very risky part of the industry. This may not apply to the corporation that mills its own timber, as it can shut down whenever it is unprofitable to operate; but rather to the man who buys large tracts of standing timber to cut and sell at the market price.

To some extent this applies also to certain large wholesalers of lumber, as these men usually have direct or indirect interest in the mills. However this is not necessary, and there is no reason why a large wholesaler of lumber should not be as well off as a wholesaler of any other commodity. This is also true of the retailers of lumber and the owners of small lumber-yards.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on the lumber industry, by Roger W. Babson. The second will appear in an early issue.

Bent Bones

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NARROW, pointed shoes—by bending and binding the foot bones, as in this X-ray photo—cause corns, bunions, calluses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc.

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Tires on a car form the chief item in upkeep. Tire-saving means more than all other savings together. Every old motorist knows this.

So this year I add 30 per cent to my tire cost, to add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage. I give you tires 34x4. Compare them with rival cars.

The usual tires on this type of car would more than double your tire cost, so tire makers say.

No Possible Flaws

The steel in this car is twice analyzed, to make sure it accords with my costly requirements.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine, to prove that each tooth will stand 75,000 pounds. This test is usually made with light hammers.

The springs are tested in another machine, to stand 100,000 vibrations.

I use in this car 190 drop forgings. The average cost is twice that of steel castings.

But they give me lightness and strength. And hidden flaws can't occur in drop forgings.

The various parts of this car get a thousand inspections. Thus all the uncertainties are completely eradicated in building this Reo the Fifth.

No Broken Bearings

I use in this car 15 roller bearings, 11 of them Timken, 4 Hyatt High Duty.

They cost five times as much as the usual ball bearings. But good roller bearings don't break under strain.

No Overtax

It's the sudden shock which shows up a car's weakness, not the ordinary tests. And sudden shocks will come.

To withstand them, I give to axles and driving parts 50 per cent overcapacity. I have made them all ample for a 45-horsepower car.

To prove them out, I ran one of these cars for 10,000 miles, at top speed on rough roads. I met at its worst every possible road shock, and not one important part gave out.

I use 14-inch brake drums. I use 2-inch, 7-leaf springs. I use costly steels—chrome nickel, vanadium, manganese—all to ward off an overtax. I place cost below safety in this Reo the Fifth.

No Troubles

That isn't quite true. All machines have their little troubles. But I've gone to the limit to save trouble with this car.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on the blocks, and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

My carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water—to save the troubles with low-grade gasoline.

I use a $75 magneto to save ignition troubles. I use a centrifugal pump, instead of a syphon, to insure the water circulation. That costs about $10 extra.

Cars are built slowly and carefully, parts ground over and over. I limit my output to 50 cars daily, so nothing shall be slighted.

No Skimping

To make the car show my infinite pains, I give equal care to the finish.

The body has 17 coats. The luxurious upholstering is of genuine leather, filled with the best curled hair.

There are three electric lights, and the dashboard lights are flush. And the whole car, even under the hood, is fully nickel-trimmed.

Center Control

Our center control is exclusive to this car. All the gear shifting is done by one small handle, completely out of the way. It is done by moving this handle only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So no levers at all clog the way of the driver. And this permits of the left side drive.

No other center control will please a man who once discovers this.

Add $200 to My Cost

These extremes, I figure, add $200 to the necessary cost of this car.

They cut down our profits. They force us to factory efficiency. They compel us to build every part ourselves. And, to minimize cost, we build only one chassis.

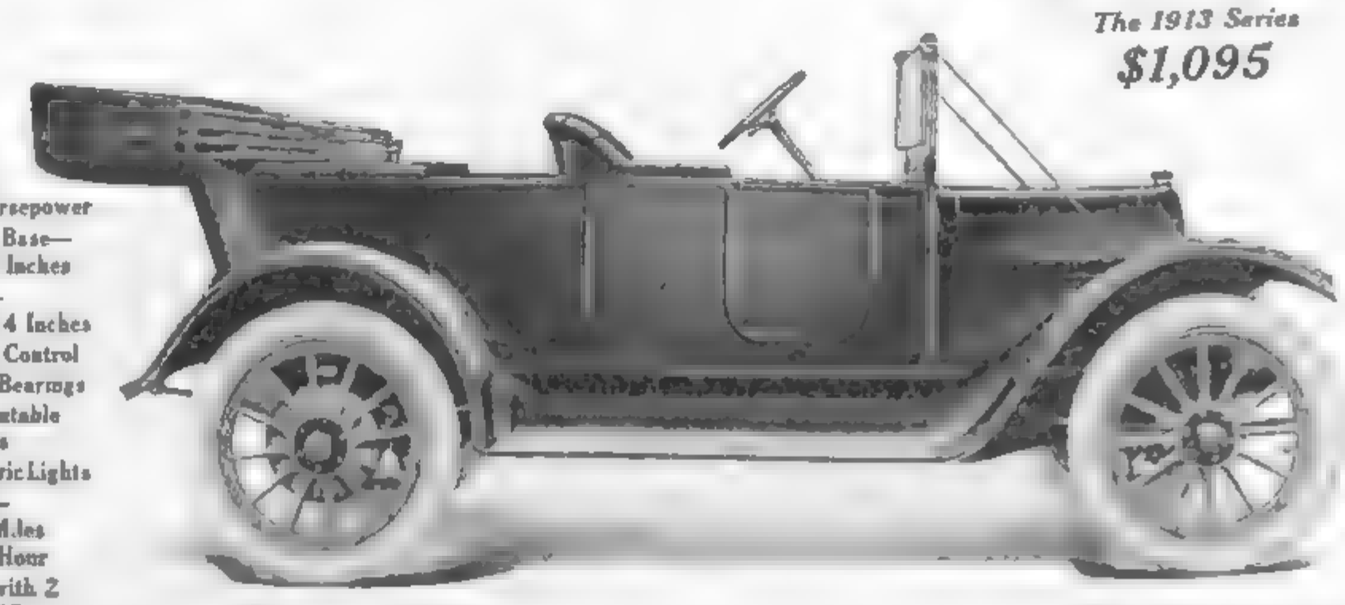
But these things save users from three to ten times what it costs me to give them to you.

They insure to you safety, economy, comfort. They insure to me that reputation I have spent 26 years in acquiring.

I find that car users, more and more, are coming to look for this class of car. Our output is always much oversold. And this year, with 60,000 excellent cars to my credit, the demand will be greater than ever.

A thousand dealers are now ready to show this new model of Reo the Fifth. Our 1913 catalog is also ready. Write us for it now.

Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095



30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Center Control
Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
Speed—45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for $100 extra (list price $170).

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

(136)

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

FOR the majority of men and women a savings-bank account is the first step in accumulation, and savings deposits lie at the foundation of the whole investment business; but the extent of savings deposits in the United States is very generally misunderstood because of the form in which the Comptroller of Currency makes up his report.

In November the comptroller issued a summary covering the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912. It showed that savings deposits had increased by nearly a quarter of a billion dollars during the year, the total standing at four and a half billion dollars, owned by more than ten million depositors, with an average of four hundred and forty-four dollars due each. Now ten million is almost one-half of the total population engaged in gainful pursuits, except agricultural occupations; and four and a half billion dollars is a great deal of money. So the statement looks quite satisfactory; but, as a matter of fact, it falls short by about forty per cent of stating the whole case.

On pages forty-seven and forty-eight of the comptroller's last complete annual report—for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911—you will find a table giving savings deposits by states. Illinois is not credited there with a penny of savings deposits; in fact, is not mentioned at all in the table. But the more elaborate tables in the back part of the same volume show that Illinois banks then held two hundred and eighty million dollars of savings deposits. If you look a little closer—as few people who write about savings deposits do—you will see that the comptroller's summary includes only deposits in concerns which call themselves savings institutions—that is, in mutual and stock savings banks.

Now a great many national and state banks, and loan and trust companies that are primarily concerns for commercial banking, have savings departments and receive savings deposits.

Counting these, our total savings deposits at this time cannot fall far short of seven billion dollars, and there must be at least eighteen million savings depositors—or, rather, savings-bank accounts; for there are cases in which the same depositor keeps accounts in more than one bank. The Bureau of Statistics, at Washington, reports total savings deposits—in private institutions and postal savings banks—in England, France and Germany combined, at just short of six billion dollars, or decidedly less than our total. This naturally suggests that there is some thrift left in our notoriously extravagant land. It must be admitted, however, that relatively more people save by way of the savings banks in those countries than in this. France alone, with much less than half our population, has over thirteen million savings depositors—with less than eighty dollars due each, as against over four hundred dollars here. Germany has over twenty million savings depositors and England thirteen and a half million. Those countries have taken more pains to attract and safeguard savings deposits than we have.

Mutual Savings Banks

First and best among our savings banks are the mutual institutions that have developed principally in the states of the East. They are purely mutual concerns, having no capital stock and paying no profit to anybody except the depositors. Usually they are managed by a board of self-perpetuating trustees, among whom there must be some willingness to work for the common good as distinguished from their own pocketbooks. In New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut alone these banks hold over two and a half billion dollars of savings deposits—or more than a third of the total in the United States.

Their investments are strictly limited by law to the highest grade of securities. They can lend on real-estate mortgage, but only under such prescribed conditions as to improvements and margin of security as preclude loans for speculative real-estate ventures. They can buy Government, state and city bonds; but the states and cities must have a fiscal record that comes up to a certain standard. They can buy first-lien bonds of well-established, dividend-paying railroads. The meaning of the law is that savings deposits shall not be used in any speculative undertakings whatever. There is no opportunity to graft upon such deposits by putting them into stuff that pays a high rate of interest but involves risk and pocketing the difference between interest received and interest paid to depositors; in fact, all the interest that the deposits earn belongs to the depositors and—except a small part, which may be set aside as a surplus—is paid to them.

Take, for example, the mutual savings banks of the state of New York, holding over a billion and a half deposits. They have, in round numbers, eight hundred and seventy million dollars in real-estate loans, four hundred and forty million in state, county and city bonds, and two hundred and sixty million in first-mortgage railroad bonds—these three items accounting for virtually their total deposits; while cash on hand, banking premises occupied, and so on, represent the accumulated surplus. With the restrictions that hedge about their investments, even in this high-grade stuff, there is practically no chance of loss; and all the interest earned, except a small part set aside for surplus, is paid to depositors. In 1911 the mutual savings banks in New York paid depositors 3.84 per cent; in Massachusetts, 3.89 per cent; and in Connecticut, 3.94 per cent.

It would be difficult to say exactly what part these mutual banks have played in promoting thrift, but their unquestioned solvency and the fact that they give depositors all the interest earned have certainly not been without influence. Indeed, where the mutual banks have a virtual monopoly of the field, savings deposits are much larger than in other regions.

Even in the states of the East, however, savings deposits are not safeguarded as they should be. For example, the other day a state bank in New York failed and was taken in charge by the Banking Department. It then developed that practically two-thirds of its total deposits were in what are called "special interest accounts"; and these accounts, as a matter of fact, were nothing more or less than savings deposits. The bank had simply lumped them in with its other deposits and used them just as it would use any other of its funds. "Doubtful loans made to real-estate operators" was the official reason given for the failure. I find these savings deposits had been used for speculation, and when failure came the savings depositors had no greater protection than any other.

There is every reason why they should have greater protection; in fact, they should be absolutely protected. The law in most states recognizes a difference between savings and commercial deposits—sometimes by limiting the use to which the former may be put, but usually by providing that a savings depositor cannot require the bank to return his money except after giving sixty or ninety days' notice, if the bank chooses to demand such notice.

Western Savings Funds

The theory is that savings deposits will be invested in high-class securities that give a maximum of safety, but which the bank cannot turn into cash at short notice; also that the bank will pay savings depositors about what their money earns when invested in such securities. Now when the law recognizes this theory to the extent of permitting the bank to require sixty or ninety days' notice, but not to the extent of requiring the bank to invest its savings deposits in high-class securities, it is a one-sided affair.

West of the Alleghenies mutual savings banks have had some development in Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota and California—even to a very limited extent in Wisconsin; but nowhere else do they play the part they do in the states of the East. Included with them in the comptroller's summary are stock savings banks. These banks have capital stock and earn dividends for their stockholders; so, of course, they do not pay savings depositors all the interest the deposits earn. In nearly all cases they carry on a commercial banking business as well as a savings business. They have developed most in California and the Middle West, especially in Michigan and Iowa.

Much like them are the state banks and loan and trust companies—which are simply state banks under another name—that do a savings business. Almost without exception the larger part of their business is commercial banking, the savings department being an adjunct to that. They have capital stock and their chief object is to earn dividends for their shareholders. So the rate of interest they pay savings depositors is based not so much upon what the deposits earn as upon what the traffic will bear—that is, the object is to attract the largest amount of deposits that can be handled at a good profit. A high rate of interest to depositors might attract more deposits, but not increase the bank's profits.

The last three or four years national banks have been going quite extensively into savings business—on precisely the same plan pursued by the state banks. The national bank's main business and interest is commercial banking; but it sets up a savings department as an adjunct, for the purpose, of course, of increasing its profits. Last year the national banks, taking the country over, paid three and a half per cent on savings deposits.

Unquestionably these savings departments in national and state banks, and loan and trust companies, have been very useful. But for them, a considerable part of the two billions of savings deposits they now hold would be either spent or tucked away in a stocking, liable to loss by fire, theft, and so on—and earning no interest whatever. They are all open to Federal or state inspection and presumably are in sound condition.

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

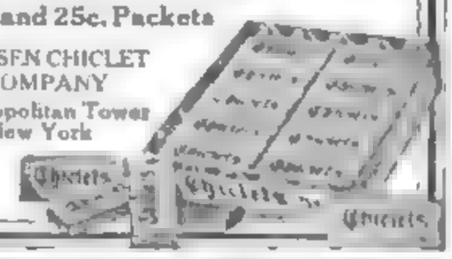
The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages and learn how you can secure a beautiful Bird Album.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

5c. the Ounce and in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



HOW TO GET
Henderson's Seeds Free

To get our new 1913 catalogue, **"Everything for the Garden"** (204 pages, 800 engravings devoted to vegetables and flowers), send us **ten cents** in stamps, naming this weekly, and we will *send you free* our famous **50c Henderson Collection** of **Flower and Vegetable Seeds**, enclosed in coupon envelope good for 25c., and will also send our new booklet, *"Garden Guide and Record,"* a condensed comprehensive booklet of cultural directions and general garden information.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35-37 Cortlandt Street New York City

A Club or Fraternity Hat Band Has a Meaning—

It is an identification—and a distinction. Prepare now for Summer. Interview your club associates—find out how many bands members will need. Let WICK make your present design, or send your colors and he will design one for your club's exclusive use—made on special hand looms—in lots of one dozen or more, 75c a band. 3000 regular stock patterns in WICK bands, 50c a band. Order exclusive designs or stock patterns through your hatter or direct from Dept. S.

WICK NARROW FABRIC CO., 931 Market Street, Philadelphia
(Originators of the Fancy Hat Band business)

If Coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Bath for two persons $2.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet G with fine map of city.

"Get a

The customer is furnished a printed receipt.

The customer's printed receipt, the clerk's receipt on the sales-strip, and the merchant's receipt on the adding wheels, are all made by the same operation of the register.

Everyone interested in the transaction receives the best form of receipt for his particular purpose.

The "Get a Receipt" plan compels the giving of a correctly printed receipt to the customer, which means that there are corresponding and unchangeable records inside the register for the merchant and the clerk.

How It Benefits the Customer

Prevents mistakes.

Prevents over-charging.

Prevents misunderstandings.

Insures proper record of money paid on account.

Gives information about special sales and new lots of goods handled by the merchant.

Protects children and servants by furnishing them a printed receipt to take home.

Shows which clerk waited on each customer, and in case goods are exchanged proves the price paid and date purchased.

How It B... Mer...

Enforces ... of each sale.

Makes hi... all of his mo... for goods sol...

Increases ...

Reduces ... enables merc... tomers bette...

It removes ... employees.

Enables m... how much g... sells and ho... ers he waits ...

Attracts t... confidence o...

Eliminates ... merchant p... tion about hi... enables him ... better advant...

The Customer's Receipt

014 MAY15

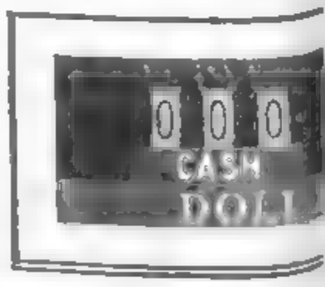
★K - 1.00

W. S. JOHNSON
416 Fourth Ave.

Keep This Receipt
It is your Protection
WATCH FOR
ANNOUNCEMENT
(over)

This receipt, which goes to the customer, is printed by the register.

The Merch...



These are the ad... show the same rec... are the merchant's... unchangeable reco...

National Cash ... price from $20 t...

Write for co... about the "Get ...

The National Cash ...
Dayto...

Receipt"

Benefits the chant

correct record

sure of getting ney in exchange

is net profit.

letail work and hant to give cus- service.

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erchant to know oods each clerk many custom- on.

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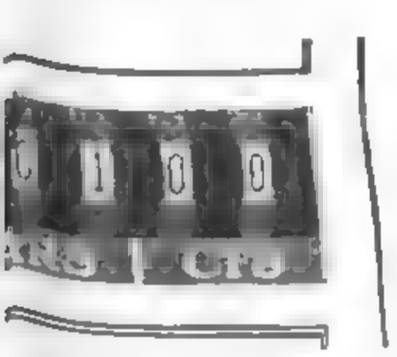


ding wheels which must rd as the receipt. They receipt for a correct d.

Registers range in $790.

plete information Receipt" plan.

Register Company
n, Ohio

How It Benefits the Clerk

It gives a clerk credit for good work.

Educates clerks to become better business men.

It prevents disputes with customers.

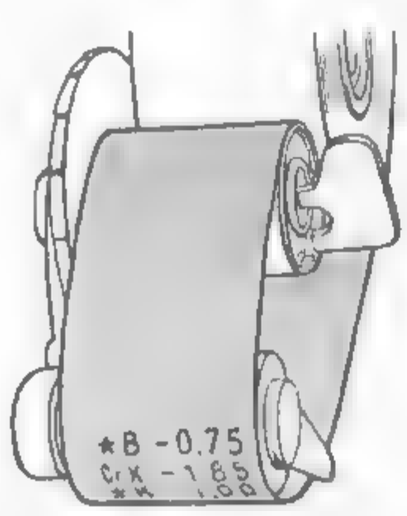
Acts as a guide in making change.

Enables him to prove that he is careful and accurate.

Removes temptation.

Prevents unjust suspicion, and enables clerks to maintain that reputation which is so essential to success.

The Clerk's Receipt



The sales-strip, which must show the same record as the customer's receipt and the adding wheels, is the clerk's receipt for having handled the transaction correctly.

The merchant is furnished a positive check on his business.

In addition to protecting customers and clerks, the "Get a Receipt" plan assures the merchant that he gets all the money that comes over his counters in exchange for goods.

The principles of the "Get a Receipt" plan can be applied with equal benefit in the smallest shop, the largest department store, and in the office.

Receipt-printing National Cash Registers are built in many styles and sizes, suitable to every line of business where money is handled or records kept.

"This is the standard!"

Who says this, about our Tomato Soup?

Practically everybody. The skilled experts whose business it is to make and taste and judge, all agree in praising

Campbells'
TOMATO
SOUP

The dainty and particular housewife who will have only the best on her table at any cost; the delicate invalid; the hungry school-boy; the tired nervous business man—who unconsciously is perhaps the most captious of table-critics—all these, enjoying its refreshing flavor and wholesome quality, pronounce this the limit of perfection in tomato soup.

No doubt you agree with them. But do you always order a dozen at a time? That is the practical way.

"Though eagerly the
summer sea
May lap the summer
shore,
My lapping is more
summary
Of ——'s Soup
galore."

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

CONTEMPLATING A CRISIS

(Concluded from Page 14)

talk, but the chorus continued. It drowned the cries of the Liberals for order and swelled and crashed through the halls and lobbies of the great building on the banks of the Thames.

"No more business ever in this House!" shouted an opposition member, and various of the opposition not in the organized chorus cried shrilly: "No Home Rule!" "This ends Parliament!" "No more tyranny!"

Viscount Helmsley tried to speak. He hung on despite the noise. The Speaker prayed silence for the noble lord. "No!" shouted the opposition. "Never!" All this time the Irish members had been sitting silent. They were taking no part, but the looks on their faces showed how great the strain was and how desperately they wanted to be in the row.

The great clamor of voices continued for ten minutes. Then the Speaker rose again. "It must be quite obvious to the House," he said, "that it is useless to continue. If the honorable members confined themselves to parliamentary cries like 'Adjourn' and 'Divide' and 'Order,' I have no power to declare them disorderly." Wherefore he adjourned the House peremptorily, and emphasized the excellent organization of the opposition, who knew they could not be ejected for uttering parliamentary cries and confined themselves to words strictly within the rules.

The opposition cheered frantically at this adjournment and the crowd surged out. Then came the most exciting incident. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, was standing beside the table in front of the ministerial benches. The Liberals cheered against the opposition and waved their handkerchiefs about their heads. Churchill was waving his handkerchief. A member named McNeill further upheld the traditions of dignity in this revered deliberative assemblage by picking up a small book and throwing it at Churchill. The book hit Churchill in the face. He started forward angrily, but his companions held him back. Do you recall the shocked comments of the English papers over the minor incident when a Southern Democrat alleged on the floor of the House of Representatives that a Northern Republican was a ring-tailed prevaricator, or words to that broad general effect, and on sundry other times when we have had flurries? I do, and the memory of them added much to my enjoyment of the evening.

Auld Acquaintance Forgot

Meantime the opposition and the Liberals were beyond the restrictions of parliamentary language. They were not then forced to confine themselves to the parliamentary cries of "Adjourn!" and "Order!" and the like. They could go as far as they liked, and, it must be said, a number of them went pretty far. They crowded out, shouting: "Rats! Rats!" and "Traitors!" and "You would sell your souls for four hundred pounds a year!" referring to the Liberals' grant of salaries to members of Parliament who formerly served without pay. These and other genial and gentlemanly greetings were tossed back and forth. It was a perfervid end of a fervid evening. Scotch and soda certainly add enthusiasm and language to the work of legislation. A kindly disposed member tried singing "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" and in a quavering tenor asked if that were the case. Apparently they all thought auld acquaintance should be forgot and that it never should have been begun, for this man was alone in his desire for harmony and soon subsided. In half an hour the hall was clear and the bar was jammed.

Next morning the papers thundered again. The Tory press upheld the tumult, that sentiment being voiced by the Telegraph, which said: "In bringing about the adjournment last night the opposition took the only means within its power of postponing a step which means the final degradation of the House of Commons and arousing the country to a full understanding of the constitutional crime that is contemplated."

The Liberal Chronicle asked: "Why select such an occasion for the sort of conduct the worst-natured children of an ill-kept nursery can usually fancy themselves? Is a 'new style' which so obviously makes its votaries ridiculous calculated to make them successful? How does one explain a 'gentlemanly party' forgetting the decencies of British politics and offending the ordinary taste of gentlemen?"

The Tory leaders and papers and politicians put all the blame on Asquith. According to the view of the opposition that estimable Premier should have packed his party off to the country for a general election, first resigning and making his ministers resign, despite the snap character of the defeat and despite his majority of one hundred. Meantime Asquith obviously had no such idea. They made it very uncomfortable for him by quoting, at some length, a speech Asquith made in December, 1905, when Premier Balfour was in charge and Asquith was leader of the opposition. Balfour was defeated on a government proposition by three votes on a division in controller of supply, but did not resign. Thereupon Asquith delivered a scathing rebuke to Balfour for not resigning, and said the Balfour government "will be condemned, not merely before the bar of public opinion in this country, but before the tribunal of history, for the betrayal of the trust which the nation has reposed in them, and they will be considered from this day forth until the time of their political death as a government which is deprived of all moral and constitutional authority." All of which sounds exactly like what they said of Asquith in similar circumstances, and shows, as well as anything, that even in British politics it makes a vast difference whose ox is gored, and that this crisis wasn't so frightfully crisisey after all.

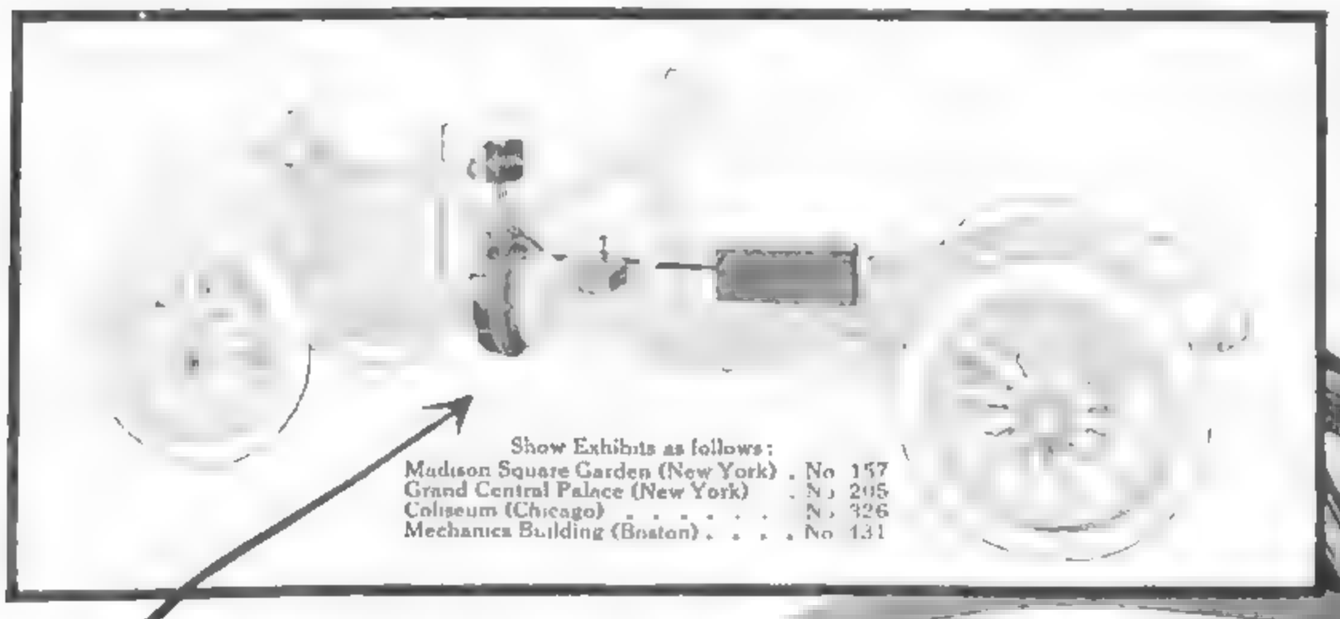
Home Rule Merely Incidental

Everybody had a political headache on Thursday morning, and the crisis was not so formidable as it had appeared. Even the Unionists began to see glimmers of light ahead for the country, and it was the consensus of opinion that a way would be found to keep Britannia ruling the waves. The House went in on Thursday. The man who threw the book at Winston Churchill apologized, and Churchill accepted the apology. The Speaker advised a few days' rest, some sleep and a quieting draught, and thought by Monday things would be straightened out. However, the Liberal journalists had caught their second wind and one of them came along with the statement that the Unionists had come back to the night session on Wednesday night, where they made so much noise, "flown with insolence and wine," and one paper called it a revival of decadent feudalism.

The decadent feudalism part of it got by, but the "flown with insolence and wine" required denials from a few gentlemen who had been drinking nothing but Scotch. Both sides consented to the armistice, and the show was over for the time.

So I leave them, nursing their headaches and wondering what to do. There will be some kind of an outcome long before this is printed, but that is of no immediate concern. Bonar Law said: "It is the duty of all who are in earnest in this matter to band themselves together to make the continued life of this government in this Parliament impossible," but maybe he'll take it back after his week-end in the country.

Still in that pronouncement of Bonar Law's you have the reason for the whole proceeding summed up with Scotch directness. The Liberals, being in the majority, need the forty-odd Irish votes. To keep them they consented to present and pass a Home Rule Bill. They want to stay in power and the Irish must help them. The Unionists, wanting to drive the Liberals out of power, craftily arranged this affair and pulled it through with great skill and power. Home Rule is incidental. It is all politics, all maneuvering to get in on the one side and to stay in on the other, and nothing else; but I submit, as an American citizen who happened to be in London when it happened and saw a good deal of it, that hereafter British comments about the quality, character, general rudeness and noise and bluster and insincerity of American politics need not be heeded to any great extent. No parliamentary body in America ever put on such a noisy, undignified, rough-stuff show as the one that took place this week at the House of Commons. We do not do things that way, although every time there is a flareup in our House of Representatives, for example, the English papers will head it up as a customary scene in our rude, uncultured, boorish country.



Show Exhibits as follows:
Madison Square Garden (New York) . No. 157
Grand Central Palace (New York) . No. 205
Coliseum (Chicago) . . . . . No. 326
Mechanics Building (Boston) . . . . No. 131

How the U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter is substituted for the fly-wheel of the automobile engine.

Fly-Wheel Made Into a Starter and Lighter!

The most powerful starter on the market
Turns engine over at 150 to 400 revolutions per minute
Is an integral part of engine
Not an extra moving part added
No weight added to car
No chains, sprockets, gears or belts
No bearings to be oiled
Starts engine AT ONCE—100 times out of 100

Not in the entire course of automobile development has a more revolutionary or more useful device been introduced than the U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter. It puts an end to the uncertainty that has heretofore been associated with gas engine starting devices; it makes a simple touch of a foot button start the motor with a smooth, gradual, continuous torque, entirely unlike the action of starters that depend on sudden explosions and thus impose severe strain upon the automobile mechanism. It works without noise, jerk or jar. It is absolutely *certain* under all conditions; is practically proof against wear or damage.

With all this, the U-S-L equipment is more than a starter; it is a *complete lighting plant* for an automobile, furnishing practically unlimited current for any reasonable number of lamps, even for display signs on commercial vehicles. It does away with lighting batteries, or an electric light generator.

USL TRADE MARK
THE U. S. LIGHT AND HEATING CO.

U-S-L ELECTRIC Starter & Lighter

For Gasoline Automobiles

Adopted by Rambler, Overland, Bergdoll, Garford "New Six," Edwards-Knight and Moyer
And Endorsed by the Automobile Engineering Profession

The U-S-L is a special motor-generator or dynamo which is installed in place of the usual engine fly-wheel and which starts to revolve at the pressure of a button, thus setting the engine in motion.

It does not add a single extra moving part to the car. No extra weight is introduced; moreover, the U-S-L installation keeps the weight *central*, while the usual practice is not only to increase weight but add it to the side or one end of the car.

There are no gears, chains, sprockets or belts, no bearings to be oiled, no levers or clutch mechanism added.

No attention is required by it other than occasionally adding distilled water to the battery. The entire device is automatic, both as to starting and recharging.

When the engine reaches sufficient speed, the starter automatically converts into a generator, supplying current direct for ignition, lighting, etc., as well as recharging. It is impossible of battery overcharge, or of unsatisfactory operation under high speed, for the automatic regulator maintains uniformity whether the car is running at sixty-five miles an hour or at fifteen miles.

Another big point of superiority lies in the fact that the U-S-L will turn the engine over from 150 to 400 revolutions per minute—having by actual test maintained this speed for more than an hour without exhausting the battery. It is the most powerful starter ever made—will propel the car on first or second speed, and even on high gear, without releasing compression.

If your engine stalls in congested traffic or in a "tight place," simply press the starter button and proceed without thought of gears or spark. This starter will move the car even up severe grades—on a level road will run it 30 minutes without exhausting the reserve current. Thus the U-S-L system also becomes an auxiliary power plant to use in an emergency.

Remarkable as is the U-S-L in power and ever ready efficiency, it is the simplest of all starting and lighting systems in principle and construction. There is no complicated mechanism to get out of order; nor will extremes of heat or cold interfere with its operation. It is the starter that starts 100 times out of 100 and supplies ample electric current for lighting car.

Simply pressing the button starts the engine with a smooth, even torque, without jerk or noise.

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Manufacturers of the U-S-L Storage Battery

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- ☐ 2. Power for Electric Vehicles—Pleasure and Commercial
- ☐ 3. U-S-L Sparker and Automobile Lighter Batteries.
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- ☐ 5. U-S-L Storage Batteries for Stationary Service.
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NOTE—With the bulletins we send the U-S-L Book illustrating and describing the U-S-L facilities, service and products.

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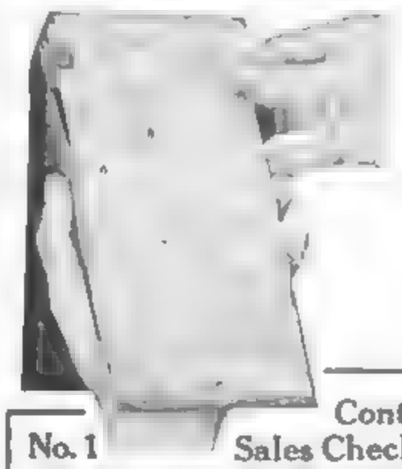

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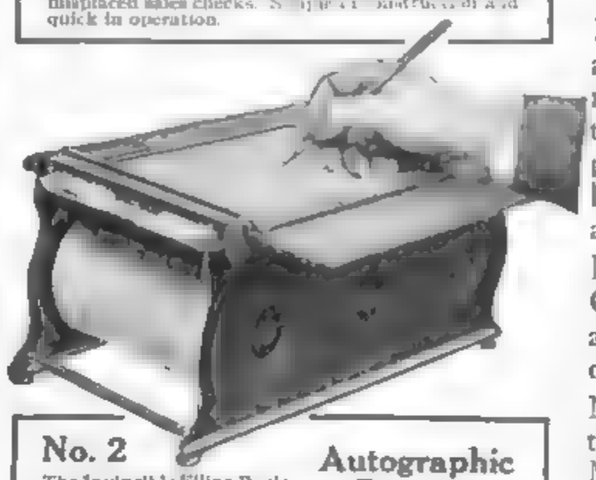
This book possesses the true basis of a reliable [illegible] combines fifty duplicate [illegible] in unbroken strip of paper [illegible] in zig zag form with self-adjusting [illegible]. It does away with inaccurate checks [illegible] misplaced sales checks. [illegible] and quick in operation.



No. 2 Autographic Register

The Invincible Filing Register shown here is used in handling details of business transactions in a safe [illegible] way. It guards against [illegible] and prevents [illegible] [illegible] discrepancies and loss [illegible] [illegible] & Co. [illegible] We [illegible] the goods [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

MISS MURPHY'S MILLION

(Continued from Page 8)

night and inclose it in an envelope which he gave her, and which bore in one corner the card of J. & G. Stagg.

At the hotel Hiram made the acquaintance of old Gibson, the landlord, and presently learned that the local electric-light and street-railroad plant was owned and managed by a company of which Isaiah Miller, a transplanted Vermont Yankee, was the head. On the 'phone he called Miller's office.

"This is Mr. Hall, of Chicago. I should like to see you sometime today on an important business matter." Miller drawled objections. What was the business? "Well, I don't want to sell you anything, Mr. Miller; and I shan't try to borrow money!" Hiram chuckled. Mr. Hall could call at four o'clock.

Old man Miller, gaunt and forbidding in appearance, with watery, pale-blue eyes, looked up suspiciously from his desk as Hiram was ushered into his private office.

"Mr. Miller," Hiram began, "I want to buy the electric-light and street-railroad plant."

"It's not for sale," snapped Miller.

"Very well!" Hiram answered and swung round to go.

"Young man, whom do you represent?"

"Myself, so far as you and I are concerned at present."

"The property is not for sale," Miller repeated.

"Very well!" Hiram smiled. "In matters of this kind I always believe in giving everybody concerned a fair chance."

Hiram spent the rest of the afternoon in visiting several factories and stores, where he made cautious inquiries about the use of electric light and power, and talked a little vaguely about the advantage of a hydro-electric plant. Incidentally he learned that Blackstone, the city engineer, was a son-in-law of Miller and that the old man himself was decidedly unpopular in the community. Back at the hotel he telephoned Blackstone and made an appointment for the engineer to call on him that evening at the hotel.

When Blackstone arrived Hiram was talking with old Gibson and he insisted that the two men join him in drinking a bottle of wine before they talked business together. When he pulled out a roll of bills to pay the check a card slipped from his wallet and dropped on the floor. It was one of the cards that showed Hiram's connection with the firm of J. & G. Stagg. From the tail of his eye Hiram noted that Blackstone covered the card with his foot and stopped an instant to pick it up as they left the room.

"I've bought the old Marshall water-power site, six miles up the river," Hiram told the engineer. "I want to build a turbine-electric plant to develop its full capacity. Are you allowed to do work for private clients?" Blackstone nodded, plainly impressed. "Well, in matters of this kind I always like to employ local men when it is possible. I want you to go up there at once and make me a careful estimate of the cost of such a plant, of the full capacity that can be developed, and of the cost of getting right-of-way for and building a transmission line to La Pointe. Can you do the work?"

Blackstone was very busy just then, but would see what he could do tomorrow and report.

Tuesday Hiram spent in a further canvass of the town. He visited the mayor and other city officials and discovered that it would be comparatively easy to get a franchise for a new company to use the streets. That evening he was called to the 'phone. Old man Miller was talking:

"Mr. Hall, I wish you'd drop in tomorrow and see me."

"Sorry, Mr. Miller, but I shall be very busy all day tomorrow and next day. If you will call at the hotel at eight o'clock Thursday evening I'll be glad to see you."

Miller agreed with a snarl.

The hotel clerk handed Hiram an apologetic note from Blackstone, the engineer, explaining that he was laid up by a trifling illness, but expected to be up in a few days.

Fifteen minutes after the hour on Thursday evening old Gibson, the landlord, ushered Isaiah Miller into Hiram's room. Hiram insisted that both men sit down, and started at once a conversation on indifferent topics; Miller, with an evident effort to be ingratiating, taking an active part in the discussion of the political situation and the race for the baseball pennant. Presently the room 'phone rang and Hiram lifted the receiver.

"Long-distance? Chicago wants me? Wait a minute till I come down to a booth."

He excused himself and hurried out into the hall. An instant's wait at the door told him that Gibson, the landlord, was already talking through the room 'phone.

Once in the booth Hiram recognized the dulcet though somewhat distant tones of Miss Diana Murphy, but he asked, none the less, to be informed. He caught also the click of a switch which told him that a third party had cut in on the wire and was eavesdropping.

"This is Miss Murphy? Well, you have your notes. Take this down, please: 'Negotiations probably will come to nothing. Just as well, as it would be necessary in any case to largely rebuild the whole line. I control the Marshall power site, and we shall have no trouble in getting new franchise. Old concern not popular in the town. Will be home on Saturday. Must send engineers up next week, as I do not think the local man is reliable. We can cut present prices for power in half and still make good money.'"

"Isn't there anything else?"

Hiram thought he recognized a note of personal pique and disappointment in Diana's voice.

"Yes, there is a lot more that had better not be sent over the 'phone. People might be listening, you know. I'll be back Saturday."

On his way back upstairs he passed the booth of the hotel exchange operator and he thought he saw a guilty flush on her face. Plainly everything was working just as he had planned it. Gibson, the landlord, was gone when he entered his room. Old Miller sat alone by the window, peering out into the night. He looked up with a canny grin on his face.

"Well, Mr. Miller, what can I do for you?" Hiram began abruptly.

"Of course, Mr. Hall, it's perfectly easy to see whom you represent in this matter," Miller snapped. Hiram tried to look chagrined.

"I told you I represented only myself."

"We folks in small towns ain't so stupid as you take us to be! I'm not going to be swallowed up by the trust unless I get paid for it. I'll fight first. What'll you give for my property?"

"How can I tell what it's worth until I see a statement of assets and liabilities?"

They talked to no purpose for half an hour. As Miller got up to go he extended a final invitation:

"If you'll call at five o'clock tomorrow afternoon I'll have a statement ready for you to look at."

Next morning after breakfast Hiram sat about the hotel lobby until the clerk began to distribute the mail to the guests' boxes. Presently the clerk stopped and called the attention of Gibson to one of the envelopes he was handling. An instant later the landlord disappeared into a telephone booth. The letter was from Diana, inclosed in the Stagg envelope Hiram had given her.

At five o'clock that evening, when Hiram Hall called at his office, old man Miller had the financial statement of his company ready. It showed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars invested in plant, and five thousand and some odd dollars in bank. Nothing was due but the monthly accounts, and the bills payable covered only current supplies. It was a clear and simple picture of an old-fashioned, conservative, unenterprising business. Miller owned practically all the stock himself. They talked for an hour. Then Hiram made his final proposition. For all the outstanding stock he would make a payment in thirty days of fifty per cent of the par value in cash. Meanwhile a new company would be organized, and in further payment one hundred and fifty dollars of its seven-per-cent preferred stock would be issued against each one hundred dollars of the old. Isaiah Miller insisted that a satisfactory guaranty should be furnished.

Hiram agreed to that.

"I'll go to the city tonight and send you the necessary papers in a few days. Then, when you are satisfied—say, in a couple of weeks—I'll come back and take possession."

An ugly look came into Miller's wrinkled face. He twisted viciously one ragged end of his faded blond mustache.

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Prevent Blow-Outs and Punctures and Save Half Your Tire Expense

If you really believed this you would order a set of Interlocks for your car at once. We can prove our statements if you will give us the opportunity. Thousands of car owners are discarding inner shoes, reliners, fillers, extra treads and other makeshifts for Interlock Inner Tires with the most satisfactory results. A set of Interlocks will carry most any car one or two seasons (according to use) without tire trouble.

What Interlocks Are Interlock Inner Tires are complete endless inner tires (not inner shoes) quickly and easily placed between the outer casing and the inner tube. They strengthen the outer case and protect the inner tube from punctures. The patented Interlock Flaps lock the Interlock securely, making it an integral part of the whole tire that flexes perfectly and cannot chafe, creep or heat. Interlock Inner tires will hold even if the outer casing is broken, and can be used in old or new tires. They double the mileage of new tires and add 1,000 to 5,000 extra miles to old ones. Interlocks have a fine gray rubber finish, are smooth outside and inside and have no troublesome ends, joints or edges to cement. Interlocks do not affect the resilience of your tires—are easy to insert and can easily be removed from one tire and replaced in another.

Proved best by Road Tests Interlock Inner Tires have stood the exacting test of hard road work. Eight tires equipped with Interlocks have made over 7,000 miles each, a total of 56,000 miles, without a blow-out or any tire trouble. Interlocks used in tires that have gone 10,000 miles with the outer casings worn clear through have kept up with fast cars equipped with new tires and carrying extra tires. Interlocks have made a 45,000 mile cross country run—the last 1,000 miles over 10 mountain ranges without a blow-out or even carrying an extra tire. In the Four States Run Interlocks stood the test of hard fast road work under the critical observation of tire experts, without tire trouble. These and other hard public tests have proved the efficiency of Interlock Inner Tires beyond question.

90% of All Tires are Scrapped before The Rubber Tread is Half Worn Out

because the fabric is not strong enough to resist hard road work, resulting in blow-outs, punctures, rim cuts, etc. The liberal excess fabric strength of tires equipped with Interlocks prevents blow-outs, punctures, etc., gives extreme long mileage, safety, and that freedom from tire trouble which every car owner desires.

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How to Select the Right Lamp for Any Part of Your Home
More light without more expense, and the right light in every socket. This is what you want, and for this free book.

How to Select the Right Lamp for Any Part of Your Home

Buy electric lamps to fit your rooms. Don't guess, when this book will show you at a glance the right size and kind of lamp for every socket from cellar to attic, from closet to garage. Correct Lighting is as important in your home as in your office, factory or store. Every user of incandescent lamps should send for a copy of this book—free.

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THE QUALITY LAMP

This new lamp is as rugged as a carbon lamp and gives three times as much light at the same cost. It burns in any position, uses any current, fits any socket, and is made in all sizes for the home. It is used in trains and automobiles because it is strong. It has given electric lighting to the smallest homes and improved the illumination of the finest residences, stores, offices, factories. It is the most efficient incandescent lamp for homes, because it turns all the available current into light. Carbon lamps waste two-thirds of the current in heat.

Buy lamps in the blue carton

National Mazda lamps are sold by Lighting Companies and thousands of electrical dealers in this blue carton containing five lamps. If you buy single lamps, see that they come from this blue National Carton—your guaranty of the highest quality and greatest efficiency.

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Every National Mazda lamp bears one of the labels shown in this border—a guaranty of National Quality.

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No metal can touch you

They imitate the shape, the box, the slogan; but get the real thing for yours.

PARIS GARTERS

25¢ - 50¢

A. Stein & Co., Makers

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Typewriter Table and Cabinet

Saves 6 Sq. Ft. Floor Space

SAVES TIME, RENT and MATERIALS and INCREASES EFFICIENCY

DESCRIPTION: Rigid steel frame, absolutely indestructible, ample space for full week's supply of stationery, Wood platforms—silent under operation. Easily moved when on casters, half turn of lever makes it rigid and [illegible]. Sides fold up and steel top rolls down and locks. In short, it is

100% PRACTICAL

Write us on your business stationery for our 15 day trial offer. We fill orders through our dealer or through yours if we have none, providing you will give us his name. If not satisfactory after 15 days' free trial our dealer will buy it back at the full price.

The Toledo Metal Furniture Co., 2223 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

"I'll bet there's some swindle in this," he burst out. "It's too dad-blamed slick. I won't go into it!"

"Very well, Mr. Miller." Hiram forced a smile.

"And then," the old man went on bitterly, "I suppose you'll bribe a new franchise through the city council, build a plant up at that Marshall dam-site and cut my rates in two. I know what you Stagg people did down in Rutland County."

"You have no right to connect me with the Staggs. But—as you say—current can be produced more cheaply by water-power."

"You're asking me to sell out at fifty cents on the dollar. That's all I get in cash. How do I know that stock in your new company will ever be worth anything?"

"The new company will own the water-power site—the only one within forty miles—and all the assets of the old company. Your stock will be preferred both as to principal and dividends. It will be a first lien on all this property and will represent only half your present investment. Besides, you will draw $10.50 interest on each $50 cash invested—that is better than 20 per cent."

"How do I know you'll earn it?"

"You spoke about Rutland County. How about Mason Prairie? The new company there is paying four times the dividends the old company paid."

"Yes. That's another of your Stagg deals. Things have come to a nice pass in this country when a man can be forced to sell out or else lose the property he has spent a lifetime in building up."

Hiram glanced at the clock. "It's only twenty minutes to train-time and I've got to go to Chicago tonight."

"Wal-l-l," old Miller began.

Hiram pulled out his checkbook. "If you say so I'll pay you $250 down—on the side, so to speak—to bind our bargain."

A greedy look came into Miller's watery blue eyes. "I guess I'd better take all I can get," he said. After he had signed the contract and put the check in his pocket he spoke again: "What stings me worst, young man, is the fact that up to a year ago I had a mortgage on that whole Marshall farm. When it come due he offered to turn the place over to me, saving only the house and ten acres. How'd you come to find it out anyhow?"

"It was called to my attention," grinned the happy Hiram, "by the smartest, shrewdest, most beau—most brainy person in the world!"

"Huh!" sighed Miller. "Old man Stagg himself up here on a vacation, I suppose."

The train was pulling in when Hiram reached the station. As he climbed on the sleeper another man got into the day coach ahead whom he remembered to have seen about Miller's office. Reaching Chicago in the morning he went straight from the train to the Stagg offices, where he asked for his mail and disturbed the routine by talking for several minutes with one of the chief engineers. His fellow traveler from La Pointe was waiting across the way when he finally descended in the elevator and turned out into La Salle Street.

At that time a young man was at the head of one of the important Chicago banks whose overmastering desire to become very rich often led him to take trifling chances in behalf of his bank. He had several times tried vainly to get a share of the extremely profitable Stagg underwriting. Directly to this temple of Mammon Hiram Hall made his way and sent in his card, bearing the Stagg imprint, to the president. The magic name gained him prompt attention.

"You are one of the Stagg young men, I see," beamed the official.

"I was," Hiram corrected. Then as the banker's face fell he went on quickly: "I have been with them since a year after they started in business. About a week ago the negotiations for my admission to the firm took a turn that did not please me and I retired. I shall operate hereafter independently."

"Ah, yes. And your backing in the new venture?"

The lovely face and blue eyes of Diana swam before Hiram's vision.

"I have the most desirable backing in the city; but I am just about to close up my first big deal—which cannot fail to prove very profitable to everybody concerned—and I prefer to do it off my own bat. Perhaps it is only personal pique—I want to show my old colleagues and my new backer that I can swing a big undertaking without anybody's help. Of course we shall want a permanent banking connection. If you are interested I'll put the present case before you." The banker nodded assent. Briefly Hiram sketched the situation and laid various papers before him.

"Here is the financial statement of the old company. Poorly run, it has earned six per cent on its stock for the last twenty years. Here is the contract for the purchase of the old company. I control the only water-power site within forty miles and I can cut the present cost of producing current down fifty per cent. I have canvassed the factories of La Pointe and the business men, and I know that with lower rates and modern management four times the present amount of current can be sold. Within a week I shall have a detailed report, with valuations of all the property and estimates of the cost of the new plant, from one of my old engineering colleagues at Stagg's."

"And what," asked the banker, "is your plan of financing the new company?"

Hiram looked deeply serious. "I think I can do no better than follow the Stagg formula," he said. "We will incorporate for $600,000, $350,000 common, the rest preferred, at 7 per cent, cumulative and non-voting. Of the common stock $100,000 will go, at par, to pay for the water-power site and promotion expenses. The rest of the common—$250,000—should be underwritten at—say—90, and offered to the public at par. That will give the underwriters a margin of $25,000."

"And the preferred stock?" asked the banker in a tone of disappointment.

"Of the total issue of $250,000, all but $25,000 will go to the stockholders in the old company as final payment for their holdings. The remaining $25,000 should, I think, go to the treasurer personally for his services in financing the deal."

"Whom have you selected as treasurer?" The bank president looked a trifle expectant.

"No one as yet. I want to ask your advice on that point." Hiram was studying his man carefully. "Would it be too much to hope that you might take the position?"

"Oh, not personally"—he hesitated—"but possibly I might find a young man who would look after matters under my supervision."

"The bank will be willing, I suppose," Hiram put in quickly, "to loan $75,000 on the security of the stock in the old company? That will be needed for the first payment to the old stockholders. It can be repaid out of the receipts from the sale of the new common stock."

"Yes," the banker nodded slowly, "I think that might be arranged. Leave these papers with me over the week-end. And send in the reports of your engineer."

Ten days later, after he had studied the reports Hiram Hall submitted and had made certain investigations of his own, the bank president approved the plan and agreed in writing to make the cash payments and undertake the underwriting of the stock. Hiram mailed his official letter and the other necessary papers to Isaiah Miller at La Pointe.

Meanwhile he was spending every evening with Miss Diana Murphy. Once, after a tremendous struggle which left him white and frightened, he determined to confess the truth to her.

"Suppose, dear," he faltered, "it should turn out that I had been deceiving you?"

And Diana laughed. She came over, sat down on Hiram's knee and put one white hand over his mouth. "Old Silly," she called him. "The idea of your deceiving me! Why, it's perfectly ridiculous!" Then she took away her hand and kissed him and Hiram knew that no hero of the Light Brigade could be blamed for not making a second attempt to confess.

Three days after he had mailed the papers to Miller he started to follow them to La Pointe. "Be careful and don't be too hard on the old man." Diana bade him goodby. "Every morning I'm going to send you a telegram. And I'll sign them 'Dear'—if you'll let me."

In La Pointe old man Miller received him with an expression of great concern.

"The guaranty is satisfactory?" Hiram began.

"'Tain't that's worrying me most. You see there's that scattering stock held by outsiders. Some of 'em won't agree to sell and are threatening to start suit to stop it."

Hiram caught a greedy glint in the old man's eye.

"Well, I suppose that can be fixed up. How much will it cost?" Isaiah Miller could not suppress a look of triumph.

(Concluded on Page 49)

Yes—You'd Better Book Your Yale Order Now

Reports from Yale dealers all over America forecast something that has never happened before in motorcycle manufacture:

The Yale season will start with waiting lists in scores of towns and cities in all parts of the country.

The same high tribute that is paid, year after year, to a few fine motor cars is being accorded to the Yale, the prince of motorcycles, by an appreciative public eager for the earliest possible delivery.

Why the Yale has created an entirely new class of motorcycle riders

Because it's a man-sized motorcycle with real dignity of design and real grace of line.
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Because it rides over rough spots like an ocean liner taking the crest of a wave.
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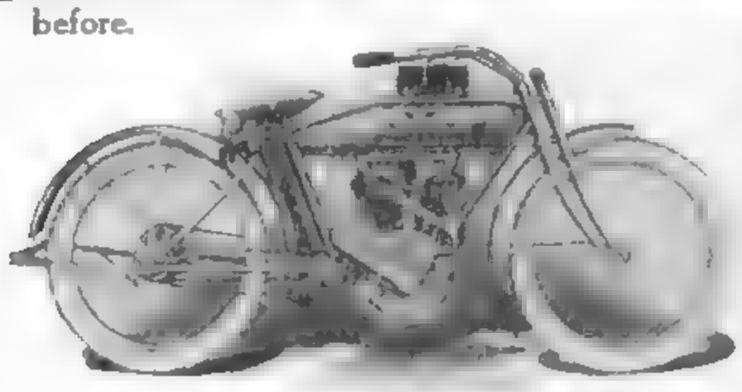
Because it's really manufactured—not assembled to an extent hitherto unknown.
Because it's sturdy, strong and reliable.
Because it's safeguarded and made staunch and true by Yale-made drop-forgings for which "The Big Y" is famous.
Because its vibrationless cushion fork went through the whole of 1912 without a single break.



Yale 7-8 H. P. Twin, $275 f. o. b. Toledo

Two cylinder Yale, rated 7-8 h. p. (actually develops 9.2 h. p. on block test). Horizontal cylinder flanges, cooling both cylinders perfectly. "Y-A" Shock Absorber. Yale cushion fork. Special Holley carburetor. Bosch waterproof magneto. Belt or chain drive, with clutch—starts like an automobile. *Big, generous, 3-inch* tires. Wheelbase, 57½ in. Weight, 185 pounds. Speed, 60-65 miles per hour. Yale 6-7 h. p. Single, $225 f. o. b. Toledo.

Because its upkeep cost is uniformly low—with a World's Record of 29c per machine for an entire season.
Because its horizontal cooling flanges are correct in principle for a twin engine.
Because its big 3-inch tires, famous "Y-A" Shock-Absorber and original hinged mud-guard are conclusive evidences of the thoroughness of Yale construction methods.
Because, finally, there is absolutely no omission in design, construction or equipment—giving the Yale owner a full dollar's worth of value for every dollar spent.
That's why "The Big Y" *has created an entirely new class of motorcycle riders.*

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo

Manufacturers also of Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handlebars, Drop Forgings

The Yale will be on exhibit at the New York Motorcycle Show, Grand Central Palace—Space 710.

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We ask all Yale dealers not to promise deliveries of more machines than they have been allotted. A few good territories where we desire representation are still open. Write at once to the Sales Manager

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Moderate Prices Our inviolate policy of presenting the highest class at a most moderate price has given Imperial Cars a public estimation that is demonstrated in the enormous increase of our business. Imperial Cars will, upon examination and test, be found of exceptional value and at a scale of prices to meet every requirement.

Most Moderate Price

Reasons Why Why should you be vitally interested in Imperial Cars? Because they represent all that is superlative in engineering practice, in material, in equipment; above all, they are cars that are giving their several thousand owners the utmost in service—nor can they be surpassed in high quality and moderate price. They are cars that represent an increasing value to every owner, because the longer they are owned the more impressively do they demonstrate their merits.

Some Specifications of Model "34" As a comparative value this will be most interesting reading to every prospective purchaser. Motor, 4 cylinders, in pairs. Bore, 4½ inches, stroke, 5¼ inches. Wheel Base, 118 inches. Our own Three-Point Spring Shackle Suspension for excelling comfort. All control levers in center of body. Tires, 34x4, with demountable rims. Beautiful lines, roomy, luxuriously upholstered Tonneau. Big power; nickel silver and black mountings. Exceptional, inclusive equipment; mohair strap top, windshield, speedometer, tire carrier, spare rim, etc., etc. *Price, complete,* ***$1650***

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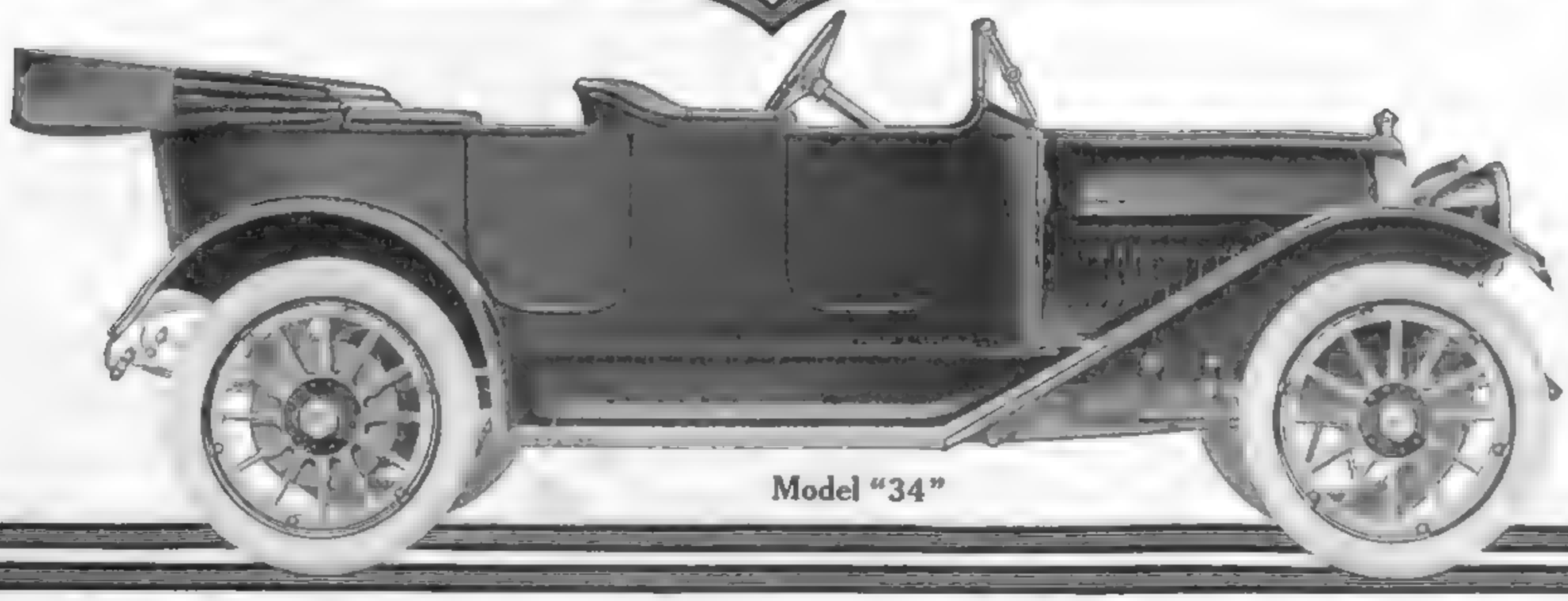
Imperial Cars will be exhibited at New York, Grand Central Palace, Space 23—and at Chicago, First Regiment Armory, Space L.1

Write for Catalog

IMPERIAL AUTOMOBILE CO., Factories, JACKSON, MICH.

Dealers who represent Imperial Cars consider themselves most fortunate.
Wire or Write. 26



Model "34"

(Concluded from Page 46)

"It ought to be worth five thousand dollars to you people to get this through all clean and slick," he said.

Hiram had less than fifty dollars in the bank, but he nodded assent.

"All right," Miller took him up eagerly. "I'll go right out and see what I can do. Come back in the morning."

Next day Miller had the written agreements of the half-dozen outside stockholders and was ready to approve the papers.

Hiram drew a check for $5000 on his Chicago bank and turned it over. Miller glanced at the bit of paper and grinned.

"I notice this check ain't certified," he chuckled; "and, of course, I don't know whom you represent."

Hiram looked him straight in the eye, with an answering smile.

"I thought it was just possible that by this time you did know, Mr. Miller."

The old man slapped himself on the thigh and winked knowingly.

"It's just possible I do know, Mr. Hall; it's just possible I do!"

He pulled the open yellow slip of a telegram from under a book on his desk and held it out. "Here's a message that came a while ago for you, Mr. Hall. I tore it open, thinking it was for me. It's in cipher, anyhow, and it's signed 'Dear.' Awful mysterious, now, ain't it? 'Dear!' 'Stagg!' Now ain't that cunning? What's the use of keeping up the game any longer, Mr. Hall? Is the trust afraid to sign its own name to its checks?"

Hiram frowned. "Never mind about that, Mr. Miller. Of course," he went on, "I can see reasons why you might not care to put this check through the local bank. In small towns things do leak out. Some of the minority stockholders might hear of it and feel that you had not given them a square deal!"

Miller pursed his lips and nodded his head.

"There may be something in that," he admitted.

"So, if you prefer and will take me down and introduce me at the bank," said Hiram, "I'll draw five thousand dollars from the company's account and pay you the cash."

Miller hesitated a moment, then he got up and took his hat.

"Yes," he said, tearing up the check, "I reckon that will be the best way."

Two months later, with the new company successfully launched, ground broken for a powerhouse at the Marshall dam-site, and an issue of bonds for construction purposes under way, Hiram Hall called again at the office of J. & G. Stagg. When the senior member of the firm looked at the card, which bore the name of his old clerk, with the title of President La Pointe Gas and Hydro-Electric Light and Power Company beneath it, he gave a whistle of astonishment and told the boy to show his caller in. At the end of an hour's interview the great man shook Hiram Hall's hand with a warmth approaching enthusiasm.

That was less than ten years ago. Today Hiram Hall is vice-president and general manager of the great J. & G. Stagg Company, Incorporated, and is personally rated well above a million. And last week, when one of the great Sunday papers printed a symposium on the question of woman suffrage, it carried a statement by his wife.

"A woman's true sphere," said the fair Diana, "is in the home!"

BRER TAR'PIN

(Concluded from Page 8)

Taking all these things together, we begin to see why terrapins are going and why there is no great hope of increasing the supply. The only way would be to keep the seven-inch female, for then she is just in the egg-producing age; but it happens that the seven-inch female is the prize and you might just as well ask a man to lay down a gold nugget as to expect the fisherman to return her to the waters. At best the female lays but few eggs and the young that hatch from them have to undergo many perils; even if they manage to live it will be years before they can start another generation.

So when you eat your terrapin—your genuine diamondback at three dollars a plate—you may have some of the feeling of the lady who wears at her throat the pearl that may have cost a diver his life. You are dining on tragedy!

It may be different though. When Japan found that its supply of snapping turtles was going, some of its patriots decided that its most luscious reptile must be saved. So the business of turtle-raising was begun and it grew to such proportions that an official statement to our Government reported seventy thousand hatched in a year and almost twenty thousand pounds of turtle meat sold to the epicures of the kingdom. This "suppon" is to Japan what our diamondback is to us, and it may be our experts will find a way.

Along about the middle of the last half of your terrapin dinner you may hear a story. It is a good story, a capital story—one of the kind that can be spun out to fill a hiatus or can be crowded to hit off the passing moment. The ingredients are these:

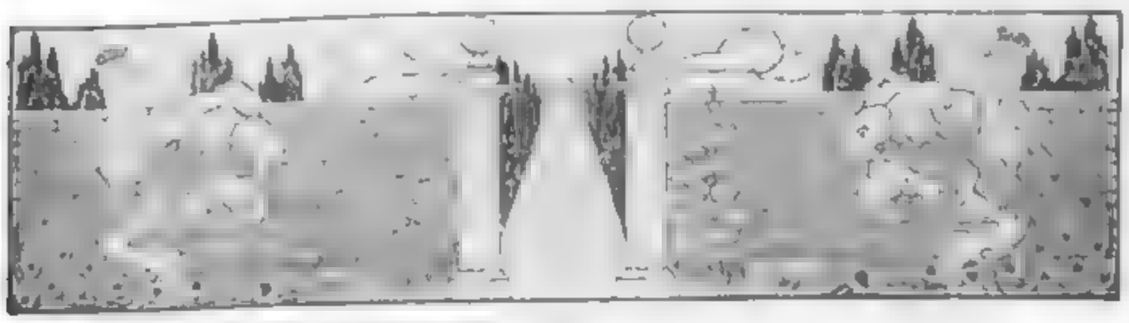
A well-to-do young man visited New York and received lavish hospitality from a rich friend who occupied one of those big apartments that cost more in rent than your whole house is worth. When the young man returned home he almost wrecked his intellect trying to find something unique for an anniversary present for the New York friend—something distinctly out of the ordinary. At last the happy inspiration came. The very thing—half a dozen diamondbacks of the finest size and quality, and he gladly paid fifty dollars for the lot!

The terrapins reached the New York house. Having been in a cool atmosphere in transit they were as immobile as bronze doorpieces. The box was opened and those who opened it wondered, for they knew not terrapins. Weightier things came along and the diamondbacks were forgotten. Now here is an opportunity for the storyteller's art in elaboration. He can talk a column of the utterly untrustworthy character of the terrapin. With its activities drawn in it looks as dead as pig iron; but when its long neck shoots out you see two wonderful black eyes—as big as small marbles and as peering as those of an old maid overhearing a piece of scandal. The terrapin has marvelous curiosity and it is wonderfully quick. In another way this precious reptile deceives you basely. It is the picture of repose, but it is agile. It can climb almost anywhere, and the more impossible the places the more inclined is it to find and occupy them.

So now you get an inkling of this dinner story. As the terrapins were warmed after their cold journey they crept from their box and distributed themselves over that plutocratic flat. There is absolutely no limit to the consequences, except the imagination of the man who tells the story. It is a medley of sudden screams, of dropped dishes, of crying children, of disappearing servants, of the flat in panic, the whole apartment house in an uproar, and finally the telegram from New York to the young man in Baltimore:

"Wire diagram of joke. What are they? Why did you send them?"

And so on—and so on! Now this story has a basis in fact. A Baltimorean once sent some live terrapins to a New York friend and the results were extremely ludicrous and embarrassing. As a rule the terrapin meat is sent—and regular consignments of it go to London and Paris, to American epicures dwelling in Europe and to Europeans who have been educated to American luxuries.



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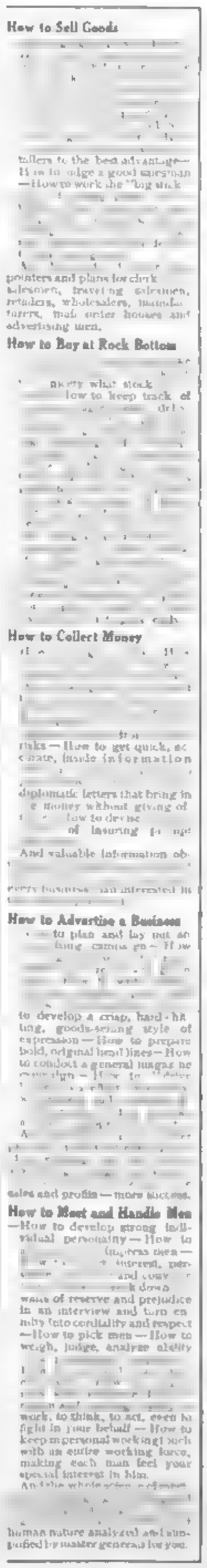
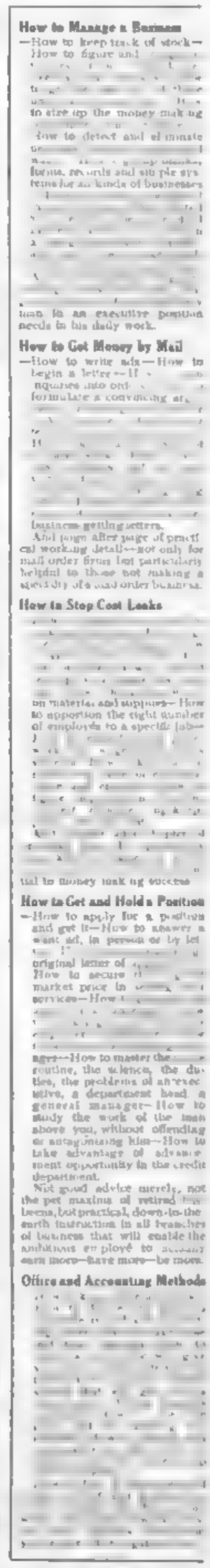
Yours, the Mighty Total Experience of Generations in Thousands of Businesses in Ten Powerful Volumes, almost FREE




How to Manage a Business
How to Get Money by Mail
How to Stop Cost Leaks
How to Get and Hold a Position
Office and Accounting Methods

1497 Vital Business Secrets

Here are the plans, the rules, the answers of business *which put men right in* their struggle for success

If you only knew! If you could only realize that this offer places within your reach the knowledge which will straighten out snarls in your business life, make the way plain. Here are 1497 real money methods, proved by thousands of businesses for every business man, big or small, steel man or grocer, manager or bookkeeper. Since the first edition, this remarkable Business Man's Library has been purchased by 39,463 concerns and by many of the greatest business men living.

One little sentence in one of these books may break down a barrier between you and success!

60-Cent Price the Result of 10 Years of Striving

A short time ago many thousands paid us $27 for a set of books similar to these, but we were impatient that more thousands, who could not afford them at that price, might obtain them. We find that the [illegible] edition sales absorbed practically all of the editorial cost so that we need make the price of this edition only on the raw product—paper, printing, binding and shipping—and the mere cost of telling you about them. We searched the world for a light strong paper to take good printing, to reduce binding and shipping expenses—and we found it in Germany. Then we reduced the margin on plates, binding and packing. Offering 30,000 sets of these Business Man's Libraries at 60 Cents a volume, now means practically **giving away** complete business experience which 999 out of 1000 persons could not ordinarily obtain after long years of up-hill work.

The things which have cost men dearly in fortunes and careers are made plain to you in the brilliant pages of business secrets. Out of the success-struggles of modern business, the failures as well as the monumental achievements, comes this message to millions, as the answer to daily questions, doubts, ignorance—at a price which does not approach the [illegible] **This is the greatest offer we can possibly foresee for this decade.**

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Is a small self-limited job keeping you from seeing and knowing? **Find out from 112 great, big men**—not mere writers, but national business men, who inspire admiration and confidence—the authors of the Business Man's Library. Get the advice of Alexander H. Revell, Founder and President of the great firm bearing his name; Sears, Roebuck & Company's Comptroller; Montgomery Ward & Company's Buyer; John V. Farwell & Company's Credit Man; Sherwin-Williams Company's President; and 107 others. Let them place at your disposal the crystallized experience of the whole world of business.

Imagine being master of the vivid charts, the diagrams the actual campaigns and schemes, the strategy, the genius which have built stores and factories from [illegible] shops and attic mills. Chas. E. Hires [illegible] any wide-awake business man, no matter who

Then add the help which you will get from SYSTEM, which stands pre-eminent, the Magazine of Business, with 260 to 356 Pages in every issue and 750,000 regular readers. Whether you own your own business or are employed—SYSTEM will show you new ways of saving time and cutting out drudgery. It has helped hundreds to better salaries, bigger profits that would have been impossible, undreamed of, without SYSTEM. Read our offer now and accept priceless help at trifling cost—less than you pay for carfare or cigars, distributed over four months only.

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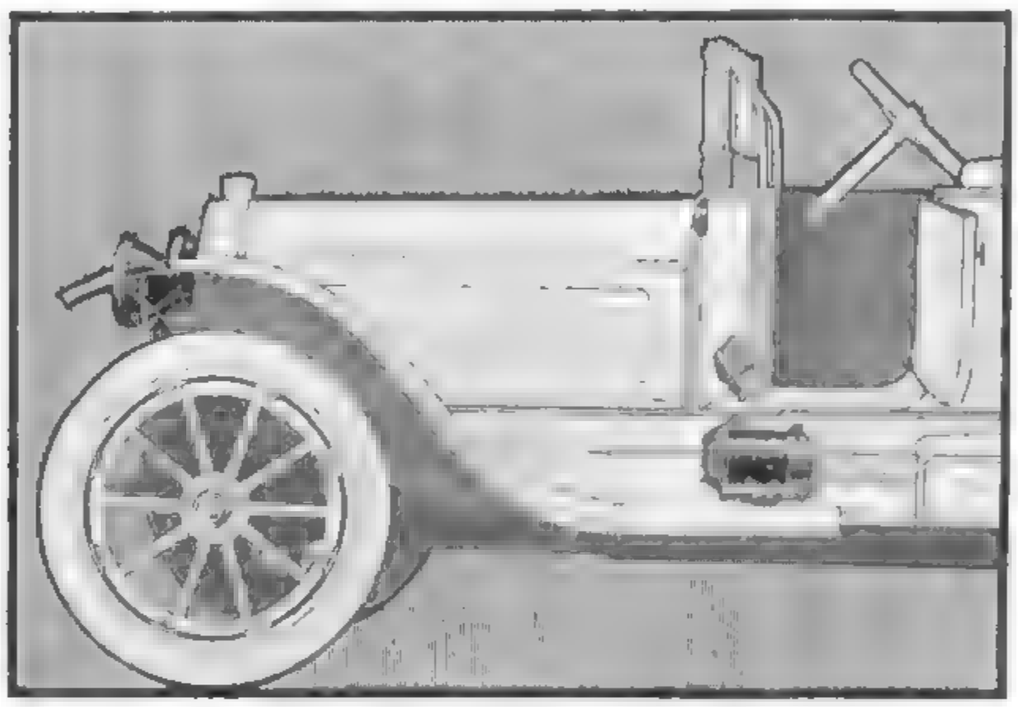
We offer you for 6 cents a day, terms only four months, these 10 substantial volumes, published in an attractive 30,000 set edition, printed in large bold type on fine light-weight paper, full cloth bound with covers in four colors—suitable for any library or desk. And this 6-cent offer includes an 18-months' [illegible] to SYSTEM [illegible] $10. [illegible] $27.50, and all sums at that rate for 4 months. Your [illegible] or money order or a dollar bill [illegible] we start the books to you tomorrow on [illegible] charges prepaid, and give you SYSTEM for eighteen months. One dollar now and $2.00 a month until $9 is paid (West of the Rockies, $10, Canada, $11.) Long before the first month is out, these books will have a chance to put into your pocket many times their cost. Send without delay as this Edition is going to disappear the fastest of any we ever put out. Is the offer clear? There is nothing to sign.

Simply say, "I accept your offer in *The Saturday Evening Post*, January 11, 1913." Write your name and address on a piece of paper; pin all together with your dollar bill and send to

SYSTEM—Wabash and Madison Sts.—CHICAGO

START The New Year Right With The GRAY & DAVIS ELECTRIC STARTER



The simple, positive, GRAY & DAVIS 6-Volt Starter on Peerless Car

Here is a list of leading manufacturers who have adopted GRAY & DAVIS 6-Volt Electric Starter, Electric Lamps, Lighting Dynamo, or all three in combination. Other contracts will be closed as the 1913 season advances.

ALCO
Dynamo, Lamps
AMERICAN
Lamps
APPERSON
Starter, Dynamo
AMES
"Kentucky Thoroughbred"
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
CADILLAC
Lamps
CHALMERS
Dynamo
CHEVROLET
Dynamo
COLUMBIA
Dynamo, Lamps
CRAWFORD
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
DAVIS
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
DORRIS
Lamps
FIAT
Dynamo, Lamps
FLANDERS
Starter, Dynamo
B. A. GRAMM'S TRUCKS
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
B. A. GRAMM'S TRUCKS
(Canada)
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
HAVERS
Lamps
LENOX
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
LOZIER
Starter, Dynamo
LUVERNE "60"
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
MARITIME
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
MIDLAND
Starter, Dynamo
NATIONAL
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
NORWALK
UNDERSLUNG SIX
Starter, Dynamo
PAIGE-DETROIT
Starter, Dynamo
PATHFINDER
Starter, Dynamo
PEERLESS
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
PILOT
Starter, Dynamo
POPE-HARTFORD
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
PRATT-FORTY
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
REO
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
SELDEN
Dynamo
SPALDING
Starter, Dynamo
STEARNS
Starter, Dynamo
STODDARD-DAYTON
Dynamo, Lamps
TOURAINE
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
TUDHOPE
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps
VELIE
Starter, Dynamo
WHITE
Lamps
WINTON
Dynamo, Lamps

Resolve Right Now, to Purchase a Car Equipped With the GRAY & DAVIS 6-Volt Electric Starter.

Your pleasure, your safety, your convenience depend on the efficiency of the Starting System. If you buy a car equipped with a GRAY & DAVIS Starter, you have the satisfaction of *knowing* you've made a wise selection. Cars carrying GRAY & DAVIS Equipment are *good* cars to buy.

Starts Under Any Conditions

The GRAY & DAVIS Starter is very powerful. You touch a pedal and away goes the car. It will spin the heaviest type of "Six" for an hour and a half. It will start any car under every condition, even in *zero* weather. This adds to the pleasures of motoring.

Positive In Operation

This Starter will propel the heaviest car two miles. If you're stalled on car tracks or in traffic—you press the pedal and the Starter itself propels the car without your having to touch gears or throttle. This makes your car safe and minimizes chances of accident.

Only A 6-Volt Battery Needed

It is a very simple Starter. No complicated controls, no multiplicity of connections, only a simple switch. The Dynamo automatically charges the small 6-volt battery *without* expense or trouble. This gives you utmost convenience and makes for economy. The Dynamo also furnishes current for your lamps. Surely *this* is the Starter you want on *your* 1913 car. It possesses *so many* excellent features that you cannot afford to disregard it when purchasing an automobile.

Demand The GRAY & DAVIS Starter On The Car You Buy

If You're A Dealer

Remember, that cars equipped with the GRAY & DAVIS Starter sell quickly and easily. The buying public realizes how much this Starter adds to all-'round efficiency. Look over the list of cars carrying GRAY & DAVIS Equipment this tells the story more graphically than a thousand advertisements.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., 55 Lansdowne St., BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos, Electric Starters

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Care of Captive Animals

VÆ VICTIS!—"Woe to the vanquished!"—is the most ancient of all law, and has never been wholly amended by the birth of the Christian religion or the altruistic tendency of modern thought. If you seek the jungle look about you!

Even in Rome it was not always considered seemly to abuse the conquered. Consent had to be asked to do that in the arena. Sometimes it was thought sufficient to kill or disable an antagonist. Rarely did torture make any part of the joy of the arena. So we might say that Rome had at least a trace of sportsmanship.

Sometimes part of the sport in Rome was watching men kill wild animals in the arena. That was not so bad when the game was fair. It was the instinct of the animal to fight for its life, it never having known anything else all its life. When old Colonel Commodus, Emperor of Rome, took his little bow and arrow and went into the Colosseum he was at least good sport and good shot enough to kill his lions and his leopards and not to torture them. Moreover, the men who had the captured animals of the arena in charge did not starve them habitually. They too had a trace of sportsmanship in that they asked the animal to come to his last test in full possession of his powers.

Methinks if I were a lion, roaming round in the sandlots with my tail curled proudly over my back, I would much rather fight than go into an iron bandbox for the rest of my life. If taken as a helpless cub I would, with all my unhappy soul, pray out of my bandbox to be treated at least well enough to leave me part lion and not all a broken-hearted protest against the cruelty of man. Even if I could never quite figure it out why I was cooped up in the bandbox, to die daily until I died at last, I would like to feel that the deal had been square enough so I could look up at the sky and feel there was something good somewhere.

As boys we used to put birds and squirrels in cages and cut off the tails of cats and dogs just to show we were bosses. We say that children are savages and forget these things as they become educated—that ignorant cruelty is later cared for by the law; but unfortunately this does not quite cover the case. Our habitual adult cruelty to domestic and captive animals shows that the net result of our civilization is not so far ahead of the savagery of Rome.

The Lesson of the Dresden Zoo

We frame up a nice constitution and by-laws for ourselves and write a handsome Declaration of Independence, saying that all men have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We call those inalienable rights; but we don't classify them as the inalienable rights of wild animals. As a boy I proved that. I had a pair of pet chicken-hawks that got on very well on mice and ground squirrels. One day I put to the test the question whether they would rather catch their own mice than have me catch them. They did not hesitate a moment and I have never seen them since. To tell the truth, from that time on I have never taken any delight in seeing captive animals, whether in menageries under commerce or in public parks, as an alleged means of popular education. I believe that more harm than good is done by all these exhibitions of captured wild animals. The man who looks through the bars at a caged cat or a chained elephant is only doing largely and vaguely what the boy does when he tortures a puppy—he is only exulting in his own sense of power, and exulting over an animal that has not a chance against him.

If we wiped out all savagery we should wipe out all sport—that is sure; for the truth is that sport, which we call fair play, is carried on mostly in complete violation of fair play. But we can learn to be fair savages, in part at least. We can learn, if we stop to think, that, though it is a man's game to capture and subdue a wild animal, it is not a man's game to kill it a thousand times by cruelty. Our captive wild animals are more dependent on us than are domestic animals. They are helpless, and if we have any bit of large humanity about us we ought to remember that. Yet we do not always remember it. We forget that we have some responsibility placed on us by the title of civilized beings. Most large collections of captive animals are held in the name of some branch of organized government. That makes us collectively and individually responsible for their decent treatment. They do not always get it, though they cannot always complain.

A few years ago in the city of Dresden, Saxony, I went out to the great gardens where they had specimens of very many wild species. So far from the collection being educational, it was demoralizing. The animals were cooped and caged, almost without exception, in horrible condition—in many cases being worse than dead. Starved, sick, filthy, uncared for, they made a sight as pitiable as anything in Europe, little as I loved Europe and its packed selfishness. There were mountain sheep with their hoofs grown out so long they were obliged to kneel in order to feed; cranes with broken wings, drooping about the ponds; hoofed animals uncared for; carnivores with uncared-for teeth, literally starving; bears literally wallowing in filth—all the unspeakable cruelty that man can inflict on captured animals you could see there, a fine example of the brutality that exists in the midst of civilization. It offended some of us Americans so much that we joined in a letter of protest to the authorities—I do not know with what results.

The Cruelties of Captivity

The ancient law that gave man dominion over all the animals of the earth never contemplated any such dominion as this. It is a thousandfold worse than the worst fate the jungle can give. Danger and death are nothing to wild animals as compared with confinement and forced separation from all they have known in their lives, following their instincts. It is a question whether much can be said for the captivity of wild animals in any case. That captivity is worse than wrong when it means long-drawn-out cruelty. Witness one such abomination in the eyes of the Lord, and one feels like throwing open the cage door of every captive animal in the world.

Some animals are so closely identified with human needs that they would perish without human care. We endeavor to increase this list of useful animals. For instance, we now artificially propagate many species of fish, and thus increase the total supply of fishes useful for sport or food. Without artificial fish-hatching there would not be a trout in many states where they now abound. It is said that there would not be a whitefish alive in the Great Lakes today had the supply not been artificially increased. This is dominion—but wise dominion, useful dominion, not destructive dominion.

Life feeds on life. In the lower organisms, such as fish, perhaps it makes little difference where food comes from, so it be food; though I do not think any brook trout or other member of the salmon family likes gregariousness when it can escape it. That they detest forced crowding you may see by their pitiful efforts to hide somewhere in the stone inclosures of the fishpens; but in time they become tamer, become useful. Reason tells us that fish hatcheries are desirable because they increase the total number of fish for the use of man.

In this country, and indeed in perhaps all countries, we care little for ethics, and the test of profitableness is the main one; but sometimes carelessness and cruelty to captive animals—even to captive fish—are neither humane nor businesslike. On the last basis we all can talk together, for we all pay taxes. Some day, let us hope, when we shall have solved in part the great question of prolonging the life of many vanishing species, we shall take up the care of captive animals on a strictly business basis. Then, methinks, politics will not govern parks and hatcheries.

The war between sport and business has been a long and bitter one in this country. It was first waged against game laws, which were called class legislation for a time, until it was seen that game laws meant a source of food. We forgot all about the theory

(Concluded on Page 63)

Only by keeping the scalp in perfect health can you keep your hair like you want it.

Always remember this fact about your hair

If there is any condition of your hair you want to improve, if it hasn't enough life and gloss, if there is dandruff or too much oil, never forget that *the condition of your hair depends on the condition of your scalp.*

Only through the scalp can the hair obtain any nourishment. Only by keeping the scalp in perfect health can you keep your hair like you want it.

How to keep the scalp healthy

To keep the scalp healthy and active, shampoo your head regularly in the following ways: Rub your scalp fully five minutes with the tips of your fingers to loosen the dandruff and dead skin. Then apply a hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and *rub it in, rub it in, rub it in.* Rinse thoroughly in gradually cooler water, having the final water really cold. Dry perfectly, then brush gently for some time.

The formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and hair. This treatment with Woodbury's softens the scalp, gently removes the dead skin, keeps the pores active and brings a fresh supply of blood to nourish the hair roots.

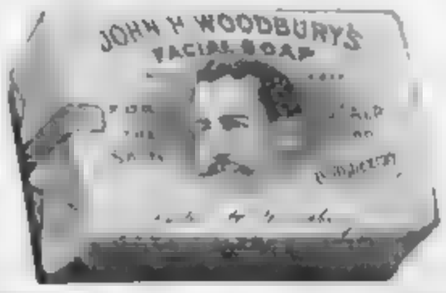
Continued regularly, it will make a marked improvement in the appearance of your hair—make it soft and fluffy and give it the gloss and glint so much admired.

Try it. See what a delightful feeling it gives your scalp, how alive it makes it feel. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and use it for a shampoo.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere



Write today for Samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co., 4027 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, or to the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Perth, Ontario, Canada.

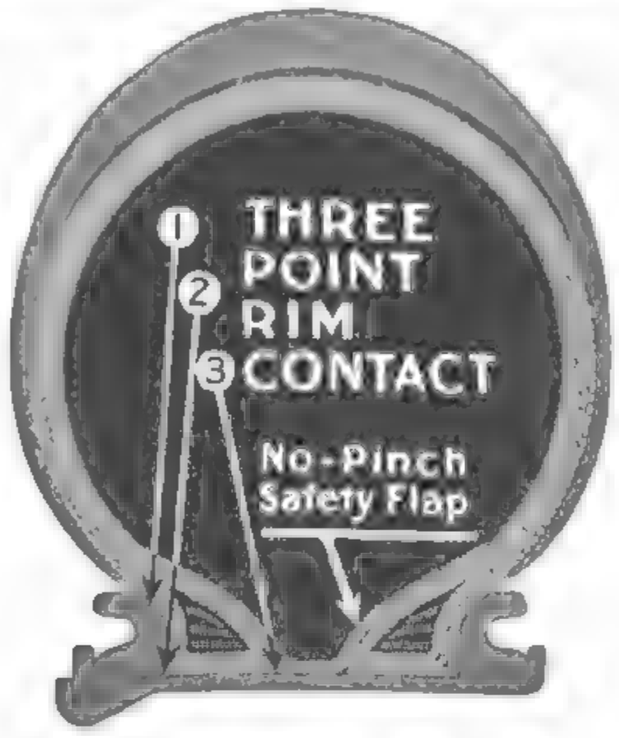
In Canada

Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage!"

At last science gives you more rubber shod mileage.

Diamond (No Clinch) Tires

now made of VITALIZED RUBBER—a scientific combination of pure rubber and a toughening compound.



You can get Vitalized Rubber in Diamond Tires—NOW

A tire containing too much rubber fails to give the necessary mileage because it is not tough enough to withstand road usage. And the tire containing too little pure rubber has not the necessary staying qualities.

Our chemists have discovered the secret of how to mix pure rubber and a toughening compound in just the right proportions. The result is additional mileage for you. The pure rubber we use comes direct from the trees of the tropics—it is fresh and contains all the vitality of youth—it is elastic and easy riding. Then we mix this pure rubber with the secret toughening compound, which gives it the necessary vitalizing, wearing, *more mileage* quality.

This scientific combination has been vainly sought after for years by tire makers. After 15 years of successful tire making we have solved the problem—and you enjoy the benefit of our really wonderful discovery—in "Diamond" Vitalized Rubber Tires.

Add to this the Diamond proven principles of proper construction—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—and you have as perfect a tire as money can buy.

Here is a combination of easy riding and more mileage advantages you can't get in any other tire today—*Vitalized Rubber, Perfect 3-Point-Rim-Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap*, and, if you wish, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—made to fit all types of rims.

So this time specify "Diamonds"—you can get them at any one of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

NOTE—If you are not entirely satisfied with the mileage you are getting now—if you wish to reduce your tire upkeep—send today for our new book, "How to Get More Mileage Out of Your Tires." It is free to every tire user. No matter what tire you ride on, you simply cannot afford to be without this valuable book, so send the coupon today.

A perfect 3-Point Rim Contact tire at last

Fifty per cent of all tires are ruined through lack of perfect rim contact.

Perfect 3-Point-Rim-Contact is just as big an advantage in tire construction as 3-point suspension in the automobile.

Diamond 3-Point Contact Tires hold with a vise-like grip absolutely preventing the tire from breaking above the rim, insuring no rim skid—no rim cutting—no rim trouble at all.

Our engineers have mastered the principles of Rim Contact construction, and you can get the Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire, with a perfect 3-Point Rim Contact—an important advantage that has been overlooked by all other tire makers

No-Pinch Safety Flap absolutely protects the inner tube

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(Concluded from Page 51)

of class distinctions when we established the shooting-license principle, putting upon sportsmen alone the entire cost of game protection and game propagation—though all the people are to some extent benefited by such protection and propagation. The politicians of a state did not object to having a hand in dispensing a state fund of perhaps one or two hundred thousand dollars a year, raised by taxing sportsmen. Therefore, with our thoroughgoing and sober American idiocy in game-law matters, we went on and raised literally millions of dollars annually in this country for protection and propagation. What did we get for it and what did we do? Thoroughgoing and sober-minded idiots, we let politics decide the use and administration of this vast fund.

Politics had more than that to do with the question of protection and propagation, and with the question of the care of captive animals as well. For many years corps of game and fish wardens have been used as part of the political machine of more than one state of the West. The chief duty of a warden was to organize and deliver his county. If he could do that it was not necessary to make many arrests or trouble much about the disappearance of fish or game. No one called that class legislation. The fund was raised among sportsmen of all political faiths. It was expended by the political workers of one political faith and they expended it in keeping their Administration in power.

The point of all this lies herein it was only one step from politics to carelessness and ignorance. Scientific education, even a simple business training in propagation, protection or the care of captive animals, rarely was demanded or desired. American-like, we had plenty of money, but did not know how to use it.

There are very many instances of this unbusinesslike conduct on the part of a businesslike people—instances of special privilege, graft, wasted money, lack of intelligence. In short, we are passing through a period of change in our viewpoint as to the destruction or continuance of wild life in our country. Many instances have come to any man's observation. Just now one lingers in memory.

Mixing Fish and Politics

There is a beautiful little Western river, especially dear to a few men who have fished it for many years. A private hatchery on this stream has put in about a hundred thousand brook trout every year; and, though several miles of the stream have been preserved, this tract has been practically a breeding ground for the whole stream. Now comes the commonwealth and, at the expense of something like a hundred thousand dollars, puts up a state fish hatchery at the headwaters of this stream. For this hatchery the breeding trout are taken from the little river itself; and as it is a short stream practically all the large trout are netted out in the first fall spawning run and turned into the hatchery pond, some thousands of trout in all being taken in the short life of the hatchery. Of course this meant the practical ruin of trout-fishing in the entire stream; but trout had to be caught somewhere for the hatchery, and the state had its right to take these from some stream or other—so no protest was ever made by any one. Under private care this stream kept up its head of trout. Under political care its stock of trout was reduced very sharply almost to the vanishing point.

We should have the greatest good for the greatest number, however. What, therefore, was the net result to other streams in the state? Now we come to politics in the care of captive animals. Not only was this stream depopulated, but no other stream was populated, and all other streams served from this hatchery were placed in danger of entire depopulation! Man—that is to say political man—had, with a large vengeance, showed his dominion over some of the helpless creatures of the earth.

What happened was this: Men lower down the stream began to notice dead trout floating in the stream where trout had become scarce since the hatchery netted out its supply. Then at last the truth came out that the breeding trout in the hatchery ponds also were dying. None of these trout escaped into the stream below. What, then, was the trouble and why was death entering this stream, for generations known as one of the best natural trout streams in the country? The reason was twofold—politics and lack of care of captive animals.

Out of about fifteen thousand great breeding trout it was said that eleven thousand or twelve thousand soon died: I do not know how many—only what was stated. As this made a bad political record the dead fish were carted out and buried and an attempt was made to hush the matter up. Some men protested to the highest officials of the state and were told that the man who had control of the hatcheries was too strong in politics to be unseated. A scientist was, however, sent to examine the hatchery. He discovered the ponds to be in such a filthy condition as hardly to be good enough for carp, let alone trout. Out of this filth nothing but disease could come. It was discovered that any visitors could see the trout fed if they liked; and they were overfed. No one seemed to think of cleaning the ponds. It was said that two wagonloads of filth were scooped out when at last the ponds were cleaned—after many thousands of the trout were dead.

Nor was even this the end of it. The scientist discovered the presence in this hatchery of a gill parasite which seemed to select the brook trout, though it did not attack the rainbow trout. Some said this gill parasite came in from another state hatchery in the same state. The scientist thought it came from filth—or at least he knew it flourished in filth.

Trout Killed by Parasites

The life history of this dangerous parasite is that it fastens on the inner gills of a brook trout. There it lays a string of eggs, and as these develop the parasite shows and the trout dies. As the parasites hatch they are turned free to hunt up some other trout, though they die within twenty-four hours if they do not find their sought-for hiding place in the gills of a new, live trout. It is in this fact of their brief life that alone any hope exists for the trout of that entire district. Infected and dead fish have been found very many miles below the hatchery, and it is certain that these parasites, bred by millions in this neglected hatchery, have found their way downstream, completing the ruin of one of the grandest trout streams of the state. Perhaps the writer's fondness for this little river may have influenced him in his narrative, but not, it is hoped, beyond a temperate statement of the facts.

Of course any trout transplanted from this hatchery to any stream of the state would simply spread the infection to that stream. And infection has never been known in any streams of the state before. Of course, too, to put back these big breeding trout into the stream that bore them would only mean the complete ruin of the stream. Death, therefore, is the only portion of several thousands of fine, lusty trout. Moreover, if it be true that this parasite came from another hatchery similarly infected, ruin must spread round that entire district. It is a considerable circle of ruin when you stop to think of it, and it is a circle that may continue to widen—one cannot tell how long and how far.

Asked for the remedy, the scientist said that all the remaining trout must be killed at once, the ponds drained, dried and treated with acid disinfectants. If any other hatchery has this parasite it must be treated in the same way.

Now you cannot start and stock a hatchery and get it to paying dividends in fry on a year's notice or two years' notice. Therefore the entire investment of the people of this state in these hatcheries is lost for this time. True, three or four staunch friends of the Administration have had their salaries. The people paid those salaries. What did the people get in return? They lose the interest on that much money, and they lose, perhaps for fifteen or twenty years, the sport and the food supply they had before this ignorance and carelessness in the treatment of captured animals had its way. There are so many anglers that it takes a long time to restore a depleted trout stream.

It is all right to call this sort of thing a mistake, but such mistakes are expensive. There is just one other side to it, which perhaps may not be considered even by all taxpayers—that of the unspeakable cruelty of condemning thousands and thousands of beautiful wild creatures, like two-pound and three-pound brook trout, to death. Would it not have been just as well to confine them for a year or two, treat them well, and turn them loose again, to have their own look at life and die at last in their own way? I think so.

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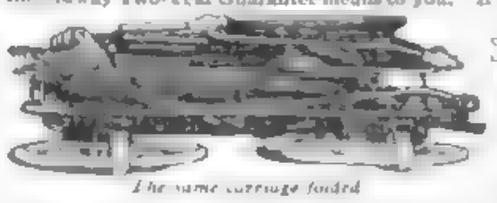

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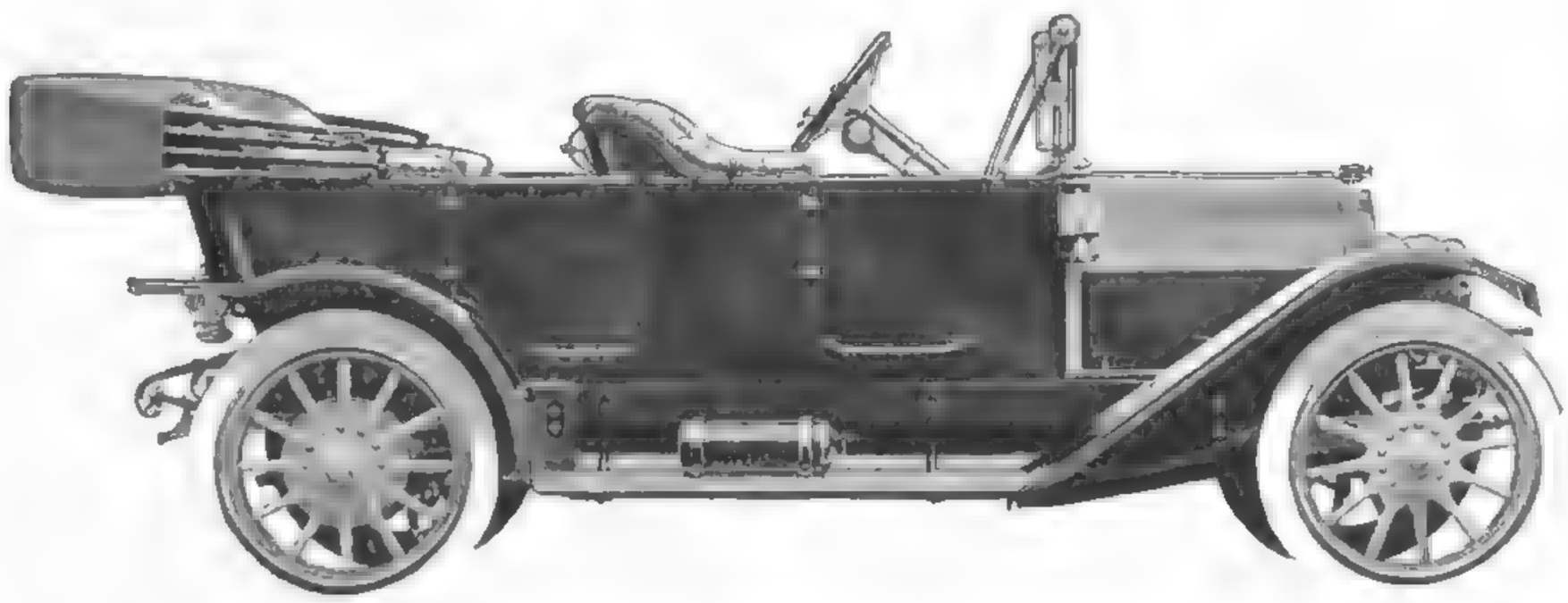

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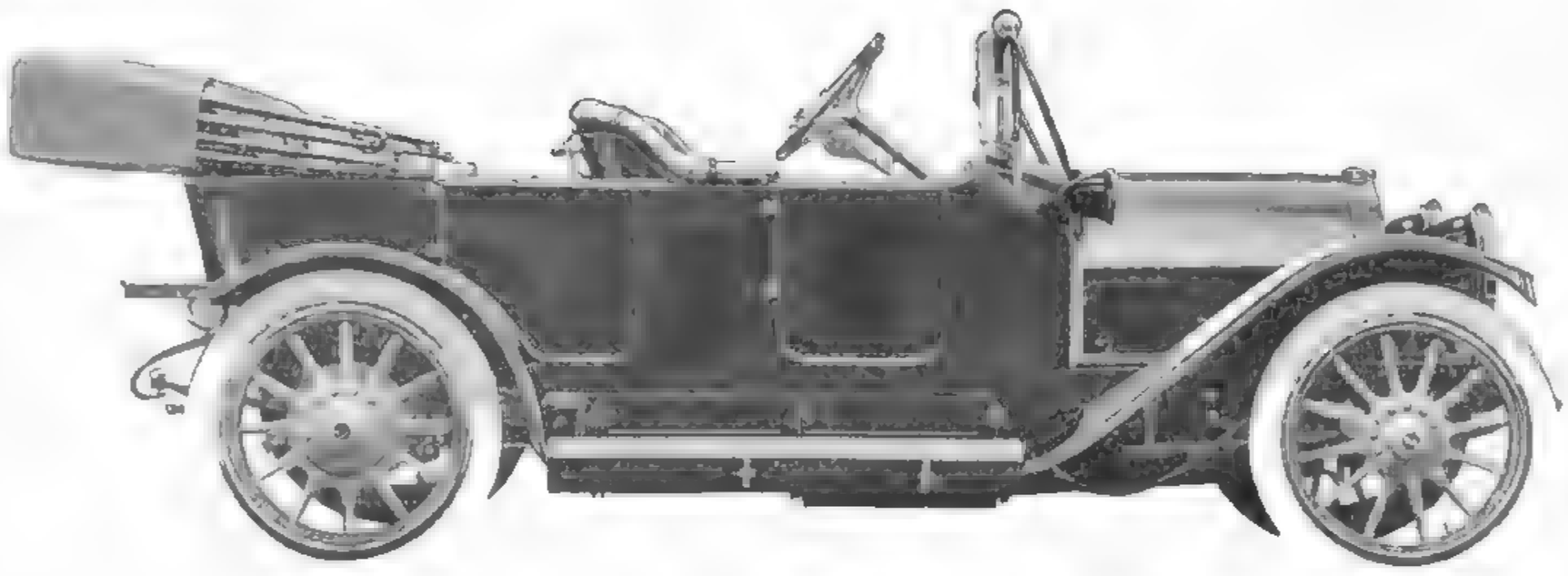
Overland



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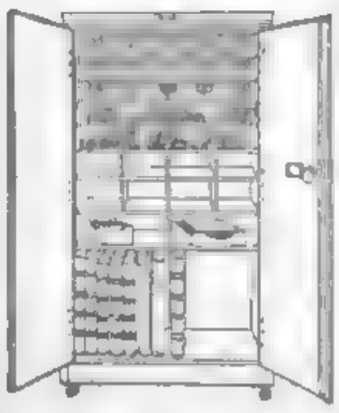

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THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WAIT

(Continued from Page 12)

and the daylight that we have all night in summer showed us a short, stocky young woman in a gray tailored suit. She was auburn-haired and I didn't like the shade. She seemed frightened when she saw the mob of men on the dock, but they moved back and the steamer's freight clerk assiduously helped her ashore. The school board, McNulty, the blacksmith, Hendrie, and Wright, who ran the sawmill, were out in a motor boat when the Tacoma whistled, and they came putt-putting home to welcome teacher. The rest of us got our mail and went back to the house to talk about the new girl. Harrison, the assayer, declared he was going to call and see whether he couldn't help her fix up the two rooms over the schoolhouse. He asked me to go the next night or as soon as we'd been introduced.

I was sleeping hard when I woke with a jump and listened. A woman's scream! I beat it downstairs in my bathrobe and rubber boots. Miss Frenyear, the teacher, was in the hall, whitefaced and shaking.

"Please wake up! Oh, they're coming!" she screamed just as the boys on the floors above tumbled down. They thought another boat had whistled.

"Who? Has anybody ——"

Some one on the third floor roared:

"What the devil's all that row? Is Donovan drunk again?"

"The Japanese fleet!" she gasped, and sank on our kindling box.

"The what? She's asleep—she's walkin' in her sleep!" cried Payne.

"I'm not! Didn't you hear the cannon?"

She was crying from fright. I lifted her to her feet and she was over the middleweight limit—that girl.

"When'd you hear the cannon?" I asked; and she said it was a few minutes before. She ran out, knocked at two houses and screamed outside a tent, but no one answered and the captain of the ship had warned her to expect a Japanese invasion any night—that all Alaska expected it. Captain Charley O'Brien liked to kid the tourists.

"You heard 'em blasting when the night shift quit," said I, grinning.

Her face reddened and like a little girl she hid it against the wall.

"Oh, I'm a plain fool!" she gurgled.

We got her to wait while Payne and I added to our costumes; and we took her home and lit a fire in the new cookstove. She was a good sport; she made coffee from the stock Mrs. McNulty had put in for her, wondered how people knew when to sleep if it was always daylight and hoped all the scholars would come round the first thing.

"I've forgotten which ones you are," she said when we left; "but I hope you'll call again."

Summer's the time to be in Prince William Sound, with the channel like a lake and the snowpeaked islands stretching away under unclouded skies. Payne secured a half-interest in an open motor boat, and I bought a dory and one of the motors you hang over the end. There were several other speed boats. The teacher was out every evening. I took her only twice, because I didn't approve of auburn hair and she'd only sit still and let me talk when I wanted her to talk to me. Besides, I got tired of chugging across the bay to the schoolhouse and finding her out. It makes a man look like a mark.

"That poor girl has an awful time with those McNultys and the little natives," said Payne at the noon dinner one day. "Why, they call her by her first name—Effie!"

"Well, she's big enough to wale 'em, ain't she?" inquired Evans.

"She's too gentle," said Payne warmly. "She's afraid they won't love her if she's mean to 'em."

"I'll be building a house for Payne by fall, I guess," said Evans. Payne became haughtily silent as we all hooted.

I had to look at some work near the schoolhouse during the afternoon and I stepped in.

"Going to be home tonight?" I asked.

She looked up from Bobby McNulty's copybook and she flushed. I heard:

"I can be home, Mr. Howard."

"I'll be over at seven-thirty," I said.

I guess she supposed I meant boatriding, but you can't fuss with an engine and make a conversational hit. She was in the schoolhouse doorway in a pink dress of the kind they wear outside in summer; and she seemed embarrassed when I suggested staying in. I did most of the talking.

"That's a new couch," I observed; "and the Morris chair—new too?"

"It came last boat."

"Pretty swell for Alaska," I proceeded gayly. "I wish my folks would send me some fancy furniture. The freight on those two—at our rates—was about twenty dollars."

I wondered whether she was angry, for she seemed so. Abruptly she said:

"They—they didn't come from home. Mr. Payne—I told him not to dare to do it, but he said it was like a barn in here, and he—I came home the Saturday I took the trip to Green Island and there it was!"

"It's a bully present and just fine," I declared.

She sighed.

"It wasn't right to take such things, but he said he'd tow 'em out into the channel if I refused. Don't you tell him—will you?"

"Payne's a fine chap," said I.

"Yes, indeed," she said uneasily.

I had never liked auburn hair or large placid women, I reflected as I gazed through the windows at the channel. It was September and there had been one frost already. The yellowed leafage of the salmon-berry bushes presaged winter. It would be stupid packed round the big stove in the staff sitting room, half asleep from the heat, all of us boring one another. We only livened up when a new man got in with fresh news of an interior camp or of the big world outside; and when he had been pumped dry there were monosyllabic silences or the same old speculations as to when the mail boat would get in. Seven working days a week, dullness of evenings—and against that I saw a bright picture of one of Evans' nice little houses with myself and a Mrs. John Howard inside. Emmy was lost to me, though of a sudden her face blotted that of the girl watching me from the couch opposite. Well, I could forget! I'd never really tried. I might live in Blaine a couple of years and where would a man so placed ever see the kind of woman he really yearned for? There wasn't much sense in delaying, and seeing Payne win the only one likely to do more than stare at our camp from a ship and be glad she didn't live there.

"I'll bring my boat over at seven tomorrow night. We'll have a nice long ride," I said when I left. "Bring a slicker and your sweater."

"But I promised some one! No, I can't!"

"Tell Payne you can't go."

She flushed and refused that advice.

"You be ready at seven, girlie," I persuaded.

Finally she said reluctantly:

"All right."

. . . . . .

The Evans house was built early in October. Evans and Taylor and I put down the carpets, while Mrs. Hendrie ordered us all. She hung the curtains and put what she called spreads all over the place, and fussed in the kitchen, washing the dishes Hendrie unpacked. Evans was mighty well fixed; and when the boat, with his family aboard, was due he couldn't stay still, but flew out on the dock and back to the office and through the snowshed to the bins. From the pit where we were operating aboveground I looked for smoke down the channel as often as he did. The boat was late. It always is if there's anything special for us. Evans had the stoves going in the house, for it was cold weather again; new toys for the children were arrayed in the living room; lights all on. I went up there.

"Come on in!" he called.

"Is it too late for me to get a house this year?"

That was my greeting. He grabbed my hand, yelling:

"Old Mr. Fox you are! Grabbed her—have you? I'll get your house, of course, if we have to muck ten feet of snow away. By Jove, there's nothing like being married, John! But you want to be sure. You are sure? I mean about the way you feel."

I nodded.

"It ought to be for good and all, you know." His voice was lower.

"It's not settled yet. Don't holler it out to the boys. She might throw me down," said I.

"Payne thinks a great deal of that girl," he said gravely. "I'm afraid he'll be badly

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cut up, but it can't be helped and you started even. When do you think you'll know? I'll have to figure on the house, for we'll get the best possible with the amount I can allow for it. Look here, John; if you're sure don't dillydally. Go ask her. I'd ask tonight. Why don't you?"

This startled me; and yet I was fairly sure. I knew I was mighty lonesome! It was raining when I went down the trail, for the winter rains had started, and the water was rough. Whitecaps were chasing each other out in the channel. It was dark at six o'clock now. I took my lantern from the lantern shelf in our hall, after changing from working clothes to a blue serge suit and my least clumsy rubber hip boots, for the tide was up and I would have to wade part of the way to the schoolhouse.

I didn't feel like a conquering lover as I went slowly along the rocky beach. Effie and Payne had quarreled, and he sulked in the sitting room at home evenings, while she was chill and formal if I mentioned him. It was a cinch they had fallen out over me.

Effie wasn't mad over me—that was certain—and I didn't wish her to be. Just a nice friendly wife was enough. I'd work for her and she would keep our home.

I was lonesome! The memory of Evans, waiting for his wife and babies, hurried me toward the lighted rear windows of the schoolhouse. I had told Effie I would not call that night. She was probably sitting there sewing or crocheting—Emmy detested sewing and she had all her clothes made in New York or San Francisco. Effie would make hers. There were no shades and from a rise in the trail I looked into the front room. She was sewing. A knock?

Payne entered. Both stood staring at each other. He advanced; she backed away while he addressed her excitedly. She seemed agitated, twisting her hands and shaking her head. Payne was taller than she—a big blond fellow with a frank, wide face. As I looked, suddenly there was but one figure against the light. He was caressing her, soothing her; and Effie remained in his embrace. She was sobbing convulsively when I started for camp. I didn't see much use in staying.

Out of the rainy night came a hoarse blast. Two whistles—the port call of the Northwestern! The boat was in. I slipped on the slimy rocks and plunged into holes; splashed unheeding through the shallow water. I needed to see and hear people, for I was the loneliest man on earth, I think. Lanterns moved on the new dock. The powerhouse whistle blew three times—the signal to come down and handle freight. A line of lights danced down the hill, as a gang from the night shift responded. The boat was nearly in when I panted out on the dock and Evans was howling: "Hello, Marie! Hello, Patsy! Hello, baby! Here's papa—see?"

I stopped at the edge of the dock and the ship's searchlight streamed upon us all. There were only a few passengers at the rail.

"Throw a plank across for Mr. Evans!" ordered Stuart, the mate. A hysterical, joyous cry, juvenile squeals, and Evans wasn't lonesome any more.

The night-shift boss was there to look after the freight and the storekeeper to check it over. They didn't require me. I could at least speak to Stuart and I went aboard.

Into the glare of the searchlights walked a girl in a long fur coat and fur cap. She turned abruptly and my heart leaped, for I thought I was viewing a ghost.

"Is this where I get off, Mr. Stuart?" she asked.

Then I moved. I got hold of her; I said something—I don't know what—and I trembled so that it was she who held me up.

"Emmy?" I quavered.

"Johnny!" she cried. "Oh, Johnny—Johnny love!"

Stuart pushed us into the gloom of the starboard deck.

"Your mother wrote me where you were and I came. That's all!" said Emmy. "I waited the year and you didn't send for me."

"Send for you? Didn't you say you were going to marry Eyre-Pole?"

"And do you believe all you hear?"

"Emmy," I said, "if you're miserable for life I can't help it; but I'm going to take you on to Seward where the minister is, because you've got to marry me and come back and live in Blaine!"

Emmy hugged me tighter.

I'd like to have you up at the house for supper some night. My wife's meals are swell.

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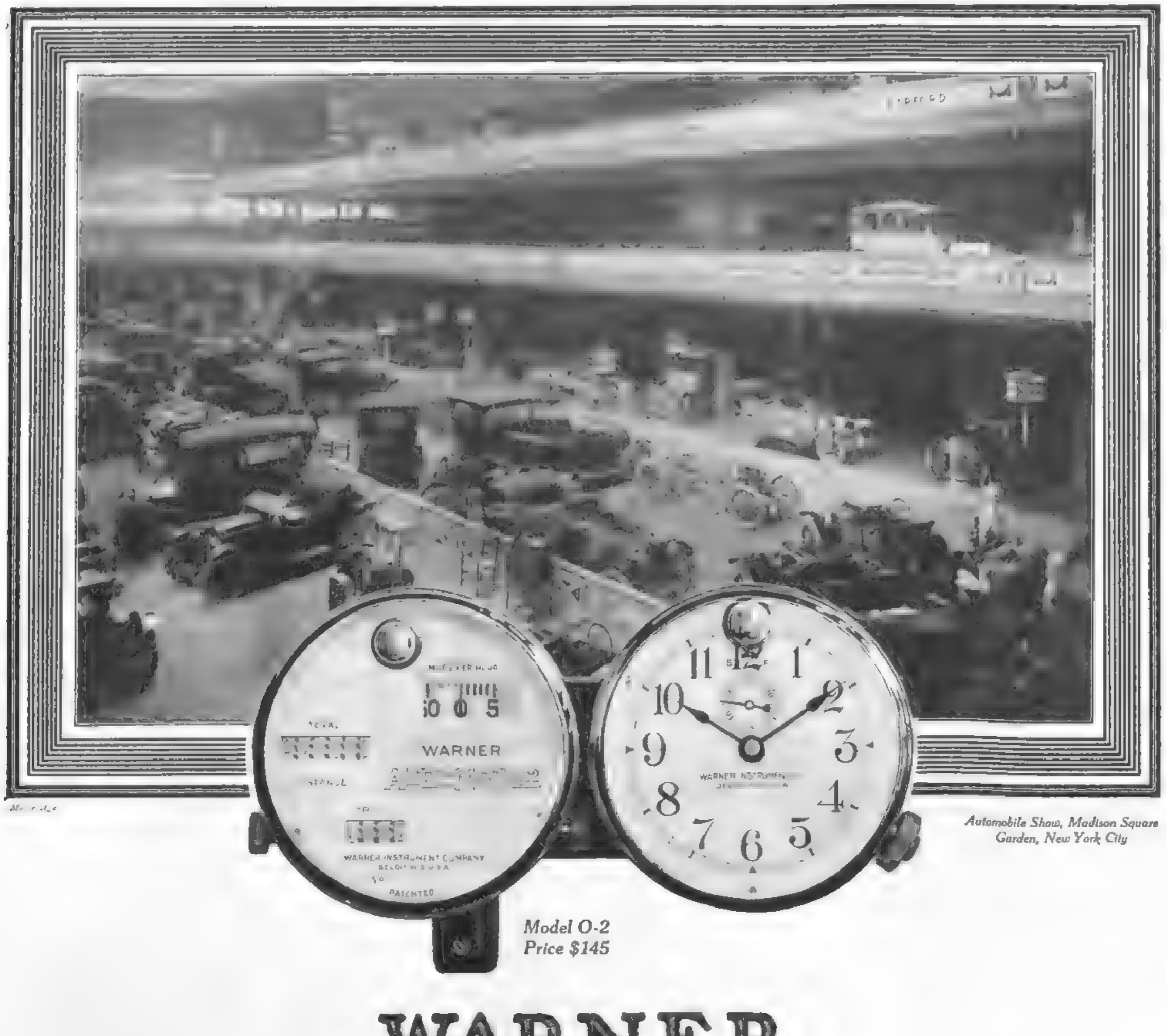

Automobile Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Model O-2
Price $145

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At the Automobile Shows

THE big automobile shows are international reviews. In addition to that they are grand showdowns. Here all the real facts are before you. Here are the efforts and offerings of the world's greatest infant industry—the automobile and its accessories. Here, at your leisure, you can examine the 1913 fashions in American automobiles.

Gathered together are representatives and 1913 models of practically every prominent automobile and accessory producer in the world. Each one of these great automobile manufacturers is displaying and demonstrating what they know to be the very best they can produce—in their respective classes. Their cars are made of the very best materials; have splendid efficient motors; strong and rugged axles; excellent bearings; quiet transmissions; sturdy steel frames; beautiful lines; handsome and graceful bodies; good tires—and in most cases—*Warner Speedometers.*

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Over 100,000 new 1913 cars go on the market Warner equipped.

Automobile Show, Coliseum, Chicago

These cars are now equipped with Warners

As you stroll about the automobile shows, see how many high priced cars are equipped with Warners and how few are equipped with other speedometers

Ahrens-Fox	*Church-Field Electric*	*Franklin*	*Hupp-Yeats*	*Marion*	*Oldsmobile*	*Pilot*	*Stever*
American	*Cino*	*Garford*	*Jenkins*	*Marmon*	*Overland*	*R-C-H*	*Stearns*
Armleder	*Columbia*	*Grand Rapids Truck*	*King Truck*	*Matheson*	*Packard* (In combination)	*Republic*	*Stevens-Duryea*
Austin	*Cunningham*	*Grant*	*Knickerbocker*	*McFarlan*	*Paterson*	*S. G. V.*	*Stoddard-Dayton*
Buffalo Electric	*De Launey Belleville*	*Grinnell Electric*	*Krit*	*Midland*	*Pierce-Arrow*	*Simplex*	*Suburban Truck*
Cadillac	*Flanders*	*Haynes*	*Lozier*	*Ohio Electric*		*Stafford*	*Vesa Six*
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The great manufacturing concerns (which produce the cars given in the above list) represent the cream of the American automobile industry. These cars are our *representative* cars—known the world over. Look at the list—again—carefully. Are they not the "big" cars you have heard so much about? Are they not the very cars you think of when "cars" are being discussed? How do you regard such cars as the list shown above? Are not the manufacturers of these prominent cars regarded and respected as topping the list of all high grade American automobiles? *If they chose the Warner speedometer in preference to all others, which would you regard as being superior—the Warner, or the others?*

And then remember this—

That the Warner is the highest priced instrument made. It costs these important producers *double the price of the others.*

We mention these few fixed facts to impress upon you the unusual standing and high reputation the Warner instrument has enjoyed for over eight years.

Bear these facts in mind when you buy your car. And as a little caution, see that the car you select is equipped with a Warner. You will then be sure of several important things—accurate speed and mileage registration—and—what after all is more important to you—a good car.

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NEW LIVES FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 22)

Remembering how long it took him to think over things before, that didn't sound very encouraging.

"All right," I said. "Meanwhile I'm going to start something."

VI

THE pioneer idea—that was the heart of my scheme; the same old idea that had already lifted me from the slough of a salary and the suburbs and put me on my feet. Under its inspiration I had worked out my salvation in the city, and now, though I had come here for peace and quiet, I felt as though I were being challenged by a cuff on the cheek. No live man could sit down and look on calmly at such conditions as faced me here. When these people within sight of a hungry market said farming didn't pay it proved that the fundamental trouble was not lack of opportunity but lack of appreciation of the opportunity. Just sit down and figure out what the forebears of these same people accomplished on these very acres. Out of this soil they wrenched the capital that went far toward establishing the richest nation on the face of the earth; but it may be argued that the Pilgrims had the advantage of virgin land. So they did, but virgin land in New England meant also virgin rocks—a million or more to the acre, as testified to by the stone walls of today; it meant virgin trees, with a wild tangle of roots and no dynamite to blow them out; it meant virgin cold and the crudest kind of stoves to fight it off; it meant crude, virgin farm implements, and virgin Indians to make the use of them interesting by zipping arrows from ambush at the sturdy plowman. Yet in spite of these handicaps and a hundred others those same pioneers fought it out with such fine spirit that there are today men who sigh because they were not living then instead of now. These old pioneers won a comfortable living for themselves, and so did their sons and grandsons after them, even though they were forced to sacrifice half their time and money and life in battle to establish this nation which now we enjoy already established; and they did this because of the pioneer spirit back of them—a spirit that a nation allows to die at its peril.

With all I saw before me I didn't believe that spirit was yet dead. As Ruth said, there wasn't a youngster in this very village—though here not worth his salt—who wouldn't buck up if placed on a Western homestead a hundred miles or more from civilization. The spirit of his ancestors would then rouse him. They were proving it by taking up farms in Canada. In a less marked degree it was this same spirit which, without their knowledge, prompted them to do better in the cities at the beginning than at home. The thing, then, to my mind, that was needed was to make these same young men realize it was really just as much of a brave adventure to make a few acres pay in the East as in the West. That was what I had got hold of when standing helpless without the capital to go West. I assumed that I had already traveled a thousand miles to get where I was, and from that point didn't go ten miles from home.

Now it was this spirit of a young nation that the foreign-born caught. In the older country, where it was dead, I haven't much doubt that Dardoni and his fellows were a shiftless lot. If they had remained they would probably have plugged along in a beggarly rut. It wasn't until they came over here that they roused themselves to work, not ploddingly like uninspired natives but with a romantic fervor that made these old acres yield as they had never yielded before. They brought with them no modern agricultural methods. They took the land as they found it, and it was their simple pioneer standards, their pioneer earnestness, their pioneer courage, that brought them success. They worked for independence with the same pioneer enthusiasm and industry that inspired the early settlers. How long would that little band of adventurers who landed on the rocky shore of Massachusetts have lasted if they had shown no more backbone than those who today fold their hands and shake their heads at the deserted farms surrounding them?

The more I talked these things over with Ruth the more excited I became. It was as clear as daylight that idle land could not forever exist in the face of a needy market. I had learned at school the phrase: "Nature abhors a vacuum." Rural New England today was practically a vacuum and Nature was already finding a way to fill it. She was forcing in adventurers of other nations, with the challenge to the native-born either to get to work or get out. If any one wants to see proof of this for himself let him travel through the Connecticut Valley or along the Massachusetts cape or through the small towns in the neighborhood of Boston. Let him go farther, into the hill towns of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, and he will find there Italians, Portuguese, Russians, Poles, already established and accepted, where twenty years ago a foreigner was a curiosity. They are the vanguard of the army Nature is marshaling for her certain purpose. Let the traveler look below the superficial squalor and learn how many people these pioneers are supporting, how much they are saving and how much they are buying, and he will catch an inkling of what's afoot. I had seen this going on in the city, but there the contrast between what was and what is was not so marked. New England cities have long ceased to be merely New England, but I had come out into the country for that very reason. I had long wanted a taste of undiluted New England, and this was what I found there.

Meanwhile Dick had been taking hold of the contracting business with such good results that I found myself able to throw more and more upon him. He had with him a college mate; and the two, under the spur of youth, went hustling after new business at a pace that made my services unnecessary, except as a sort of advisory committee. With my new interests to occupy me, with the business prospering under the younger management, and with a fair amount in the bank as a surety against accidents, I was glad to have it so. I believe it's an older man's duty to turn over his business to the younger generation wherever it is possible. During the winter I watched the progress of the two boys closely, and was surprised at the shrewdness and level-headedness Dick displayed. I give credit for that to his experience in selling newspapers on the street. It taught him not only self-reliance but, in his association with men, both self-confidence and poise. He knew how to approach men, how to put forward his case in the shortest possible time, and then how and when to leave. He was popular, too, with the gang, and I found the latter turning more and more to him.

It was in February that, after a long talk with Ruth, I called the boy into my den one evening.

"Dick," I said, "I haven't been very much more than a figurehead in the business during the last few months, and now I think I'll pull out altogether."

"For Heaven's sake, Dad," he answered, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I said; "only you don't need me and I want to take up farming."

"You'd better let me call in the doc," he answered.

"Do I look as though I needed him?" said I. "It's sure that if I felt that way I shouldn't be undertaking a new business."

"It's all right for you to putter round here for fun," he said, "but you know as well as I that you can't make farming pay. Just look round you ——"

"That's what makes me believe farming will pay," I said. "I look round me and I see men doing just what you advise me to do—puttering round. You wouldn't expect to make contracting pay if you did nothing but that—would you?"

"I know, but ——"

"Look here!" I broke in, glad of a chance to express some of the things I had been thinking over for the last few months. "Look here, boy! Do you realize what, as a business proposition, this village is? It's a big unused plant in which thousands of dollars have been invested, and it's lying idle next door to a market crying for its products. If you saw a big factory building, all equipped and with labor loafing round the doors, standing idle, with its books filled with orders, you'd jump in—wouldn't you? Well, that's exactly what this village is. Small as it is, you've only to look at the assessor's books to find that over a million dollars is invested here in

lands, and half another million in buildings. There are over eight hundred voters in town, and not a hundred of them are making more than a bare living out of this investment. It's safe to say that not a quarter of one per cent is being made on this big capital; and yet within a team's drive of us there's a market so large that it's bringing its produce some three thousand miles at a profit. It's not only bringing it there but it's bringing it into this very town."

"But look here, Dad," Dick interrupted, "you don't own the town, you know."

"But I own part of it," I said; "and I intend to help operate the rest."

"I don't know how you'll manage it," he said. "Besides, it's been tried and the business hasn't paid."

"How about Dardoni?" I asked.

"That's so."

"I'm not going to undertake anything that isn't being done today right under our noses. It's as true as Gospel preaching that these Old World pioneers are going to own this village and utilize to the fullest these opportunities, unless we do ourselves. What is true here is true of all New England. That isn't a cry of 'Wolf!' when there is no wolf either; it's the sober truth. These fellows are going at their work right. It isn't luck with them. You can't say that New York is owned by Jews because Hebrews are a lucky race. They own New York because they are a pioneer race; and because of this they are going to own more than New York if we Americans don't wake up."

"By George, you're right, Dad!" Dick exclaimed. "What is more, they deserve all they get. They work and sacrifice for it."

"Exactly as our ancestors did when they were adventurers in a new land," I said. "It gets back again to the pioneer idea. This country, with its institutions, no longer belongs to the people who made it. It's being made all over again and it belongs to those who are helping in the new making."

"Right, right! But what you want to do is to get out and preach this. You've worked hard, Dad, and it's time you had a rest."

"There's been preaching enough, Dick," I said; "and as for rest—a man doesn't rest at my age by doing nothing."

"Then what's your scheme?"

"To make my own farm pay, and then to help my neighbors make their farms pay."

"I'll stake my last dollar that you make your own pay if you start in; but as for the others—have you thought out any plan for them?"

"In a rough way," I said. "In the first place I'm convinced that talk doesn't do any good. These people have been preached at through the papers, magazines and pulpit until their brains are calloused. They aren't interested in the problem in the abstract. They aren't interested in anything much—not even themselves. They're convinced that farming doesn't pay, and they have before them the visible proof that it doesn't—so far as they are concerned anyhow. On the other hand there's Dardoni; but they dispose of him by calling him a dago."

"Then what's left?" demanded Dick.

"To get them interested in themselves first of all. The only way I know to do that is to make it worth their while in good hard cash."

"Bribe 'em?"

"Well, it amounts to practically that. I want to get them together in some sort of organization."

"There's the Grange," said Dick.

"It has played its part and in some places is still playing it; but round here people have got sick of it. It has become nothing but a social club."

"Well?"

"You know what they are doing in the West and South—they are offering cash prizes to boys for the best crop of corn raised on a given area. They've roused the whole country to the competition, and have advertised it so well that the winner becomes for the moment a national figure. That's what we ought to do here, only my plan is to give the competition a wider scope. We ought to have prizes for the older men and for the women. We ought to stimulate better care of our apple orchards, better hayfields, better potatoes, better household economies, better kitchen gardens."

"Hold on!" interrupted Dick. "Who's going to pay for these prizes?"

"In the end the club will raise the money. To start with it ought to be raised by public subscription."

"If I know this crowd you've got a job on your hands."

"Ten prizes of a hundred dollars each will amount to only a thousand dollars. The business men of the town ought to give half that the first year; I'm willing to give the rest."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted Dick.

"As an investment," I said. "If we can bring this old town to life it will pay every mother's son in it. If we can make it the livest, the most beautiful village in the state, as it ought to be made, we'll attract a desirable class of residents and double real estate values. The prosperity of every citizen is the prosperity of the community. Meanwhile we'll decrease the cost of living and give them cash to pay their bills. Great Heavens! There's no limit to what can be done if we can rouse these people. I tell you it's a great big business proposition if nothing more."

"By George! I don't know but what you're right, Dad!" exclaimed Dick. "It promises to be a game worth playing anyhow."

The upshot of the matter was that I resigned from the firm of Carleton & Son, which immediately became Carleton & Ransome. I left in, however, one-third of my capital, retaining that much stock in the new organization. Then I settled down at once to perfect plans for my new enterprise.

I found two enthusiastic supporters of my ideas in Ed Barclay, the auctioneer, and in Holt, a young lawyer who had lately moved into town. The latter was especially valuable. He was clean and energetic and, while waiting for a practice, was looking for something upon which to expend his surplus energy. He agreed with me that the first thing to do, in order to have something tangible to work with, was to perfect some sort of organization. He dug up about everything ever written on the subject, and we thoroughly threshed out the merits of all the plans for village improvement societies and such that have ever been tried. Though we received some useful ideas from many of them, none of them quite seemed to fit our own needs. Most of them failed to appeal in any way to the imagination.

In most cases they came into being after some kind of civic conscience had been roused by other forces. What we wanted was something which, in and of itself, should stir these people. It was Holt who finally furnished the suggestion we wanted. He came back from town one day filled to overflowing with it.

"Look here, Carleton!" he exclaimed as soon as he saw me. "I've got it! It's your pioneer idea we want to work on. Why not call our club the Pioneers? Why not pound that idea into them? It's fresh, and you've proved in your case what can be done with it. It will appeal to the young men and stir the memories of the old."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Strange Diamond

JOHN J. McGRAW, manager of the New York Giants, believes in giving a chance to every applicant who comes along seeking a place on his baseball team. The method has yielded him several star players, also at least one good laugh.

One morning the club was at practice on the Polo Grounds when a lank youngster, evidently just from the country, got inside the inclosure somehow and made his way to where McGraw was sitting on the bench watching his performers cavort over the diamond.

"Mister McGraw," said the youth, "I'd like mightily to git a chance to play ball for you."

"What position do you play?" snapped McGraw.

"Right field usually," stated the youth.

"All right; grab a glove and go out yonder in right field and let me see you catch a few fly balls," ordered the manager.

The youngster shifted his weight from one leg to the other and looked at him appealingly.

"Heard what I told you, didn't you?" barked McGraw. "Go on out yonder and let me see what you can do."

"Mister McGraw," said the youth, "I'm a stranger in this here town and this is the first time I've ever been up here, and I'd like to ask you which is right field in this park!"

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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Sales, 1912—918,678 Tires *Increase—125 per cent.*

Sales, 1911—409,521 Tires

1910—210,762

1909

1908

In all the records of tiredom nothing compares with this

That Tells Which Tire

What tire maker's claims can compete with this verdict—this final conclusion of the hundreds of thousands who have actually made comparisons?

Up to November 1st, these men had tried out 1,700,000 Goodyear tires.

And some 250,000 motorists, as a result, have adopted these tires on their cars.

Year after year sales have doubled. Last year's increase was 125 per cent. It would have exceeded 200 per cent had our output filled our orders.

Mark that overwhelming vote of the men who know. It denotes a new criterion on tires.

Men want to end rim-cutting, to save overloading. They are seeking, as you do, the minimum cost per mile.

And a mammoth plurality, to get these things, have settled on No-Rim-Cut tires.

Note the decisive decision. With some 30 tire makers contending for favor, nearly one-third of all the tire users now insist on Goodyears.

Count Them Anywhere

Note Goodyear tires at the Shows this year. Note what a percentage of the better cars are equipped with them.

You'll find no other tire, we think, on half so many cars.

Count them on the street—count them in salesrooms. Wherever you look, you'll find an amazing percentage favoring Goodyear tires.

Then think how the number is growing. There are now 10 times as many users as 3 years ago.

Where Will It End?

This trend, you see, is just getting momentum. Our sales last year by far exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

And the percentage of increase—125 per cent—broke every previous record.

That shows that tire users are selling these tires. The more we have, the faster we get new ones.

Men are measuring mileage, figuring tire upkeep, and they are telling the facts to friends.

At this ratio of increase, think what place these tires will hold in 12 months from today.

From Bottom Place

In 1905—after five years of tire making—we stood in the bottom place. We made then scarcely more than one per cent of the tires.

One of our rivals made 30 times as many. Two others together made 40 times our output.

But the next year—in 1906—our cost of replacement was 1.41 per cent. That broke all records on quality. On other tires the cost of replacement ran as high as 18.43 per cent. These are actual figures, based on royalty records.

Then men began to realize the Goodyear economy. Sales doubled every year. And for more than two years these tires have held the topmost place in Tiredom.

Car Builders Adopt Them

Last year, 122,000 new cars went out from their factories with Goodyear equipment.

This year's contracts with makers, at the minimum, insure Goodyear tires on nearly half of all the year's production.

Car builders, as you know, are the most experienced, most exacting buyers. They know which tires hold up best. They know which tires men want.

They are vitally interested—more than ever before—in cutting cost of upkeep for the automobile user. For this, above all else, affects the future sale of cars.

These men have compared tires on thousands of cars. The result is, they will use about as many Goodyears this year as all other tires put together.

8,000 Tires Daily

We are building now to bring our output up to 8,000 tires a day. This will enable us to completely equip 600,000 cars per year.

We shall be doing that, before many months, if the records of the past continue. And that will mean that an amazing percentage of the cars then running will have Goodyear tires.

Let Yours Be One

In the light of these figures, we ask you for a test. Make it for your own satisfaction.

These legions of experienced car makers and users are not making mistakes about tires. They are not coming in this way to No-Rim-Cut tires without a reason for it.

They seek what you seek. They are getting what you want. Together they are saving on tire cost, we figure, a million dollars monthly.

Go see the tires. One glance will tell you how the saving very largely occurs.

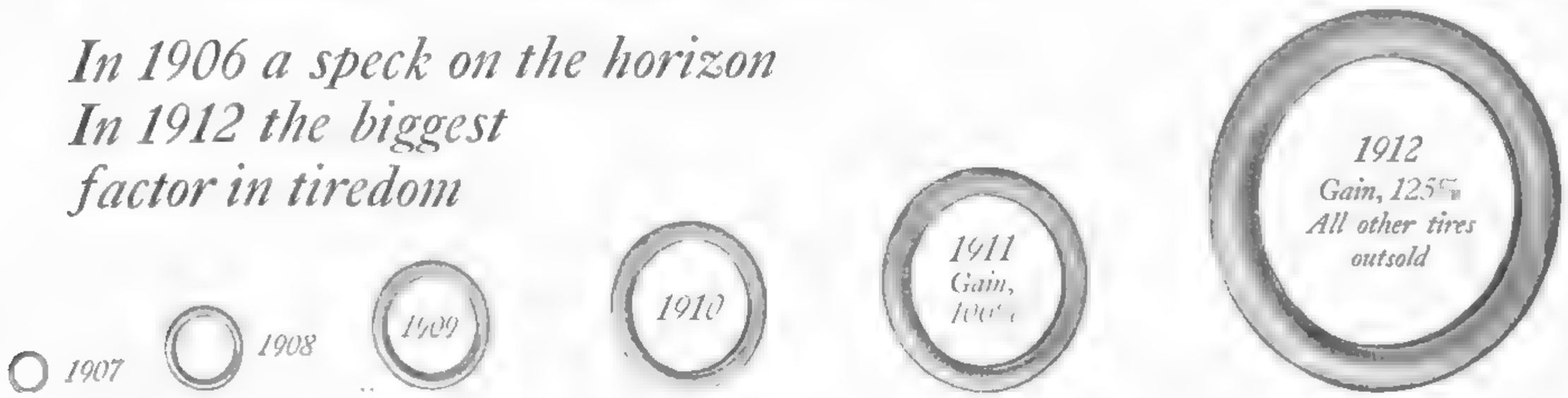
GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

In 1906 a speck on the horizon
In 1912 the biggest
factor in tiredom



Done by Mileage Tests

For years and years we have built tires solely by the mileage test.

And motorists are coming more and more to the making of mileage comparisons.

They are keeping records. They know the service rendered. They know how tire bills differ with the various types of tires.

These records only—kept on countless tires—have brought to us this avalanche of trade.

The Telltale

For many years we have used the odometer to tell us how to better tires.

We built in our factory a tire-testing machine, which wears out tires—four tires at a time—under every road condition.

Every new method or fabric or formula has had to win out in this mileage comparison.

The odometer told our shortcomings. It marked our improvements. It made constant comparisons, right in our factory, with the mileage of rival tires.

And it told the same story to tens of thousands of men who were driving cars.

We knew what the story would be. And we knew that the story, told over and over, would do what it since has done.

Note that this trend toward Goodyears began with the vogue of odometers.

It came with the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires, made 10 per cent oversize.

It grew and grew as men told others how these features cut down tire upkeep.

Make no mistake. Motorists cannot be hoodwinked. Nothing in the world accounts for Goodyear popularity save the lessened cost per mile.

Old Types and New

Old-type tires—clincher tires—rim-cut when wholly or partly deflated. Every motorist knows that.

Rim-cutting often wrecks a tire in a moment, after a puncture occurs. And the ruin can't be repaired.

Statistics show that this damage occurs on 23 per cent of all old-type tires.

No-Rim-Cut tires—our patent type—wipe out this loss entirely. These tires will never rim-cut.

So we save you in this way an average waste of 23 per cent.

Another 25 Per Cent

No-Rim-Cut tires, in air capacity, are 10 per cent over the rated size. Under average conditions, that oversize adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

It means an over-tired car. It takes care of your extras. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

These two visible features mean an average saving of 48 per cent.

Let it go at that. You'll learn the rest when you come to make mileage comparisons. No-Rim-Cut and oversize are features that you can see.

Go see them at the Shows, at any Goodyear branch, or with any Goodyear dealer. Without our sales figures, one glance will tell you that these are the coming tires.

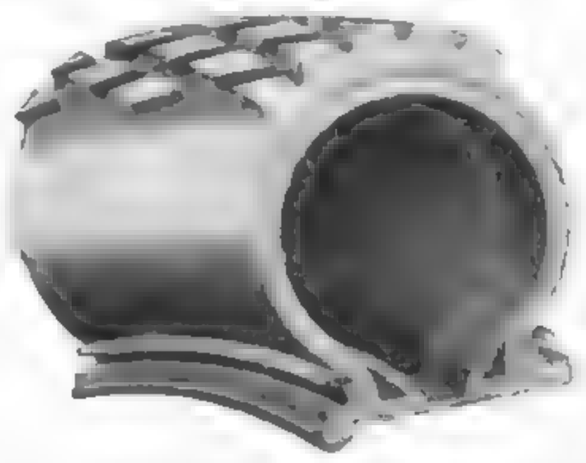
Our 1913 Tire Book—based on 14 years experience—tells a hundred ways to cut down tire cost. Ask us to mail it to you.

Stop and Consider

In buying a new car, or buying tires for an old car, stop and consider this. Tire upkeep is the main expense on cars. And half that upkeep, at the least, depends on your choice of tires.

The Winter Tread

The Last Word in Non-Skids—Double-Thick, Deep-Cut, Immensely Enduring—a Bulldog Grip



Another point where we've reached finality is in this ideal Non-Skid tread.

Not a mere corrugation in the regular tread. It's an extra tread, very thick and tough, vulcanized on to the regular.

So thick that the blocks are cut deep. So tough that they last for thousands of miles.

These sharp-cut blocks present to the road surface countless edges and angles. On any road or pavement they insure a firm grip.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is distributed over the fabric the same as with smooth-tread tires. Non-Skid tires, without this, have proved very short-lived.

Note these advantages—the tough, double-thick tread, the deep-cut blocks, their irresistible grip, their distributed strain. Compare these wanted features with the common non-skids. You can see why these treads, now we have them perfected, are fast superseding all other devices.

In wet weather or winter, at least every rear wheel should have these efficient Non-Skids.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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THAT FIT

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Put a 10 Cent box in your pocket, or a 50 Cent box in your desk.

Light up one when you feel the need of that "between times" smoke—instead of starting a big cigar that is more than you want or ought to have.

See how much more REAL enjoyment you get, how much better you feel, how much money you'll save.

To Doubting Thomases—If you think it's impossible to make a 10 for 10 Cents little cigar with a REAL Havana flavor, send 4 CENTS in stamps, for packing and mailing, and we'll get a 10 Cent box to you by return mail.

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Tells how to succeed with poultry on the ordinary farm. How to make a first-class brooder out of an old piano box. What breeds lay best. Plans for poultry houses, how to feed, breed, etc. Describes PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders
Prairie State Incubator Co. 434 Main St. Homer City, Pa.

You'll say "BEAUTIFUL!" when you see this sock

You have worn nothing like it before. Not a heavy sock, nor a light one. Warm enough for winter, yet perfectly comfortable in spring or fall. Made of fine, pure worsted and mercerized yarns, it is delightfully soft to the feet.

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ANTICS IN ANTIQUES

(Continued from Page 19)

Be this as it may, the antique dealer is leading a chastened career. His faking days are largely over. Perhaps, back in the old days, just when he was getting started—oh, well, maybe once or twice —— Now, however, when a thing is a reproduction, why, he tells you it is a reproduction. If he did not do that he would lose his clientele in no time.

"That," he explains carefully, "is the advantage of buying your antiques from a good established dealer. Take me, for example. What if I were to go palming off fakes on some of the people who have been dealing with me for years? Why, they'd be sure to call in some connoisseur friend of theirs who'd tell them they had been humbugged. But, as for these little mushroom shops that have sprung up everywhere, why, of course, they don't have any trade to keep. They just depend on the casual customer and they're pretty likely to do you any time."

Strictly, therefore, in the interests of public safety, the antique dealer will open his heart to you and tell you something of the tricks of the trade. This shocking revelation of corrupt intent, this conscientious muckraking of antique-faking, has its beginning very properly in the antique that is part new and part old. There are, the dealer informs you, many startling economies of old wood practiced in the antique business. Old wood is so rare nowadays that it is made to go as far as butter in a European boarding house; when the shrewd dealer gets hold of a fine old table he spreads it over two tables. The process is very simple. You take the top and fix it to a new base, which is treated so skillfully that only an expert can detect the mongrel origin. Similarly you take the old base and fit it to a new top.

Naturally this sort of imposture does not stop at tables. An old rosewood or mahogany piano, for example, is frequently metamorphosed into other pieces of furniture. Perhaps its final destiny may be a hall settee; perhaps it merely becomes a table or two. Whatever the result, however, you may be pretty sure that even the more honest class of dealers will feel no ethical compunction about telling you of its mixed antecedents.

"Why, what are you going to say?" asked my dealer, as we stood before an old piano now gracefully muted into a hall settee. "Isn't it old? Am I not justified in telling people it's an antique? It certainly is, you know."

"But," I persisted, "what if people should ask you whether it was old in that form?"

"Oh, well," he replied with a grimace, "in that case we would tell them just what happened. Still, there isn't much danger of even this enlightened public we've got to contend with nowadays asking such a question as that. It doesn't generally occur to them."

Beds and Pianos in Disguise

Of all the examples of putting old wine into new bottles, the fourposter bed furnishes us with the most heady evidences of ingenuity. A fourposter bed has, I am told, at least as many disguises as it has posts. Generally, however, it appears in the antique carnival as an old table in which the posts impersonate the legs.

But why—asks the unsophisticated—is it necessary to transform one old piece into another? The reason for this is soon apparent. Fourposter beds are very plentiful. So, also, are old square pianos. The pieces into which they are converted are not plentiful and bring much higher prices.

Another fake often put over is concerned with brass articles. Old brass knockers, for instance, are comparatively scarce and are, therefore, often reproduced. Regarding these an antique dealer tells one of his own experiences before Miss Uplift had put her finger in the antique pie.

"I had manufactured in my shop," said he with a chuckle, "a lot of perfectly good Colonial knockers. They were such extremely good knockers that I should have had no hesitation in trying to sell one to Benjamin Franklin or George Washington or any other gentleman of the knocker age. Consequently when a pompous gentleman came into my shop one day and inquired for a real old Colonial knocker, I felt no trepidation in offering him one of these products.

"'Take this,' said I, shoving him over a prettily carved one. 'It came from the home of Alexander Hamilton,' I added with a flash of inspiration.

"The man's face lighted up. He was, I could see, a great admirer of Alexander Hamilton. So I went up a little on the price I had intended asking for it and he paid it without a murmur. Several days went by and I had almost forgotten about my knocker, when one afternoon my pompous gentleman came in and, almost throwing the knocker at my face, demanded back his money.

"'What's the matter?' asked I, getting pretty uncomfortable at the sight of his face.

"Thereupon my man started in and gave in himself a pretty good imitation of a knocker. He called me liar, thief and pirate—whew, but he did talk!

"'But what's the matter with it?' I kept asking betweentimes.

"Then at last he told me. 'Look at that!' said he, pointing with a trembling hand to the knocker. 'Why, you're not even a smart rogue! Alexander Hamilton, indeed, and you even forgot that the clapper would be dented in under the raised part from years of use.'

"Sure enough, I had overlooked this important detail. My old knocker was not banged under the clapper from its century of hard blows. Needless to say, I was cut up at my stupidity. Needless to say, I lost no time in manufacturing all my knockers with knocks."

An Indignant Customer

In buying any antique bits, such as bureaus, cabinets, desks or highboys, it is always the part of wisdom, according to the dealer, to look to the interior. If the inside woodwork—that of the drawers and the shelves—looks new the probability is that the whole piece is a reproduction. Even an ancient-looking interior, however, is not positive testimony to antiquity. The other probability is that the dealer has been careless.

Apropos of this very thing, the dealer tells a good story on one of his friends.

"He had just manufactured in his own shop," said he, "a particularly fine highboy of antique design. He had meant to tell the truth about the date of its birth, but somehow when a customer came to buy it the excitement of the game sort of got into his blood. There is a lot of exhilaration about the faking game, you know—you always wonder just how far you may go with a particular customer. At any rate, my friend sold the piece as old. At the same time, just that there might be no comeback, he gave orders that before the highboy went out of the shop it should be fitted up with the oldest worm-eaten wood in the house.

"Through some mistake, however, one of the men let it go out with the inside woodwork as fresh and smiling as a new officeholder. The result was that before very long the purchaser came back and raised the dickens. Some smart friend of his, you see, had put him up to looking at the interior, and he certainly was hot! He stormed and raged and said he'd prosecute; but, would you believe it, before he left the shop my friend had got him all smoothed down! Today that man is one of his best customers. Fact is," added the antique dealer, "I could tell you lots of stories to prove that many a time, in the old days, a man rather admired you for being bright enough to sting him; but now—well, you can just take it from me, there's no earning approbation along those particular lines in these ungrateful days."

The question of how the public may distinguish the antique from the mock antique is one demanding much research. At the end of a hundred queries, too, you generally come away with the tenuous information: "Oh, it's just practice—somehow you can tell by the look and feel of a thing." It needed, indeed, only my experience with the piecrust table to convince me of the vanity of trying to be a connoisseur in antiques without the necessary experience.

For the benefit of those as uninstructed as I myself, I shall say in preface to this incident that a piecrust table is an example of Colonial furniture which inspires a particularly violent passion in the heart of the collector. Just why it should do so is not

evident at a glance, for it is merely an unassuming little table with the scalloped top that gives it its name. Yet, because of its rarity each of those scallops is guaranteed to take a corresponding scallop out of the purchaser's pocketbook. Only recently, indeed, a piecrust table brought over fourteen hundred dollars at an auction.

In consequence of its notoriously high value, an antique dealer sniffed the other day when a woman came into his shop and told him she had bought a genuine piecrust for one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Can't believe it," said he—"I should like very much to see it."

"Very well," said she; "come over to my apartment and see for yourself."

He went and, as an educational experience, took me along with him. I looked over the table and he looked over the table. He stood off from it and squinted and I stood off from it and squinted. Finally we both rubbed it up and down until it fairly purred.

"Well?" said I at last. My examination had shown me nothing.

"It isn't ——" said he.

"What?" cried the woman indignantly.

"But how can you tell?" queried I.

"By the look," answered the dealer—"the top and base aren't the same kind of wood. They've got an altogether different seasoning and grain. The probability is that you've got a genuine piecrust base with a modern top."

This fact convinced me, as I have said, that it requires a constant handling of antiques to sharpen the perceptions to any such uncanny degree of skill. In forming this conclusion I was ably assisted by the dealer himself.

"It takes an expert every time," said he, "to see the difference between an old and a new-old piece; and even when you've been in the business for years you sometimes get fooled yourself. Take one of those Elizabethan or Jacobean tables, for instance. Why, nothing can be easier to fake than those! All there is to them is a lump of oak, with some scratches and dents and a generally uncultivated appearance. I could be fooled myself on them. Yet your rich American will go out and buy one—from the truthful English dealer of course"—this with sardonic emphasis—"just as trustfully as he would hand out for an Elevated ticket. The fact is, of course, that no fine piece should ever be bought without the advice of a disinterested connoisseur.

"As for these tales, you're all the time hearing about people picking up a real Chippendale or Sheraton or Heppelwhite or Adam at fifty dollars. Don't believe it for a moment! Just remember that any one of the pieces of these famous old Georgian furniture makers brings a fabulous price. Each year they become harder and harder to get. Today most of them are tied up in the homes of millionaire collectors or in the great museums. Only by an almost miraculous chance can you do any picking up of a Chippendale. Yet it is surprising how many of the unscrupulous dealers are still palming off 'real Chippendales' and 'Sheratons.'"

Imitation Sheffield Plate

The province of faking is not, of course, confined to wood. There is hardly anything, in fact, that the enterprising workman of today will not attempt to reproduce. As a good surprising starter, there are the priests' robes which are considered to give such a poignant and temperamental look to a grand piano or an obtrusive shelf. Now that these old robes are become so scarce, there is, it seems, a wide movement to imitate them. This is often accomplished by applying galloon from old curtains and hangings to modern robes that have been duly soiled and stained. Indeed, whenever you buy one of these robes for as little as twenty-five dollars, you may be pretty sure that it is only a facsimile.

Almost as striking an example of ingenuity is furnished by some of the faking of antique silver. In order to stamp a large expensive platter or vase with the coveted hallmark of the old silversmiths' guilds the resourceful manufacturer will sometimes remove this hallmark from a small inexpensive piece, such as a plate or small pitcher, and immediately solder it to the large modern piece. Even when such elaborate methods are not used modern imitations of antique silver are extremely beguiling. How many of us, for instance, have not bit on the "old" apostle spoon?

The proverb that all that glisters is not old is given even greater force by doings in Sheffield plate. Sheffield plate is, in fact, the home plate to which the antique dealer, breathless and triumphant, makes some of his most startling runs in deception; for Sheffield plate represents one of the strongest cravings of the modern house-furnisher's heart. Sheffield plate also represents one of the most elusive of genuine antiques. The deduction is not taxing. Sheffield plate is skillfully and notoriously imitated.

"But how," I asked a dealer one day, "do the antique traders know the difference between old and new Sheffield?"

"Well," he responded, "the truth is, very often they don't. For example, the other day one of my regular customers came in and asked for real old Sheffield in a piece that we didn't have in the shop. I immediately sent one of my men out to some of the little shops to try to pick it up. At the very first one he went to they told him they had it, all right, and got the article out for him.

"'But this isn't antique,' objected my man.

"'I'd like to know why not,' replied the other in a great huff. 'Look at it! Why, it's got the old mark on the bottom.'

"'That's just where you don't know your business,' said my agent. 'If you did you'd have learned by this time that most genuine old Sheffield has no mark.'"

Modern Reproductions Costly

"And," continued the dealer, "it hasn't either. Aside from that, too, there is a great difference in weight between the old and new—anybody who is used to handling both kinds can soon tell which is which. You see the real old Sheffield was copper, rolled in between two heavy sheets of silver. They don't make anything as heavy as that nowadays. In spite of that, the public can be fooled on Sheffield sooner than on almost anything else."

Vying in favor with Sheffield as a subject for reproduction is the old Colonial mirror with the brass relief work on the frame. Real Colonial mirrors have become very scarce now, and one of ordinary size can be rarely purchased under two hundred dollars. The imitations, on the contrary, sell for about thirty dollars and upward. Another risky antique is the pair of brass andirons. In contrast to both silver and brass, however, china has managed to keep fairly free of imitation. Particularly is this the case with the much-prized blue Staffordshire; for, though one of the Doctor Syntax plates was faked so successfully about seven years ago as to take in some of the dealers themselves, most manufacturers realize the hopelessness of approximating that deep, wonderful blue.

Even though the antique dealer admits the ingenuity of modern reproductions of the antique, he reiterates his statement that it is only the small unknown dealer who practices wholesale faking. The established men, he maintains, are less and less likely to palm off reproductions as antiques. Perhaps now and then they may stretch the truth in the interests of some small inexpensive bit; but, for the most part, fear of detection, if nothing else, keeps them from misrepresentation in the matter of large pieces.

"The worst thing I have to contend with just now," admits one dealer, "is the tremendous price I have to pay for reproductions. Wood and labor are both so expensive here in America that I find it cheaper to go abroad every year and buy my reproductions even if I do have to pay duty on them nowadays."

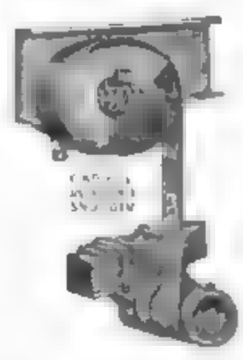
Asked what country produces the best and most skillful imitations, the dealer replies unhesitatingly that it is England. "Perhaps," he adds humorously, "some of this may be due to the climate. It's a solemn fact that two weeks of English fog and drizzle will make the freshest young vase into a real old Roman ruin.

"But," he concludes, reverting to a painful theme, "England doesn't stop at soaking the antiques themselves. She soaks the antique lovers—particularly those who come from America."

As Necessary as Top or Windshield

GABRIEL

Rebound Snubbers



THE top protects you when it rains; Gabriel Snubbers protect you when you strike rough roads—and save your car from racking itself to pieces, besides.

The Dealer who tells you that you don't need Snubbers is the same man who used to claim you didn't need top or windshield,—"because it only rained once in a while."

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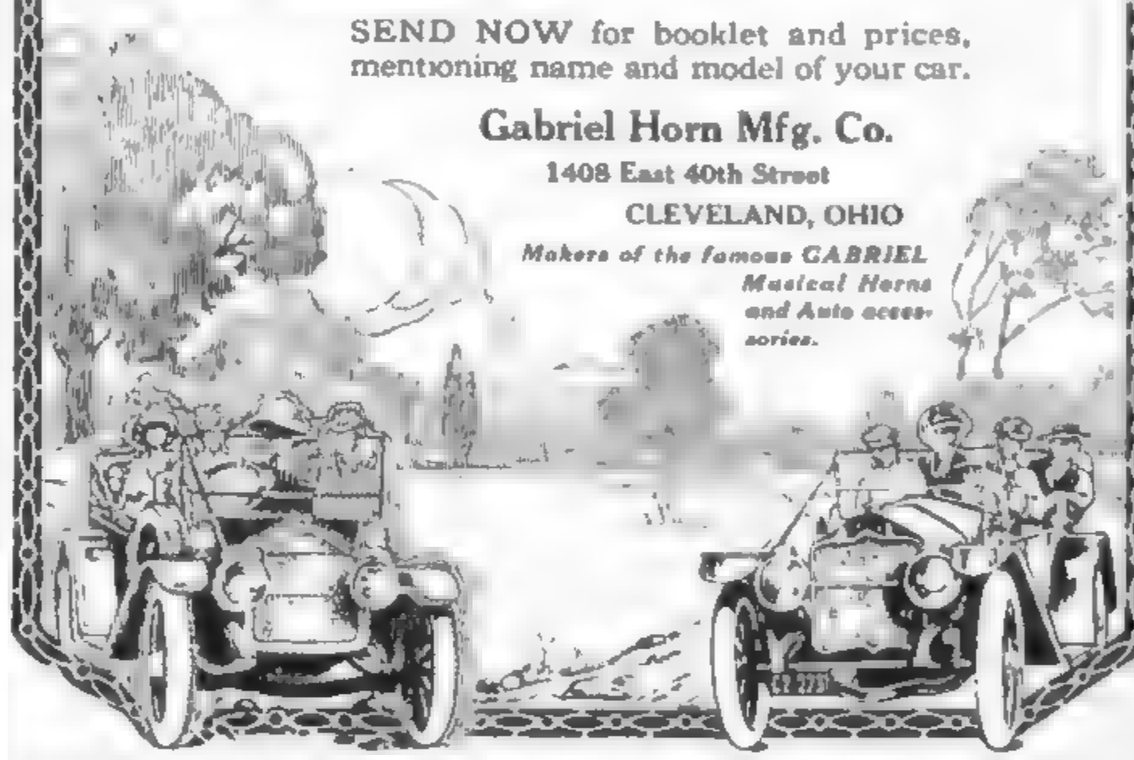

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Insist That Your Be Equipped with New Stewart Speedometer with Grade Indicator

The New Stewart is the Choice of 137 Car Makers as Equipment on their 1913 Cars

The following is a certified list of cars on which the New Stewart Speedometer is to be standard or optional equipment for 1913. [illegible] by the undersigned certified public accountant.

Abbott Detroit	Hupp	Stoddard
Alco	Hupmobile	Stoddard-Dayton
Alter	Imperial	Stutz
Anderson	Inter-State	Success
Auburn	Jackson	Thomas
Austin	Jeffery	Velie
Autocar	Kissel	Warren
Bell	Knox	Westcott
Buick	Lafayette	White
Cadillac	Lexington	Willys-Knight
Case	Locomobile	Winton
Chalmers	Marmon	Wolverine
Chandler	Maxwell	Woods
Chevrolet	Metz	Yellow Cab
Cole	Mitchell	Zimmerman
Columbia	Moline	
Courier	National	
Crawford	Oakland	
Detroit Electric	Oldsmobile	
Dorris	Overland	
Elmore	Packard	
Empire	Paige	
Franklin	Peerless	
Garford	Pierce-Arrow	
Gramm-Bernstein	Pilot	
Hanson	Premier	
Hatfield	Reo	
Haynes	Republic	
Hudson	Robinson	
Inter-State	Rowe	
Jackson	Saxon	
Jeffery	Scripps-Booth	
Kissel	Selden	
Knox	Simplex	
Lafayette	Speedwell	
Lexington	Stearns-Knight	
Locomobile	Stevens-Duryea	
Marmon	Stewart	
Maxwell	Studebaker	
Metz	Stutz	
Mitchell	Velie	
Moline	Warren	
National	Westcott	
Oakland	White	
Oldsmobile	Willys-Knight	
Overland	Winton	
Packard	Wolverine	
Paige	Woods	
Peerless	Yellow Cab	
Pierce-Arrow	Zimmerman	
Pilot		
Premier		
Reo		
Republic		
Robinson		
Rowe		
Saxon		
Scripps-Booth		
Selden		
Simplex		
Speedwell		
Stearns-Knight		
Stevens-Duryea		
Stewart		
Studebaker		
Stutz		
Velie		
Warren		
Westcott		
White		
Willys-Knight		
Winton		
Wolverine		
Woods		
Yellow Cab		
Zimmerman		

I certify that the above is a correct list of cars on which the Stewart Speedometer is to be used as standard or optional equipment for 1913, as per contracts signed to date with the makers of these cars by the Stewart & Clark Manufacturing Co., 1858-1868 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 16, 1912 Certified Public Accountant

Everybody wants the New 1913 Stewart Speedometer with Grade Indicator. This is not mere assertion—it is a fact! Out of 164 car makers who selected the magnetic type of speedometer for standard or special equipment on their cars, 137 have contracted for the New 1913 Stewart Speedometer. The public knows that the Stewart Speedometer has given incomparable service under all conditions of usage and has successfully passed the most critical tests of accuracy and durability. The public knows that these are the logical reasons why the Stewart Speedometer has been selected as standard equipment by an overwhelming majority of car makers. Therefore, everybody wants the Grade Indicator—

—because they can get the Grade Indicator IN ADDITION to the magnificent New 1913 Stewart Speedometer.

Everybody wants the New 1913 Stewart Speedometer with Grade Indicator—car makers—car dealers—car buyers. Car makers want it because by equipping their cars with this instrument they are supplying the most modern and complete instrument. Car dealers want it because they know that prospective buyers of cars are going to ask for it—and insist on getting it. Car dealers desire to avoid sales troubles—and they know that if they have the New 1913 Stewart Speedometer with Grade Indicator **they will not have to do a lot of explaining.** Car buyers want it because it will do these four things—

Register the mileage of each trip
Record the distance traveled during the season
Indicate the speed of the car
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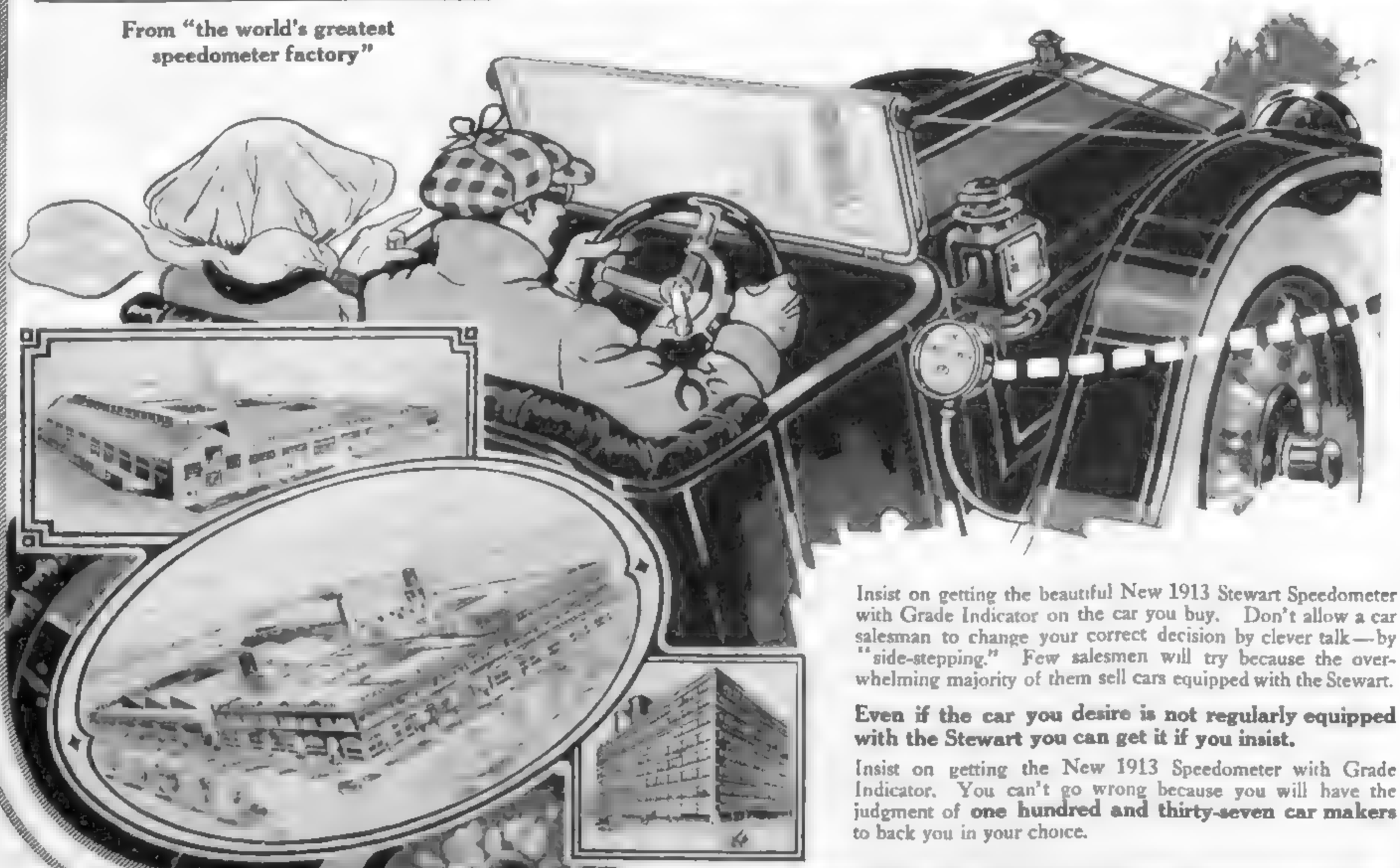
From "the world's greatest speedometer factory"



Insist on getting the beautiful New 1913 Stewart Speedometer with Grade Indicator on the car you buy. Don't allow a car salesman to change your correct decision by clever talk—by "side-stepping." Few salesmen will try because the overwhelming majority of them sell cars equipped with the Stewart.

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Insist on getting the New 1913 Speedometer with Grade Indicator. You can't go wrong because you will have the judgment of **one hundred and thirty-seven car makers** to back you in your choice.

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we feel you are entitled to know that we do it
to favor you only after several weeks of serious
consideration of the features and make up of
various instruments submitted in solicitation of
our business. Quality, combined with these
features in your instrument which we failed to
find in the others, induced us to decide on the
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Through Sheer Merit of Superiority

The beautiful New 1913 Stewart Speedometer has been selected for use either as standard or special equipment by one hundred and thirty-seven car makers—an overwhelming majority of the makers of the popular and high grade cars of America, England and Continental Europe. It could not be otherwise. This magnificent instrument answers every possible practical requirement. It far exceeds the most lavish expectations. In its superior materials and sturdy construction is positive assurance of lasting service. In its "deep" jet finish and grace of model and "line" there is abundant beauty. That the greater number of all cars are equipped with Stewart Speedometers is the unquestionable evidence of superiority.

The New 1913 Stewart Speedometer is a superior instrument in both construction and design. All contact and bearing parts are high grade steel, hardened by heat treating, ground to micrometer size and polished. Magnets are of Tungsten steel, Stewart "closed ring" type and carried on highest grade ball bearings. Indicating dial cup and pivot are mounted in polished jewel bearings. Has large Stewart Odometer with large easily read mile numbers in black on white; tenths, red on white. Has silver etched dial, French plate dial glass—Is snappy and stylish beyond the possibility of criticism. Clock combinations have Seth Thomas clocks illuminated by powerful Tungsten electric lights.

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The flexible driving shaft of the Stewart is a marvel of ingenious construction. Of metals superlatively strong and tough—yet it will flex with ease to every bend. Its long life is due greatly to this extreme flexibility—***you can tie it into a knot without breaking it.*** The steel linked driving chain is protected by two cylinders—the outer being triangular steel; the inner, coiled steel spring wire—a construction that gives amazing strength. Properly installed in combination with our drop forged swivel joint ***this shaft will outlast the car to which it is attached.***

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Without a swivel joint the strongest flexible shafting cannot possibly last. This is because the movement of the wheel in turning corners constantly bends the shafting forward and backward. No metal can possibly stand such abuse—it will break! In order to relieve the shaft of this wearing, rending, bending, we devised the swivel joint. However, we realized that the swivel joint must be strong—marvelously strong! This because the swivel joint ***must stand all of the strain.*** Therefore, we make it of a ***single piece of drop forged steel.***

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that the Stewart is the only speedometer with which is combined a grade indicator. Remember that it is the only speedometer that will do these ***four*** things: Give the ***grades*** of hills—record ***distance*** of season's travel—register ***mileage*** of trip—indicate the ***speed.*** Remember that it is the only speedometer with the big, handsome, strong direct-drive odometer. It will not lie. Remember the marvelously strong flexible shaft—the drop forged steel swivel joint and the noiseless wheel gear. Remember to insist upon a Stewart Speedometer when buying a car and you'll get all these features.

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The Big, Sturdy Distance Recorder that is Combined with the Stewart Speedometer

The trip register can be reset to any tenth of a mile—a desirable feature when touring.

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This famous "Bull" sign is the most widely known and recognized advertisement in the world. "Bull" Durham tobacco is the most favorably known and widely smoked tobacco in the world.

THE FLIRT

(Continued from Page 25)

"It was the way he said it," Cora protested, sobbing. "He meant something he didn't *say*. He did! He did! He *meant* to insult me!"

"I did nothing of the kind!" shouted the old man. "I don't know what you're talking about. I said I couldn't understand your getting so excited about the fellow's affairs and that you seemed to take a mighty sudden interest in him."

"Well, what if I *do?*" she screamed. "Haven't I a right to be interested in what I choose? I've got to be interested in *something*, haven't I? *You* don't make Life very interesting, do you? Do you think it's interesting to spend the summer in this horrible old house, with the paper falling off the walls, and our rotten old furniture that I work my hands off trying to make look decent and can't, and every other girl I know at the seashore, with motor cars and motor boats, or getting a trip abroad and buying her clothes in Paris? What do *you* offer to interest me? Tell me that if you can!"

The unfortunate man hung his head.

"I don't see what all that has to do with it ——"

She seemed to leap at him.

"You *don't?* You *don't?*"

"No; I don't. And I don't see why you're so crazy to please young Corliss about this business unless you're infatuated with him. I had an idea—and I was pleased with it, too, because Richard's a steady fellow—that you were just about engaged to Richard Lindley, and ——"

"Engaged!" she cried, repeating the word with bitter contempt. "Engaged! You don't suppose I'll marry him unless I want to, do you? I will if it suits me. I won't if it suits me not to. Understand that! I don't consider myself engaged to anybody, and you needn't either. What on earth has that got to do with your keeping Richard Lindley from doing what Mr. Corliss wants him to?"

"I'm not keeping him from anything. He didn't say ——"

"He did!" stormed Cora. "He said he would if you went into it. He told me this afternoon, not an hour ago ——"

"Now wait," said Madison. "I talked this over with Richard two days ago ——"

Cora stamped her foot again in frantic exasperation.

"I'm talking about this afternoon!"

"Two days ago," he repeated doggedly—"and we came to the same conclusion; it won't do! He said he couldn't go into it unless he went over there—to Italy—and saw for himself just what he was putting his money into, and Corliss had told him that it couldn't be done—that there wasn't time; and showed him a cablegram from his Italian partner saying the secret had leaked out and that they'd have to form the company in Naples and sell the stock over there if it couldn't be done here within the next week. Corliss said he had to ask for an immediate answer, and so Richard told him no, yesterday."

"Oh, good Lord!" groaned Cora. "What has that got to do with *your* going into it? You're not going to risk any money! I don't ask you to *spend* anything, do I? You haven't got it if I did. All Mr. Corliss wants is your name. Can't you give even *that?* What importance is it?"

"Well, if it isn't important what difference does it make whether I give it or not?"

She flung up her arms as in despairing appeal for patience.

"It *is* important to *him!* Richard will do it if you will be secretary of the company—he promised me. Mr. Corliss told me your name was worth everything here; that men said downtown you could have been rich long ago if you hadn't been so square! Richard trusts you; he says you're the most trusted man in town ——"

"That's why I can't do it," he interrupted.

"No!" Her vehemence increased suddenly to its utmost. "No! Don't you say that, because it's a lie! That isn't the reason you won't do it. You won't do it because you think it would please *me!* You're afraid it might make me *happy!* Happy—happy—*happy!*" She beat her breast and cast herself headlong upon the sofa, sobbing wildly. "Don't come near me!" she screamed at Laura, and sprang to her feet again, disheveled and frantic. "Is there such a thing as happiness in this beast of a world? I want to leave it. I want to go away—I want *so* to die! Why can't I? Why can't I! Why can't I! Oh, Lord, why *can't* I die? Why can't ——"

Her passion culminated in a shriek; she gasped, was convulsed from head to foot for a dreadful moment, tore at the bosom of her dress with rigid, bent fingers; swayed; then collapsed all at once. Laura caught her and got her upon the sofa. In the hall Mrs. Madison could be heard running and screaming to Hedrick to go for the doctor. Next instant she burst into the room with brandy and camphor.

"I could only find these; the ammonia bottle's empty," she panted. And the miserable father started, hatless, for the drug store, a faint, choked wail from the stricken girl sounding in his ears: "It's it's my heart, mamma!"

It was four blocks to the nearest pharmacy; he made what haste he could in the great heat, but to himself he seemed double his usual weight; and the more he tried to hurry the less speed appeared obtainable from his heavy legs. When he reached the place at last he found it crowded with noisy customers about the soda fountain; and the clerks were stonily slow—they seemed to know that they were "already in eternity." He got very short of breath on the way home; he ceased to perspire and became unnaturally dry; the air was aflame and the sun shot fire upon his bare head. His feet inclined to strange disobediences; he walked the last block waveringly. A solemn Hedrick met him at the door.

"They've got her to bed," announced the boy. "The doctor's up there."

"Take this ammonia up," said Madison huskily, and sat down upon a lower step of the stairway with a jolt, closing his eyes.

"You sick too?" asked Hedrick.

"No. Run along with that bottle of ammonia."

It seemed to Madison a long time that he sat there alone, and he felt very dizzy. Once he tried to rise, but had to give it up and remain sitting with his eyes shut. At last he heard Cora's door open and close; and his wife and the doctor came slowly down the stairs, Mrs. Madison talking in the anxious yet relieved voice of one who leaves a sick-room wherein the physician pronounces progress encouraging.

"And you're *sure* her heart trouble isn't organic?" she asked.

"Her heart is all right," her companion assured her. "There's nothing serious; the trouble is nervous. I think you'll find she'll be better after a good sleep. Just keep her quiet. Hadn't she been in a state of considerable excitement?"

"Ye-es—she ——"

"Ah! A little upset on account of opposition to a plan she'd formed, perhaps?"

"Well—partly," assented the mother.

"I see," he returned, adding with some dryness: "I thought it just possible."

Madison got to his feet and stepped down from the stairs for them to pass him. He leaned heavily against the wall.

"You think she's going to be all right, Sloane?" he asked with an effort.

"No cause to worry," returned the physician. "You can let her stay in bed today if she wants to, but ——" He broke off, looking keenly at Madison's face which was the color of poppies. "Hello! What's up with *you?*"

"I'm all right."

"Oh, you are?" retorted Sloane with sarcasm. "Sit down!" he commanded "Sit right where you are—on the stairs, here!" And, having enforced the order, he took a stethoscope from his pocket. "Get him a glass of water!" he said to Hedrick who was at his elbow.

"Doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Madison. "*He* isn't going to be sick, is he? You don't think he's sick *now?*"

"I shouldn't call him very well," answered the physician rather grimly, placing his stethoscope upon Madison's breast. "Get his room ready for him." She gave him a piteous look, struck with fear; then obeyed a gesture and ran flutteringly up the stairs.

"I'm all right now," panted Madison, drinking the water Hedrick brought him.

"You're not so darned all right," said Sloane coolly as he pocketed his stethoscope. "Come, let me help you up. We're going to get you to bed!"

There was an effort at protest, but the physician had his own way; and the two

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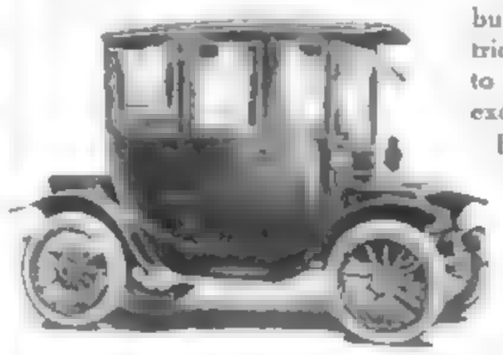

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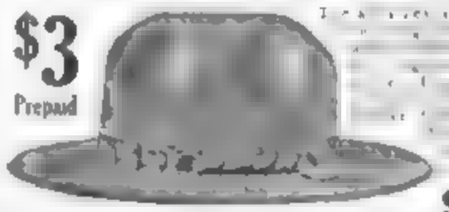
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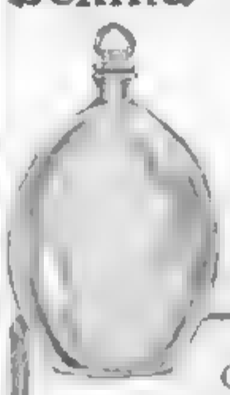

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ascended the stairs slowly, Sloane's arm round his new patient. At Cora's door the latter paused.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor.

"I want," said Madison thickly; "I want -to speak to Cora."

"We'll pass that up just now," returned the other bruskly, and led him on. Madison was almost helpless; he murmured in a husky, uncertain voice, and suffered himself to be put to bed. There the doctor worked upon him; cold applications were ordered; Laura was summoned from the other sick-bed, Hedrick sent flying with prescriptions, then to telephone for a nurse. The two women attempted questions at intervals, but Sloane replied by orders and kept them busy.

"Do you—think I'm a—a pretty sick man, Sloane?" asked Madison after a long silence, speaking with difficulty.

"Oh, you're sick all right," the doctor conceded.

"I—I want to speak to Jennie."

His wife rushed to the bed and knelt beside it.

"Don't you go to confessing your sins," said Doctor Sloane crossly. "You're coming out of the woods all right, and you'll be sorry if you tell her too much. I'll begin a little flirtation with you, Miss Laura, if you please." And he motioned to her to follow him into the hall.

"Your father is pretty sick," he told her, "and he may be sicker before we get him into shape again. But you needn't be worried right now; I think he's not in immediate danger." He turned at the sound of Mrs. Madison's step behind him and repeated to her what he had just said to Laura. "I hope your husband didn't give himself away enough to be punished when we get him on his feet again," he concluded cheerfully.

She shook her head, tried to smile through tears and, crossing the hall, entered Cora's room. She came back after a moment and, rejoining the others at her husband's bedside, found the sick man in a stertorous sleep. Presently the nurse arrived, and, upon the physician's pointed intimation that there were "too many people round," Laura went to Cora's room. She halted on the threshold in surprise. Cora was dressing.

"Mamma says the doctor says he's all right," said Cora lightly, "and I'm feeling so much better myself I thought I'd put on something loose and go downstairs. I think there's more air down there."

"Papa isn't all right, dear," said Laura, staring perplexedly at Cora's idea of "something loose," an equipment inclusive of something particularly close. "The doctor says he is very sick."

"I don't believe it!" returned Cora promptly. "Old Sloane never did know anything. Besides, mamma told me he said papa isn't in any danger."

"No immediate danger," corrected Laura. "And, besides, you know Doctor Sloane said you were to stay in bed until tomorrow."

"I can't help that." Cora went on with her lacing impatiently. "I'm not going to lie and stifle in this heat when I feel perfectly well again—not for an old idiot like Sloane! He didn't even have sense enough to give me any medicine." She laughed. "Lucky thing he didn't—I'd have thrown it out of the window. Kick that slipper to me, will you, dear?"

Laura knelt and put the slipper on her sister's foot.

"Cora, dear," she said, "you're just going to put on a negligée and go down and sit in the library—aren't you?"

"Laura!" The tone was more than impatient. "I wish I could be let alone for five whole minutes sometime in my life! Don't you think I've stood enough for one day? I can't bear to be questioned—questioned—questioned! What do you do it for? Don't you see I can't stand anything more? If you can't let me alone I do wish you'd keep out of my room!"

Laura rose and went out, but as she left the door Cora called after her with a rueful laugh:

"Laura, I know I'm a little devil!"

Half an hour later Laura, suffering because she had made no reply to this peace offering and wishing to atone, sought Cora downstairs and found no one. She decided that Cora must still be in her own room; she would go to her there. But as she passed the open front door she saw Cora upon the sidewalk in front of the house. She wore a new and elaborate motoring costume, charmingly becoming, and was in the act of mounting to a seat beside Valentine Corliss in a long, powerful-looking white roadster automobile. The engine burst into staccato thunder, sobered down; the wheels began to move; both Cora and Corliss were laughing and there was an air of triumph about them; Cora's veil streamed and fluttered; and in a flash they were gone.

Laura stared at the suddenly vacated space where they had been. At a thought she started. Then she rushed upstairs to her mother who was sitting in the hall near her husband's door.

"Mamma," whispered Laura, flinging herself upon her knees beside her, "when papa wanted to speak to you, was it a message to Cora?"

"Yes, dear. He told me to tell her he was sorry he'd made her sick and that if he got well he'd try to do what she asked him to."

Laura nodded cheerfully.

"And he *will* get well, darling mother," she said as she rose. "I'll come back in a minute and sit with you."

Her return was not so quick as she promised, for she lay a long time weeping upon her pillow, whispering over and over:

"Oh, poor, poor papa! Oh, poor, poor Richard!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Reason for Rising

THE late Dr. Kendall Brooks, president of Kalamazoo College, in addressing a class of teachers, related the following as one of his most interesting experiences in teaching a district school:

"My school was large and my salary small, but in order to lessen my expenses I was allowed to board round among my patrons. One night I went to board with a family who sent eight children to school. That meant twenty-four days at that place, as I was compelled to board three days in a place for each pupil sent from there. I did not find things in this home as pleasing as in my father's house; but I was young and found it not hard to make allowances. On my first morning there I was roused from my slumbers, long before the sun had begun to make the east rosy, by a gentle knock at my bedroom door.

"'What is it?' I asked drowsily.

"'Gidup, teacher! Gidup!' a piping voice which I recognized as little Tommy's replied.

"'Is breakfast ready?' I asked, becoming interested.

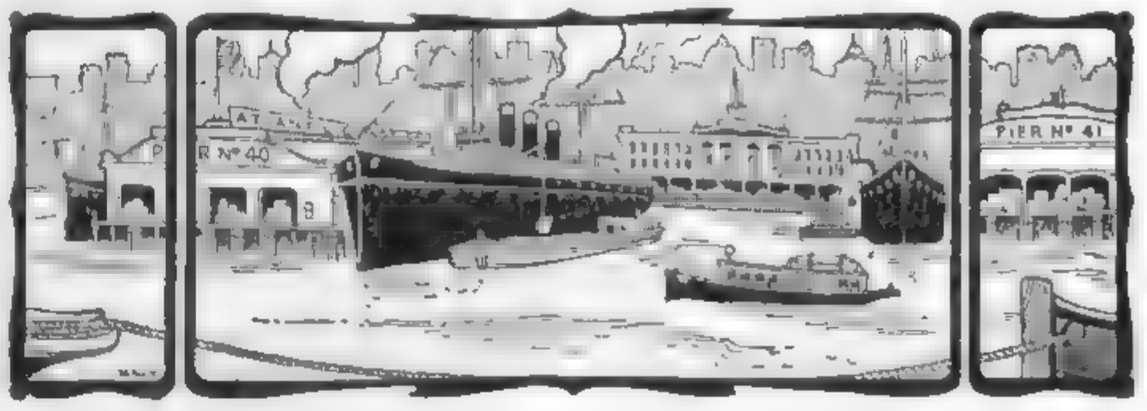
"'Not yit, but will be soon,' was the reply; and the little feet were heard to trip down the stairs.

"The bed was soft and warm, but the room was very cold; so I concluded to snooze a little longer.

"Presently another knock roused me and an older voice said:

"'Say, teacher, you really must get up right off! Ma wants that clean sheet for a tablecloth.'

"I hesitated no longer, but rolled out of bed and dressed. When I got to the dining room I found that the sheet was already doing duty as a tablecloth."



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Here, then, is a system that every dealer understands; that never need leave you stranded on a country road; that never keeps you waiting for a factory expert to come and restore its usefulness; that is not affected by the heaviest downpour of rain.

In short, you have in Prest-O-Lite a system you can absolutely depend upon all of the time.

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Exhaustive experiments have proven that the naked light of a ¾ foot acetylene burner gives 30 candle power without a reflector. The average *naked* light in other systems is 20 candle power or less. Weaker lights than Prest-O-Lite can give a blinding effect by the use of parabolic reflectors.

This principle was first employed in gas lamps, but was discarded as unsatisfactory, because, while this type of reflector threw brilliant, concentrated rays far ahead it did not give the light *down on the ground* 10 to 50 feet ahead of the car, where you need it most, to give a perfect view of the road itself. Every experienced driver will tell you that Prest-O-Lite, with the reflectors now used in the gas lamps, gives all the light needed far ahead, and *in addition* gives a light immediately in front of the car which affords the driver a better idea of the ruts and bumps than he can get *even in broad sunlight*. This effect cannot be had from any lamps using parabolic reflectors.

Prest-O-Lite, as a practical road light for the driver, has no equal.

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There is no other efficient lighting system that costs less to operate and maintain than Prest-O-Lite. The average cost of Prest-O-Lite operation, among over five hundred thousand actual users, is less than $10 per year. The user has no expense for repairs, for renewal of worn-out parts, or for adjustments, and its operation consumes no power and in no way interferes with the full efficiency of your engine.

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Before you decide on any lighting system, post yourself thoroughly by sending for a free booklet, "Light on the Lighting Problem," reprinted by permission, which gives all the facts on lighting prepared by one of the foremost authorities. By sending coupon below, it will reach you without charge by return mail.

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Four years ago we recorded a prediction.

Four years ago we foretold in our advertisements, as reproduced in the appended column, that:—

Ultimately the Cadillac Motor Car would find its way into the hands of hundreds of owners who had theretofore paid twice and thrice as much money.

You must be conscious that the prophecy is being fulfilled; that the "hundreds" predicted is being realized in "thousands."

The prediction was not made in a spirit of vainglory.

Nor is its realization recorded now with any special sense of elation.

But the simple fact is interesting, and highly creditable.

Creditable, we mean, to the discernment of the American business man.

It is not easy to resist the glamour of the highest dollar-mark.

It is not easy to believe that equal excellence can be found at a lower price.

But that is precisely what has happened in the case of the Cadillac.

We felt four years ago that it must happen.

We were sure that no manufacturer could have higher ideals; or adhere more rigidly to those ideals.

The basis of a car's worth, of course, is the engineering practice and the factory practice which govern its construction.

That is the first excellence you strive to obtain when you pay the highest price.

And that was precisely the point in which the Cadillac was awarded world's precedence by the Royal Automobile Club of London.

We knew that in practice—*close measurement, standardization, alignment, proportion*—the Cadillac was not an aspirant but actually a leader.

We knew, in other words, that it was not surpassed; and that it was seldom if ever equalled in that respect.

And we knew, too, that that which went into the car could not be better.

We had no thought of emulating cars of higher price.

We were wholly engrossed in making the Cadillac the best of cars.

So, the fact that our prophecy has come true is an incidental, although an important result.

It has happened because we began with the positive conviction that—given a production of adequate size—no higher price than the price of the Cadillac was necessary for the highest type of motor car.

Surely your own Cadillac experience, the experience of every Cadillac owner in your community—and, indeed, of every Cadillac owner you have ever met anywhere in the world—justifies it.

The Cadillac is now the choice of thousands who were once wedded to cars of the highest price.

They have abandoned the recognition of the dollar-mark as the necessary symbol of highest value.

It is one of the most interesting things that has occurred in motor car history—one of the most significant signs of enlightenment in buying that has occurred in latter-day America.

The Prediction

Reproduced from Cadillac advertisements of December 1908

Ultimately the Cadillac will find its way into the hands of hundreds of owners who have heretofore paid twice and thrice as much money.

The deep-rooted conviction which these men naturally cherish—that there must be something lacking in the Cadillac to make such a price possible—is one which the Cadillac Company is eager to encounter wherever it can be found.

To meet and defeat that impression by practical demonstration during the ensuing season is of vastly more importance than the mere matter of sales.

The latter problem has been disposed of by a demand from dealers which has exhausted an output of ten thousand cars; and driven the factory to exert its fullest continuous capacity, night and day.

Of infinitely greater moment, as affecting the well-being of the Cadillac Company a year from to-day, and ten years thereafter, is the establishment of the principle that a high-powered car, of the highest grade, **can** be built to sell at a popular price.

Stripped to the chassis and subjected to the jealous scrutiny of experts in material and in mechanics; matched part against part, down to the last detail, with cars of known integrity sold at the highest market figure, the Cadillac will prove beyond question that such a car can be built at such a price.

But your investigation, proving that the Cadillac Company has made the impossible possible by heroic means and methods, will likewise demonstrate this, that

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All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

Cadillac STANDARD OF THE WORLD

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Cadillac STANDARD OF THE WORLD

ON MAIN STREET

Uncle John Sam Bull's Island

IT WAS nine o'clock of a bright winter's day when our hero issued forth from the Clarendon, where he had his bachelor apartments. "A fine, crisp morning, sir!" said the ancient hall porter, touching his gold-laced cap with that agreeable air of friendly deference that is only to be found among well-trained servants who have been employed in the right establishments. "You're looking very fit yourself, sir."

"Righto, Fletcher!" answered the young man cheerily. "Now I'm off for a bit of a constitutional through the Park."

He buttoned his top coat, a product of the best Bond Street tailors, pulled his flattish-brimmed bowler well down on his head and set off down the road with his cane swinging. Double-decker busses rolled ponderously by, laden with alert stockbrokers and smart typists and sharp-faced city men; motors whizzed past in streams; here and there a fresh-faced nursemaid in the sober livery of her class steered a baby-laden perambulator through the tides of pedestrian travel.

At Buckingham Court the young man stopped a moment to leave a message with the blackamoor lift attendant for Milbrook. He and Milly were to dine that night at Brown's, and afterward they meant to call by the Gayety for a peep at that ripping good second act. A little way along there was a trim and tidy shop that he liked; a gold-lettered legend upon the flawless window proclaimed its owner a draper of gentlemen's tweeds; also, by appointment, maker of hunting togs to His Grace the Duke of Something-or-Other. He popped in here for a fitting of his new riding breeches.

At his favorite gateway—the one above the Belvidere—our hero swung off into the Park and soon was pacing through the Mall, which at that hour was well-nigh deserted, with nothing going on to disturb the sparrows scuffling in the dust heaps or the starlings whistling in the bare elms overhead. There were few carriages threading the Drive, which he presently reached, and so, without meeting anybody he knew, he presently emerged at the Monument, where grooms in corduroys and leggings led saddled riding horses up and down and swapped cockney repartee with one another. At the cabstand alongside the Savoy he found a taxi that was to his liking, and was at once whizzing southward at such a rate that promptly at half past ten he was entering his solicitor's office on the top floor of the Lord's Court Building.

Memories We Try to Forget

No, patient reader, this is not a figment from the dream of an English rarebit fiend, not an introduction to the wanderings of a modern Samuel Pepys through London town. It isn't even a cross section from the latest work of a British society novelist. It is merely a supposititious account of an entirely possible trip through a populous and popular section of the principal city of our dear continent; and, without once departing from the local color offered in the foregoing paragraphs, it might be stretched out interminably.

We are accustomed—some of us—to brag of New York as the metropolis of the hemisphere; and so it is, I reckon. But if a visitor from Mars, after a somewhat superficial survey of its leading thoroughfares—to wit, Broadway and Fifth Avenue—were to classify it as the most westerly city of Europe, situate some three thousand miles from the mother country, and separated from the mainland of North America by a narrow stream known as the Harlem River, he might well be pardoned for the mistake, which would be a most natural one.

We are forever being told that New York is full of historical memories; that it excels in the true essence of Americana. The newspapers used to direct attention to this fact every time a Revolutionary relic was torn away to make room for a subway station, or one of Washington's headquarters was razed in order that a moving-picture theater might be reared on the site thereof. This deplorable but inevitable event occurred often, because until comparatively recently every elderly mansion standing in the northern part of Manhattan Island, or in the Bronx adjoining, was authentically reported to have been the identical house where General Washington once spent the night and before departing in the morning planted an elm tree. If you doubted it you could go see the elm tree for yourself.

Apparently, even in the midst of arduous military campaigns, the Father of His Country had more stopping places than there are along a prosperous milk route, and believed in and practiced the gentle art of reforestization to an extent that would have had Gifford Pinchot looking like an amateur gardener. When the scene of the Battle of Harlem Heights was built up solidly with apartment houses—all except one stretch where Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan erected a couple of commodious gas tankeries, thereby putting Riverside Drive upon the everlasting blink—there were extensive articles in several of the papers, pointing out the vastness of New York's wealth in the matter of these great national traditions, and calling upon the populace generally to reverence them and cherish them and perpetuate them for evermore.

Things American Abroad

To which patriotic appeal the owners of the apartment houses in question generally responded by conferring upon these several structures names suggestive of England or France, or grand operas or ocean liners, or diseases or sleeping cars—but mostly suggestive of England, that being the New York way of doing this sort of thing. It isn't as though typically American names were lacking in beauty and gracefulness. When Mr. Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, was over here a year or so ago he fairly reveled in the euphony of our Indian names, and their variety and sonorousness. Names of certain states of the West and South—Iowa and Alabama, Missouri and Oklahoma—impressed him wonderfully. He loved the sound of them, he said—to him they had the majesty of the old Greek; and he wondered why they were not more commonly employed for everyday use. No wonder a keen observer like Bennett wondered. Perhaps he would have wondered even more had he bethought him to run through a directory of buildings of what might be called a semipublic nature in New York—the big hotels and the big apartment houses—and noted how amazingly few of them bore names that were appropriate to their environment.

The American from the interior who comes to New York and looks for things that will serve to remind him of his own, his native land, may have to travel farther east to gratify those desires. In Havana, Cuba, he will observe that pretty nearly all the restaurants along the principal thoroughfares are advertising American cooking. And in London he will note that a number of the most prominent bars are making a specialty of serving American drinks. New York now is not so provincial. For the genuine French cuisine, for the English names over the door, for the borrowed crests of royalty on the shopfront and in the hatband and upon the tailor's label, one must go to New York, that city particularly excelling along these lines. Paris calls its hoodlums Apaches, which is an American name; but New York would call its roughs Hooligans if one or two of the newspapers could have their way about it. These vulgar Americanisms must go, old top—mustn't they, old top?

A thing that most constantly impresses the observant stranger in New York, whether he be foreign-bred or of native stock, is the fear that seems to fill the bosoms of all who cater to so-called smart New York, and nearly all who live in the so-called smart life of New York, that they may do something, or wear something, or say something, or sell or buy something suggesting an American origin. At this writing no male New York biped of discriminating taste in dress feels himself properly attired for the burdens and pleasures of the day unless he is incased in one of the high-neck-and-short-sleeves coats expressly designed with a view to eliminating a man's shoulders—in case he has any shoulders—and giving a kind of sloping

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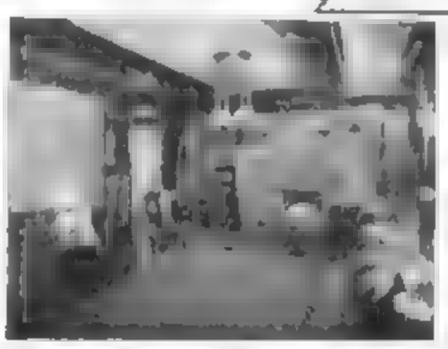

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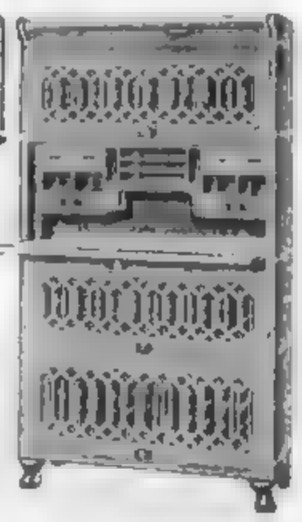

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pagoda effect to his figure. This model, being English, is therefore correct. Unless a fashionable New York dressmaker borrows a French name she might as well shut up shop and quit; at the very least she must wear the French handle of "Madame."

No self-respecting New Yorker of wealth, when organizing his household staff, would think of surrounding himself with any but English butlers and French cooks and Scotch gardeners. If these servitors have been brought over expressly for his service, so much the better. No domestic stock need apply—or anyway not until they have learned to ape the imported article and have acquired the proper protective coloring, as the naturalists say. The difficulty in a New York restaurant of getting any recognizable American dish cooked in any recognizable American style has already been pointed out too many times by too many people to require further elaboration. It can be done, but it takes a struggle.

It has lately been noted that nearly all the young women of fashion are affecting a pronounced masculinity of voice, manner and viewpoint; whereas the corresponding young men of fashion are inclined strongly toward a soft and wearied effeminacy of deportment in public, and a dulcet, lisping, ladylike quality of speech, which seems to give general satisfaction to themselves and their friends, but which so moves the casual onlooker that he involuntarily looks about him to see if there isn't an ax handy. In the absence of any confirmatory advices from the English authorities, one assumes that this is still another importation for which our smart set is indebted to the mother country. It must be English, else these young persons would not have adopted it with such readiness and unanimity.

The president of these United States may drive up Fifth Avenue without exciting the populace to any noticeable extent; and the chief justice of the Supreme Court would be lucky, traveling afoot, to get across Thirty-fourth Street or Forty-second Street alive and whole in all his limbs; but, to any small princeling or stripling potentate visiting these shores, there is assured in advance of his coming such a reception and ovation on the part of New York as he has wotted not of.

The unbridled joy that filled New York when the Duke of Connaught dropped in for a short stay some months since was only equaled by the unutterable grief that racked it when he departed. Heaven alone knows what the loyal populace would do if a regular king were to come along—tear down the Statue of Liberty to make room for His Supreme Highness to get up the bay to the dock without feeling crowded, probably!

Making Britishers Feel at Home

When it comes to christening establishments with as un-American names as possible, the owners of the big New York hotels are about the most consistent offenders there are. Outside of hotels named for individual owners or managers, which will not figure in this summary, there are, among all the hundreds of sizable hotels in New York, hardly a dozen that bear typically American names; and, except the Manhattan and the Algonquin, and perhaps two or three others, none of these are sufficiently widely known to justify enumerating them here.

To the best of the writer's knowledge—if he errs let some one correct him—there is not on the Island of Manhattan a single hotel of first or second rank named for a great American president or a great American statesman or a great American soldier. There is, it is true, a Martha Washington Hotel, with a Hotel Marie Antoinette to offset it; but that is about as far as you can go. On the other hand, there is a long and imposing array of hotels having names such as are calculated to make a newly landed Briton feel perfectly at home. If he doesn't care for the Empire or the Imperial, or the Majestic or the Savoy, he may have his choice of the Premier, the Rex, the Trafalgar, the King Edward, the Prince George, the Royalton, the Strand, the Woodstock, the York, the Buckingham, the Somerset, the Navarre, the Richelieu, the Ritz-Carlton or the Flanders. The question arises: Where would Israel Putnam and Benjamin Franklin care to stop if they should return to earth and drop in for a short stay in New York?

Owners of the New York theaters are not quite so bad as owners of New York hotels. The Liberty, the Republic, the Knickerbocker and the New Amsterdam have names amply suggestive of native institutions and native associations; but there was an Empire Theater on Broadway before the Liberty was put up, and there was a Colonial before the Fulton or the Hudson was opened. Also there has been a Garrick Theater doing business for some years, but there is no Edwin Booth Theater in the metropolis, unless it is a moving-picture place, the late Booth having labored under the severe handicap—from the New York standpoint—of being an American.

In this respect those who build and own and christen the apartment houses are pretty bad too. For a fervent and unqualified devotion to everything that is American, you go to the lower East Side and the lower West Side, where the foreign-born residents are thickest; for an outward semblance of whatever is not American, you go to the apartment districts, where the native-borns are thickest. Scattered all over that area there are Rosemere Courts, where there are neither roses nor meres, nor courts; there are Halls in plenty and Arms galore—the Lancashire Arms and the Irving Arms and the Porter Arms, for example. Only once in a while, as you run through the directory of the higher grade apartment houses in New York, do you meet a name that has a good, homely, domestic sound to it. Near the head of the list, alphabetically speaking, one encounters, with a heartening sensation, the Andrew Jackson Apartment House; but, as though to take the American curse off of it and avoid giving offense to the general sentiment, the Andrew Jackson is safely pocketed in by the Abbottsford, the Amazon, the Alcazar, the Amesbury, Arundel Court, the Ardelle and the Arden. There is a General Washington sandwiched between the Gainsborough and the Grayden, and there is a Garfield—but flanked on one side by the Glen Cairn and on the other by Georgian Court. Mainly the eye meets such names as the Castleton and the Vernon, the Earl's Court and the King's Court, the Devonshire and the Yorkshire, the Royal Grand and the Mont Cenis, the Grosvenor and the Bordeaux. Bracketed together as twins are Oxford Hall and Cambridge Hall; but you pine in vain for an Ann Arbor Hall or a Leland Stanford Court or the Tuskegee Arms.

Where are Grant and Lee?

It is evident that some who have built apartment houses must have patronized the drama and the opera in their time, because here we observe the Siegfried, the Melba, the Mark Antony and the Rosary. Think of a Rosary with hot and cold water, steam heat and all-night hallboy service! Also, it is plain to all that there were some who went to sea and were much impressed thereby, as witness the Cedric, the Saxonia, the Umbria, the Adriatic, and even the Dreadnought. But mainly the name-peckers have stood fast by the accepted patterns, centering their affections upon the Kinghavens and the Dorchesters, and the likes of those. The memory of a great British captain is perpetuated in two large impressive structures. Over here we behold the Wellington Arms, and over there stands Wellington Court. But you need not be looking for the U. S. Grant Apartments or the Robert E. Lee Court or the Phil Sheridan Hall—for those persons are not represented.

In themselves these may be but small things, but it is the small things that point the way to large tendencies; and the worst of it is that, in the lesser cities of this country, builders of hotels and theaters and apartment houses, patterning after the New York example, are much given to using these imported names, instead of making their selections from words that smack of the soil and are typical and local, and would therefore be appropriate.

One can well understand why the original settlers of the Eastern seaboard, and particularly of the states of New England, plastered over their part of the New World with Old World names. Homesickness for the places of their birth prompted this; besides most of the Indian names in New England have to be opened with nut-crackers and picked out, a syllable at a time. But New York, you might think, had been established long enough to quit feeling like an English colony and to begin feeling like an American community. That is what you might think until you had lived a while in New York; then you would know better.

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THIS new Six—the latest Garford offering—is built by the most experienced and practical six cylinder designers in America. It is the net result of years of ceaseless expert experimentation with all kinds and descriptions of sixes.

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The new Garford Six is a five passenger touring car. It is electrically started; all lights are electric; the horn is electric; it has a sixty horsepower, long-stroke motor—the measurements of which are 3¾″ by 6″,—the wheelbase measures 128 inches; the tires are 36″ x 4½″; it has demountable rims; it has the very practical and popular left-hand drive and center control; it is, of course, completely equipped with the very best and very finest accessories. The price, complete, is $2750.

For the first time in the history of the automobile business, we are producing high grade six cylinder cars *in lots of ten thousand*—which accounts for this very low price. As everyone knows, quantity production will *decrease* the individual manufacturing cost of every car produced. Overhead and production costs must be reckoned with, whether one thousand or ten thousand cars are manufactured. These fixed charges must be equally spread over a production, regardless of its size. To explain:—The expenses of a certain set of tools costing $10,000, distributed over a 100 car output, would be $100 per car. The same amount distributed over a 10,000 car output is but $1 per car. Thus we are able to produce this high grade six cylinder automobile at this very low figure.

You can see this new Garford Six either at your local dealer's or at the big national automobile shows that are now being held throughout America. The point is—don't fail to see it.

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Farm Loans and Mortgages

LAST WEEK WE HAD A GOOD THING on money for farmers by the farmer-banker, B. F. Harris, of Illinois. This issue contains a bunch of letters from men who are interested in better agriculture — big farmers, railroad presidents, bankers and manufacturers. When you have finished reading these opinions you'll know what the country thinks of the plan for better rural credit. It touches your own pocketbook.

From the Ox to the Motor

THE DIFFERENCE IN EFFICIENCY between oxen and farm tractors represents centuries of progress. Yet in some parts of the South you can find both of them in the same neighborhood. Mules, however, are the standby of the Southern corn and cotton growers and the Southern farmers are finding out that they might as well raise them at home. Draft mares are finding a market there now and it will not be long before the 900-pound cotton mule will have his hide made into gloves.

The Man Who Went Back

TO THE FARM. This is the story of a man who changed his mind about the pleasures of life in town. He found he was out of place, that he had all the responsibilities without any of the interest in city affairs that he should have had. He wasn't afraid of what "folks would say." The family simply took up the carpet and went back to the old farm.

A County Built With Clover

KENT COUNTY, DELAWARE is now the garden spot of the state. But twenty years ago it looked as if the land would be abandoned. Then Crimson Clover was discovered. It is now the foundation of the prosperity of that section. Two crops can be grown in one year if this is one of them. Mr. A. E. Grantham, who is a clover expert, tells just how this can be done.

Stealing From Our Great-Grandchildren

THAT'S WHAT THOSE MEN ARE DOING who do not put as much into their soils — theirs temporarily — as they have taken out.

The farmers of America hold the fertility of the soil in trust for future generations, yet they have, in most cases, proved to be poor trustees. We are going to have a series of four articles on permanent soil fertility, by Cyril G. Hopkins, of Illinois, which will show what kind of a workshop the soil is and how we can get the most out of it and at the same time improve it.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sense and Nonsense

Field and Forest Doctors

WHILE the doctors have been learning to cope with epidemics and have been evolving ways for preventing the spread of contagious diseases, other scientists, working along parallel lines, have mastered methods for stamping out other diseases which, only a few decades ago, were so grave a menace to useful plant and animal life. Among the domestic animals anthrax, bovine tuberculosis and hog cholera have been brought within much narrower bounds. Recent studies of the contagious or parasitic diseases of trees and grains have made it possible to wage successful war on these elements of destruction. Free and unstinted application of scientific methods of eliminating disease is already effecting a conservation of natural resources that present some incredible totals, whether expressed in salvaged assets or measured in millions of saved dollars.

It is interesting to consider that we owe much of our fundamental knowledge of warfare on the maladies of the plant and animal world to the genius of Pasteur, whose genius often took the form of an incredibly high order of common sense. Forty-odd years ago the silk industry of Southern France was paralyzed by the prevalence of a deadly and infectious epidemic among the silkworms. The growers were powerless. The country was on the verge of a financial panic. At this juncture Pasteur was called upon by the government to take control of the situation and rid all France of the epidemic. In vain he protested his entire ignorance of silkworms and silk culture; there must be scores of specialists and experts better equipped for the task than he. But for years the government had watched the patient, logical, untiring work of the quiet little scientist, and, persisting, won its point. Pasteur looked the situation over. Then he commanded that every colony of sick silkworms with eggs, infected mulberry leaves and utensils be immediately destroyed. Meantime he arranged for the importation of fresh, healthy stock. What could be simpler? All France marveled that the school-children had not proposed such an obvious way out.

Simple as it was, Pasteur's plan worked. The silk industry was speedily put upon its feet and a shy little man who lived in a laboratory became its patron saint. Except in Sunday supplements, science is rarely spectacular. She goes her way and gets her results; but there is not often much applause.

A current example of the effectiveness of common-sense, scientific methods is found in the work of the Pennsylvania commission now engaged in exterminating the chestnut-tree blight. This organization is barely eighteen months old; but in that short space of time it has quieted the fears of the almost panic-stricken landowners and has got the situation well in hand. The entire field has been thoroughly scouted, the centers of the disease located and a great quantity of infected trees treated, destroyed or rendered harmless.

Chestnut blight is caused by a fungus. There are two fungous growths that are very similar in appearance, but it has just been discovered that only one of them is harmful to the trees. Studies made by the commission indicate that the disease-creating fungus is spread in the form of spores, which are shot out into the air in enormous numbers, particularly in wet weather. This new information is of importance in that it will modify the existing methods of preventing the spread of the blight.

Wherever the inspectors of the commission find blighted trees they cut out the diseased portions of trunks and branches. This method had formerly been tried without much success; but improved technic has made it thoroughly effective. The diseased wood, after its removal, is burned, and when the new sprouts come they are usually found to be healthy.

Just as boards of health quarantine individuals, modern foresters quarantine diseased trees. Three or four serious outbreaks of chestnut blight in the western part of Pennsylvania were traced to infected nursery stock. Since this time the inspectors have turned their attention to the nurseries and have examined every individual tree offered for sale. This is a costly and tedious process, but it appears to be justified by the results it produces.

Not the least important researches of the commission are being devoted to tree medication and the discovery of a liquid fungicide that can be safely and effectively injected into trunks and branches. In this field the investigators encounter one of the great obstacles of human medication—the difficulty of finding a substance that will kill the germs without injuring their host. In this interesting and important work the commission has the coöperation of the office of Forest Pathology at Washington.

The commission is confident that, if adequate appropriations are made, the whole state will be free of the chestnut blight by the summer of 1915. It is the old story of spending a penny to save a pound.

Burkett at the Bat

JESSE BURKETT, the old-time hard-hitter, has lately been managing a team in one of the smaller New England leagues. His eye has not forgot its cunning, even though his legs are stiffer than they once were; and frequently in an emergency he goes in to bat for some member of his outfit who is weak with the stick.

Last summer Burkett had a severe falling out with one of the umpires on the circuit. The umpire bided his time, awaiting a chance to get even. Finally he got it.

The game was almost over and Burkett's team was hopelessly beaten, no matter what happened. It would take a miracle to put them back where they would have even a chance. Nevertheless, in the ninth inning with two men out and only one man on base, Burkett elected to try to make a hit. He beckoned back the pitcher who was approaching the plate, grabbed up his favorite length of hickory and declared himself in.

The umpire, following the custom of announcing the entry of a new batter and the name of the man whom he succeeds, faced the grandstand and raised his megaphone to his lips.

"Burkett," he bellowed, "now batting for exercise!"

No Hurry

C. C. JACKSON, a Pittsburgh insurance man who was reared at Paris, Tennessee, says that once in his state the sheriff, entering the county jail on a cold evening in the early part of March and addressing a negro prisoner who seemed rather to be expecting him, said:

"Gabe, you know that under the law my duty requires me to hang you in the morning, and I've come to tell you that I want to make your last hours on earth as easy as possible for you. For breakfast tomorrow you can have anything to eat that you want and as much of it as you want. What do you think you'd like to have?"

The condemned man studied for a minute.

"Mr. Lukins," he said, "I b'lieves I'd lak to have a wortermelon."

"But watermelons won't be ripe for four or five months yet," said the sheriff.

"Well, suh," said Gabe, "I kin wait."

When Fingers Whispered

YEARS ago when Dummy Taylor, the famous deaf-mute pitcher, was a member of the New York Giants, the team was playing in St. Louis. There chanced to be a deaf-mute's convention going on in St. Louis at the same time, and Dummy regularly attended the forenoon sessions.

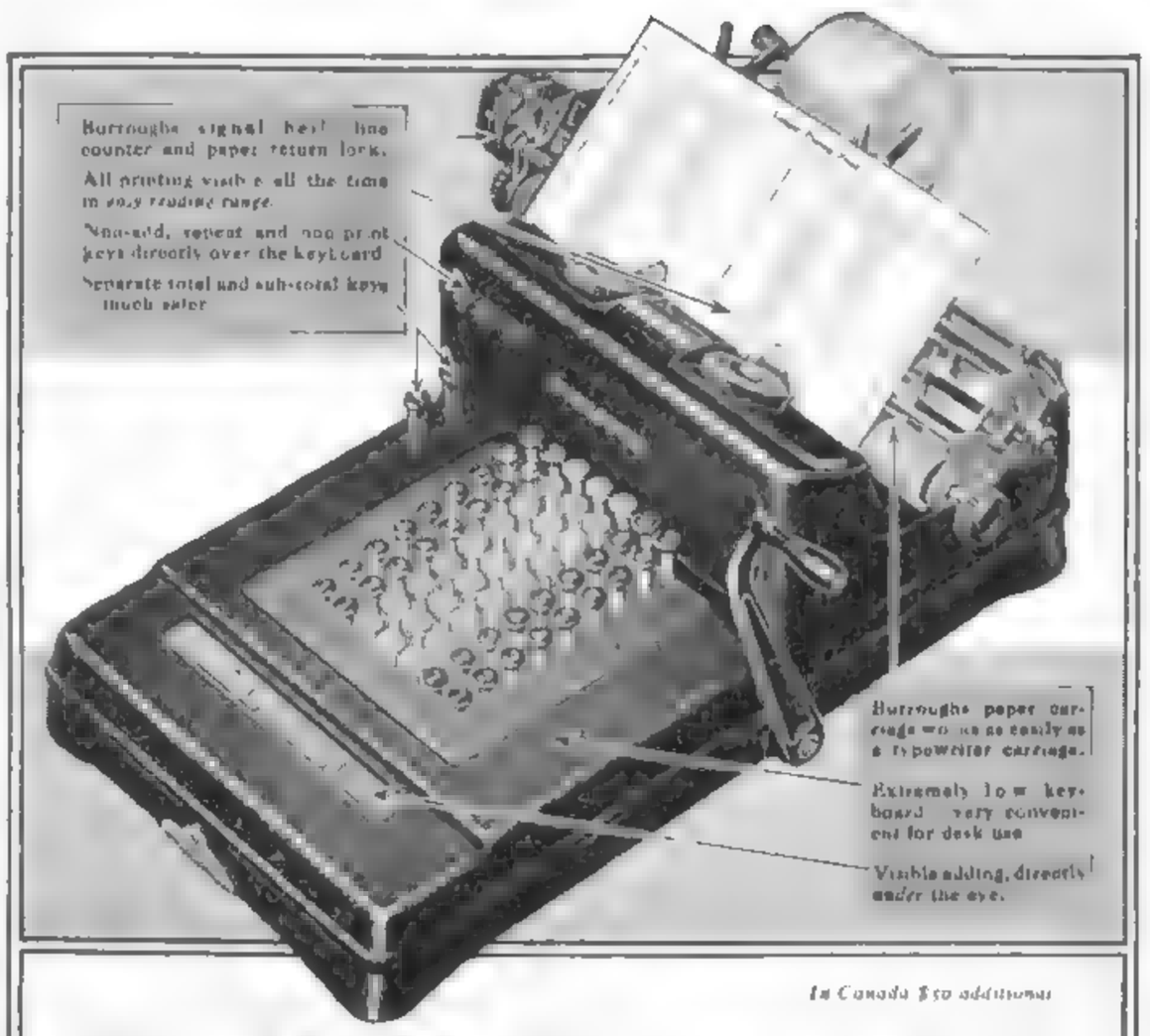
One morning he took Bozeman Bulger, the baseball writer, along with him. Up on the platform one speaker was talking away on his fingers to the accompaniment of frequent handclappings and footstampings from the delegates; but Bulger noticed that two of the delegates, sitting a few feet from him, were differently engaged.

One of them, using his coat lapel as a cloak to hide his hands, was busy manipulating his fingers. The second man watched the lightning-fast digital play with a broad grin on his face.

Bulger nudged Taylor's elbow and, pointing to the pair, scribbled on a paper pad this question:

"What are those two chaps doing?"

Taylor craned his neck and watched them a moment. Then a grin crept over his own face and he wrote down this answer: "One of them is telling the other a raw story."


Burroughs signal bell, line counter and paper return lock.
All printing visible all the time in easy reading range.
Non-add, repeat and non-print keys directly over the keyboard
Separate total and sub-total keys much safer
Burroughs paper carriage works as easily as a typewriter carriage.
Extremely low keyboard very convenient for desk use
Visible adding, directly under the eye.

In Canada $50 additional

This *Visible* Burroughs $225

This complete, visible, low keyboard, 7-column Burroughs at $225 is the biggest adding machine value ever offered for the business requiring totals not exceeding $100,000.00.

For adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, and tabulating wide sheets up to 12½ inches—for *any* kind of figure work within the capacity of a seven-column adding-listing machine.

The illustration shows the big features—*all* the printing always visible in *easy reading range*, adding dials directly *under* the *eye*, low keyboard, and the speediest, most efficient typewriter carriage ever put on an adding machine.

This machine is a *Burroughs* from the designing room to the user's office, built in the Burroughs factory, of the same material, with the same wonderful machine tools and by the same trained workmen who have built a reputation for lifetime service into other Burroughs models.

The Burroughs visible line of machines is also made in other sizes up to ten columns.

Write for "A Better Day's Profits" and let us ship a machine, express prepaid, from our nearest office, for free trial. No cost or obligation.

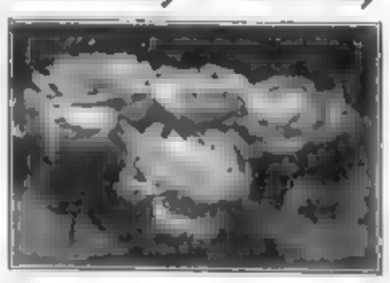
Burroughs Adding Machine Company

European Office, [illegible] England

99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Makers of adding and listing machines; listing and non-listing calculating machines; low keyboard visible printing adding machines—80 models on 492 combinations of features—$150 to $950 in U. S. Easy payments if desired.

Roses, Plants, Seeds,



Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc., by mail, postpaid. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. 50 years of fair dealing. Hundreds of carloads of **Fruit and Ornamental Trees**. 1,200 acres, 60 in hardy roses—none better grown. 47 greenhouses of **Palms, Ferns, Begonias, Geraniums, etc.** Immense stock of **Superb Cannas**, the queen of bedding plants. Large assortment of hardy Perennial Plants, which last for years.

168-Page Catalog *FREE*. Send for it Today.

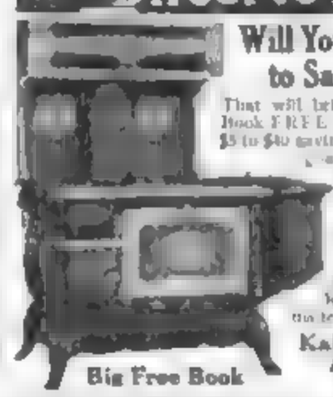
The Storrs & Harrison Co., Box 58, Painesville, Ohio

A Kalamazoo "Direct to You"

And Gas Stoves Too

Cash or Credit

Freight Prepaid



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LEARN ABOUT OUR NEW COURSE IN SHOW CARD AND SIGN WRITING

A Great Opportunity We are offering, for a limited time, a complete course in show card and sign writing to those purchasing our assortment of

"Litholia" Ready-to-Use Colors This is a great opportunity [illegible] Litholia [illegible] either sex to increase their earning capacity. Good show card writers in constant [illegible] good salary [illegible] for themself. Our show card course is not a book of alphabets. It is a complete [illegible] lettering compiled by an expert New York show card [illegible] for us. "Litholia" [illegible] high grade [illegible] water paint [illegible] used the same as cake [illegible] temper or the colors but [illegible] number. "Litholia" [illegible] Litholia [illegible] the best [illegible] show card writer, the artist, or the interior decorator. A letter of request brings booklet, circulars and full information.

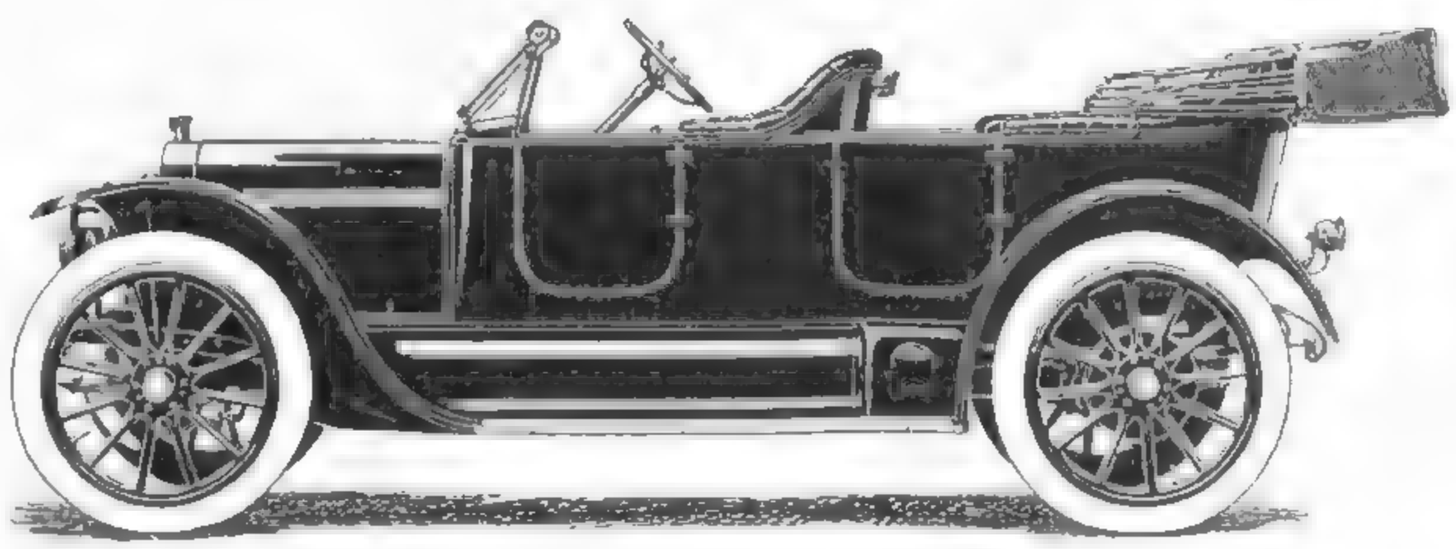
LITHOLIA SP. COLOR CO. **71 to 81 West 23rd Street, New York City**

Rambler

A New Cross

WITH GASOLINE AND ELECTRIC

Dual Ignition, Top, Wind



THE unit gasoline and electric motor has won for the Cross Country the leadership of the medium priced field.

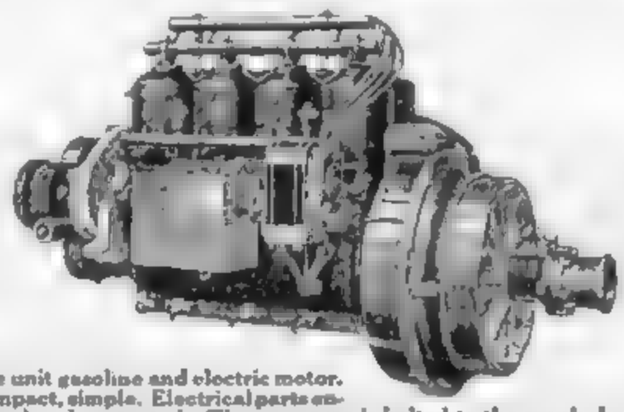
Eighty per cent is our increase to date over last year's sales.

In spite of this popular success and ignoring the old idea of yearly models, we announce a new Cross Country at $1875 with unit gasoline and electric, long stroke motor, fifteen per cent increase in power, and dual ignition.

Just Press the Button

To start, press a button; note, there is just a single operation. Press another—you light the lamps.

The gasoline and electric motor is but one advantage of the Cross Country. It is a car of exceeding beauty, richly finished in dark Brewster green. Rakish, low and balanced perfectly, it has grace, suggestion of speed and lines that catch and hold the eye.



The unit gasoline and electric motor. Compact, simple. Electrical parts enclosed and protected. The armature is bolted to the crank shaft and rotates with it, acting as a fly wheel. The other parts, mostly of aluminum, are bolted to the crank case.

Rare Comfort

It's the easiest riding car we know. You may tour all day with pleasure and return without fatigue. Lots of leg room in front and rear; plenty of elbow room at the wheel, which turns easily but firmly; long springs of deliberate action.

You will never know the meaning of Jeffery service until you get a Rambler. Any one of thousands of owners will tell you what it is. Nearly six hundred distributing dealers and branches form the organization which backs it up.

Jeffery Stability

Behind them is the Jeffery Company with forty years of manufacturing experience.

Ask your banker or consult Dun and Bradstreet as to our responsibility.

Back of this organization is a great factory making ninety-six per cent of all parts and maintaining a one-half million dollar stock of duplicate parts for the benefit of owners.

These things make our signed Ten Thousand Mile Guarantee mean something. It goes with each car.

10,000 Mile Guarantee

These then are the things you get in the Cross Country:

Gasoline and electric long stroke motor for starting, lighting and power—dual ignition.

Appearance that makes owners proud.

Comfort rare and pleasing that particularly appeals to women.

Ten Thousand Mile Guarantee backed by the Jeffery Company.

Are not these reasons enough?

This new car is shown at Space No. 4, on the main floor, at the Grand Central Palace, the New York Automobile Show.

Rambler

Country $1875

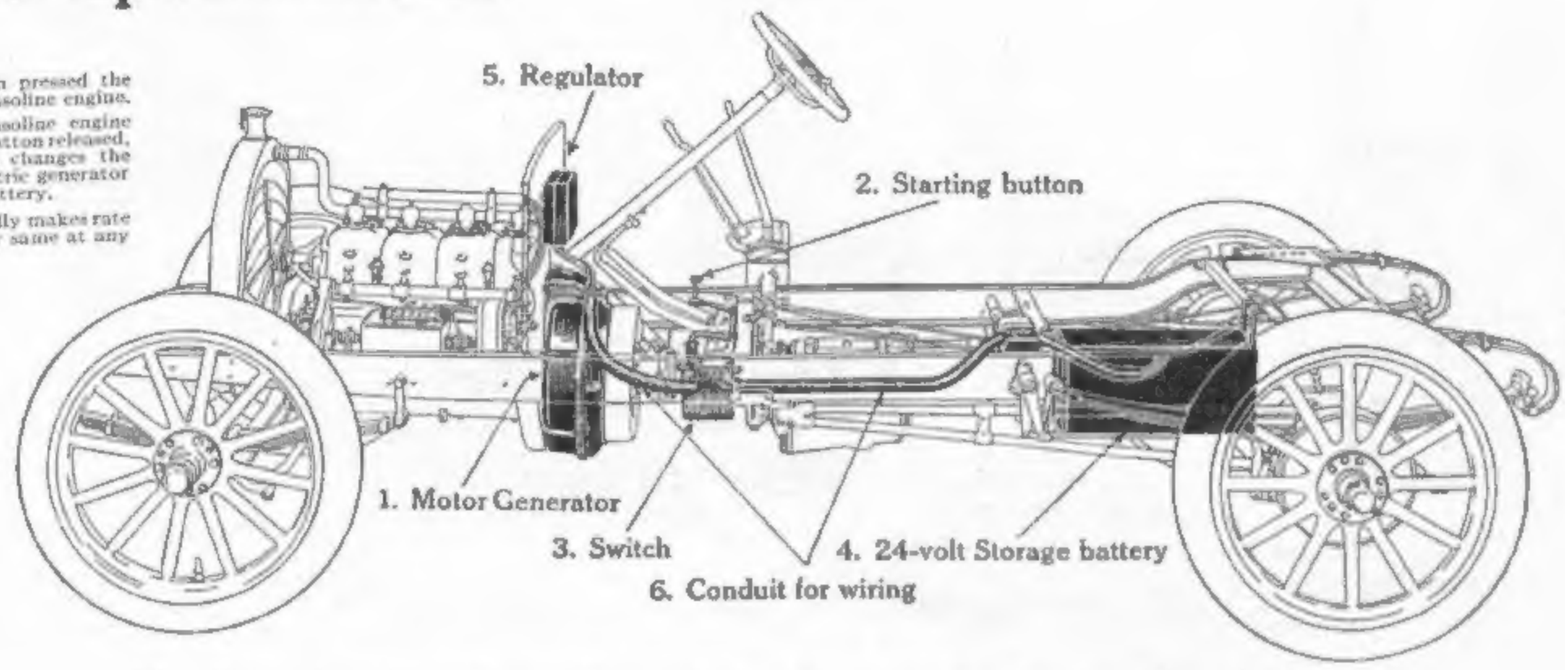
LONG STROKE MOTOR

Shield and Speedometer

2. **Starting button.** When pressed the electric motor starts the gasoline engine.

3. **Switch.** With the gasoline engine running, and the starting button released, this switch automatically changes the electric motor into an electric generator for charging the storage battery.

5. **Regulator.** Automatically makes rate of charging storage battery same at any engine speed.



The Cross Country unit gasoline and electric motor showing location of all parts

The power of the Cross Country gasoline and electric motor has been increased fifteen per cent by providing a 5-inch stroke.

This gasoline and electric motor has the simplest and most effective means for starting and lighting ever made. It saves weight, bearings, chains, gears, complicated wiring and operates silently.

Silent and Simple

The usual cast iron fly wheel of the ordinary engine is left off. Parts forming the electric motor generator take the place of the fly wheel.

The Cross Country radiator has individuality. It's aristocratic in appearance. 12,000 square inches of cooling surface. Electric head and flush side lamps, finished in black and nickel.

The only wearing parts, other than those of all gasoline engines, are the motor generator brushes which are made much larger than necessary—ample for mileage of three seasons of ordinary use.

Specifications: Unit gasoline and electric motor, four cylinders, long stroke, 4½ x 5, 42 horse power. Started electrically by push button. Ignition: dual, magneto and battery. Wheel base 120 inches. Tread: 56 inches, option 60 inches. Wheels: 36 x 4 demountable. Tires: Goodyear or United States, 36 x 4.

Body styles: Five-passenger, $1875. Four-passenger, $1875. Roadster, $1815. Special touring body, five adults and two children, 37 x 4½ inch tires, $2075. Sedan, four-passenger, all enclosed, with shock absorbers, $2575. Gotham, five-passenger limousine with two extra disappearing seats, shock absorbers and 37 x 4½ inch tires, $2825.

A Car of Beauty

Finished in light Brewster green with black beads and hair line gold stripe, with wheels to match. Polished metal parts are nickel, with bonnet, fenders and fillers in black enamel.

Equipment: Top and envelope, wind shield and speedometer; two 11-inch electric head lamps, flush electric dash lamps and electric tail lamp; extension lamp; tonneau hinged robe rail, adjustable foot rest; complete tool equipment.

The Enclosed Types

The Sedan is four-passenger of the exclusive enclosed type. Entrance to all seats from the curb side. All the advantages of an electric without its limitations.

The Gotham is a limousine type, regularly accommodating five passengers, but with two extra folding, disappearing seats. A rare combination of utility and elegance.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia
San Francisco

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company,

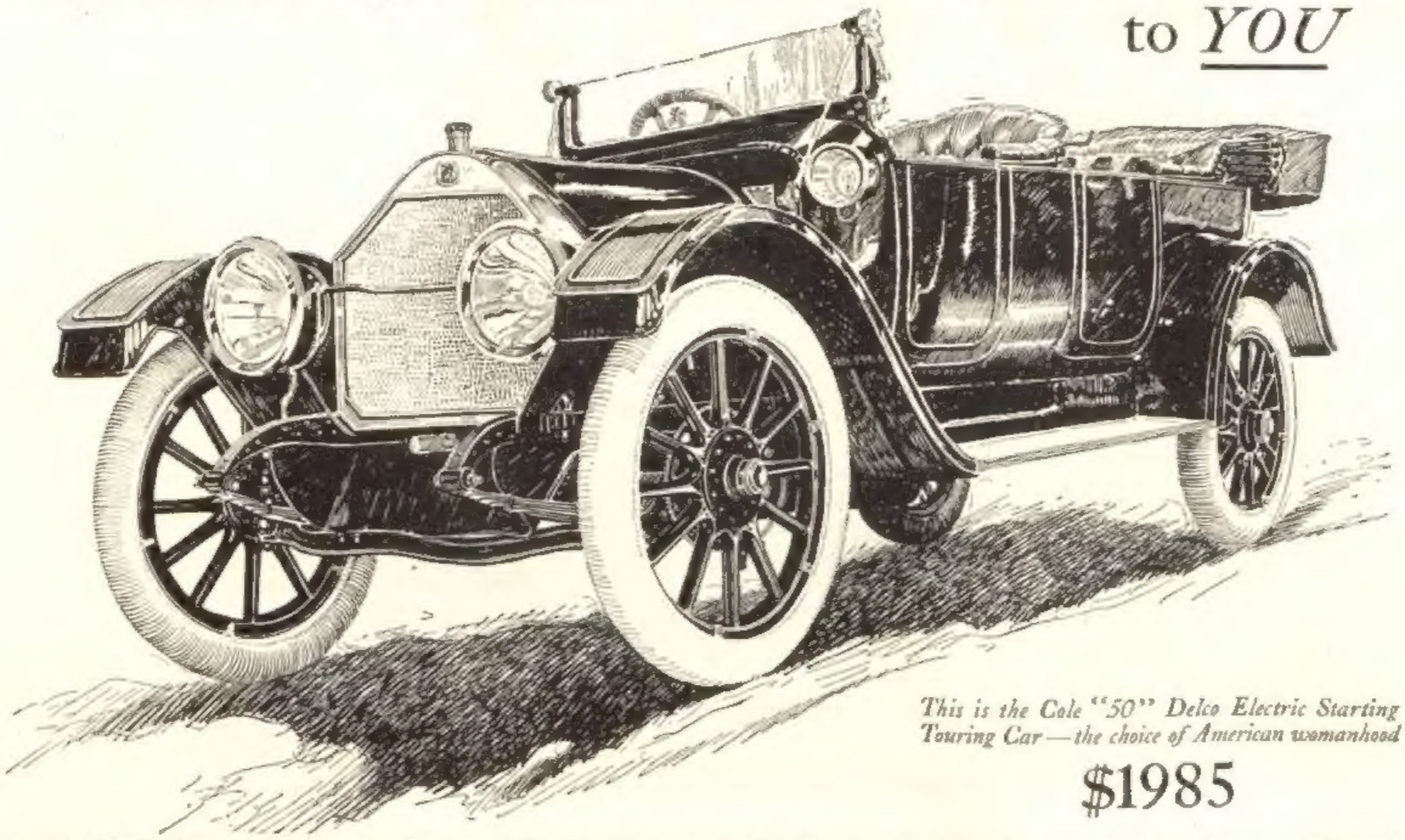
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Send me a copy of the booklet describing the gasoline and electric motor and the new Cross Country with long stroke motor.

Name_____

Address_____

Leave comfort, convenience and beauty lines to *her* —she is leaving the price and mechanical correctness to *YOU*



This is the Cole "50" Delco Electric Starting Touring Car—the choice of American womanhood

$1985

MAKE the purchase of your next motor car a domestic business transaction. Recall how you and the wife built the home? You bought the lot where values were right and selected the architect on the strength of his reputation. You watched the plumbing—you planned the heating plant. You demanded nothing but "bests" in the entire construction.

You left the social environment, the convenience and the interior decorations to her—this was *right*. When it was all done two things had been satisfied—a woman's intuitive appreciation of beauty and a man's cold business judgment. It's a combination that can't be beat—take it with you when you go to buy your next motor car.

The character study of the Cole Motor Car at the top of this advertisement is for her eye—not yours. Dry tabulated specifications are for you and you alone. After careful investigation of the Cole and other cars as well, your preference will be—

The New Series 8—"50"

COLE

Its Principles of Construction

Silent Cole unit power plant with three point suspension and all working parts enclosed. A motor free from grease cups, with automatic lubricating system and combination thermo-syphon and force pump water circulation. Timken front and full-floating rear axle with large Timken bearings. Large brake drums on wheels equipped with Firestone demountable rims, 122-inch wheel base. Gasoline pressure tank and tire rack in rear. Straight line body with concealed hinges and locks. Deep Turkish, hand-buffed leather upholstery. Silk mohair top. Clear vision ventilating windshield and speedometer with grade indicator. Solar electric lamps—nickel-silver trimmed. Price for Cole "50," completely equipped, $1985.

"OUR" COUPON REQUEST

COLE MOTOR CAR CO., INDIANAPOLIS

We have decided that the Cole is worth investigating. It is understood that we assume no obligation in asking for the Cole Blue Book and the Technical Bulletin—so send by return mail, postpaid.

*"Her" Name*_____

*"My" Name*_____

*Address*_____

In addition to the "50" the Cole comes in two other chassis: Cole "40," 116-inch wheel base, price, completely equipped, $1685; and the Cole six cylinder "60," price, completely equipped, $2485.

No difference in quality—merely diamonds of varying karat

"So far, so good"—you say

All right. Now let's fill out the coupon. It doesn't obligate you. Back will come the Cole Blue Book for "her"—the Technical Bulletin for you. Your business judgment will prompt you to send the coupon by return mail—before you lay this weekly aside

Cole Motor Car Company

Indianapolis, Indiana

Tell her that you can "see" the Cole at the New York Show in January or at the Chicago Show in February

Get on the Welch Wagon for 1913

Clear heads, sure eyes and steady wits are demanded nowadays of men who are expected to do things. That's the reason men—especially business men—don't drink stimulants, as many did a few years ago.

Welch's Grape Juice solves the problem. It is for the man who thinks and who cares what others think.

First of all Welch's tastes good. It's the pure juice of the finest Concord grapes. It has a delicious tart, fruity flavor.

Then Welch's satisfies thirst. It tastes good enough to have a second glass, but it really quenches thirst. Its use or abuse creates no appetite.

And Welch's is healthful. It is not a manufactured drink, not a make-believe, but one of Nature's inimitable products, and one that no human can counterfeit. A beverage that appeals to the taste, satisfies the thirst and at the same time is good for you—ought to be your favorite beverage. And that is the discovery that so many men have made in the past few years.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Make your next drink a Welch Ball—made by filling the glass half full of Welch's and adding a lump of ice and charged water. It is worth your while to see that your order is filled with Welch's. Its fine flavor is due to the better quality of grapes used and to the care and cleanliness that marks the Welch process.

Get the Welch habit—it's one that won't get you

(Buy Welch's by the case from your dealer)

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-ounce bottle mailed for 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company Westfield, N. Y.

Williams'

PATENTED

Holder Top Shaving Stick

No waste—you can use your Williams' Shaving Stick to the very end with the new, convenient, sanitary, nickeled Holder Top.

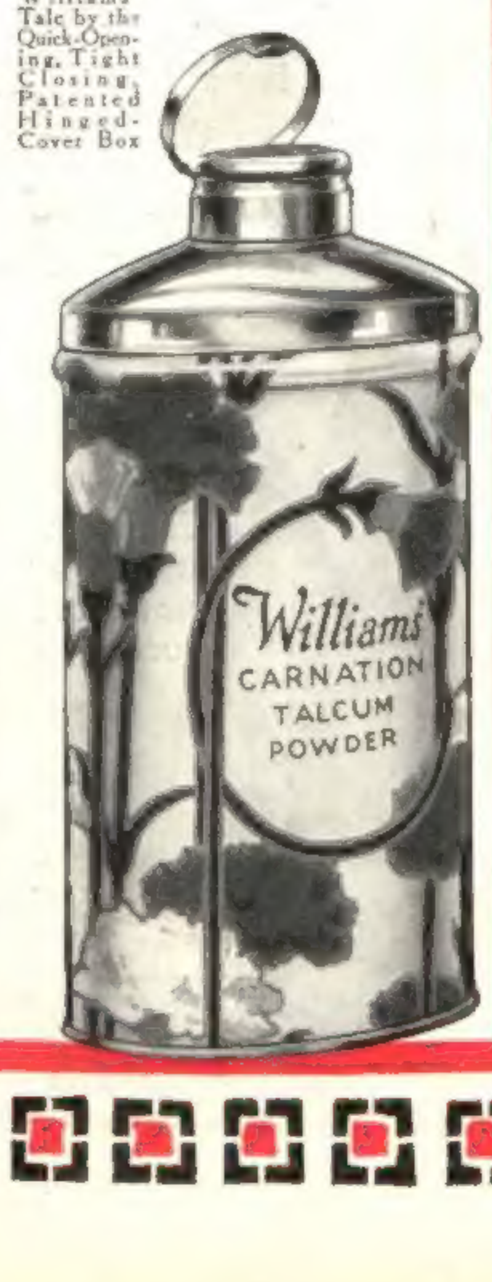
And from beginning to end you get the same delightful, creamy, emollient lather for which Williams' Shaving Soap has never been equaled.

Four forms of the same good quality:

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover nickeled box
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-cover nickeled box
Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

A sample of either of the above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps

Williams' Talc Powder



After shaving nothing is more soothing and agreeable than a little Talc Powder. Sprinkle a little Williams' Talc on your hand or on a towel and apply to your face.

Whether used for the toilet or nursery or after shaving, Williams' Talc Powder offers the same degree of perfection that for seventy-five years has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soaps.

Four odors: Violet, Carnation, Rose and Karsi (a subtle oriental perfume), in convenient patented hinged-cover cans.

These three for 20c. in stamps
See Offer

A Valuable Offer For Women

We have had especially manufactured for users of Williams' Talc Powder a beautiful little silver-plated Vanity Box containing a French powder puff and a concentrating mirror.

For 20c. in stamps we will send this Vanity Box and a sample can of Williams' Violet Talc Powder and a tube of Williams' Dental Cream, trial size.

This offer not good after February 15, 1913

The J. B. Williams Company, P. O. Drawer No. 10, Glastonbury, Conn.